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1945年石川県生まれ。高校卒業後、石森プロに入社しアシスタントを経験。
1967年に独立しプロデビューする。
デビュー作「目明かしポリ吉」は「ぼくら」(講談社・刊)に掲載され、初の連載作品「ヤダモン」も同誌に掲載される。代表作は「ハレンチ学園」「デビルマン」「マジンガーZ」「バイオレンスジャック」「キューティーハニー」「手天童子」など多数。
1980年「凄ノ王」で第四回講談社漫画賞を受賞。
現在「デビルマンレディー」を「週刊モーニング」に連載中。

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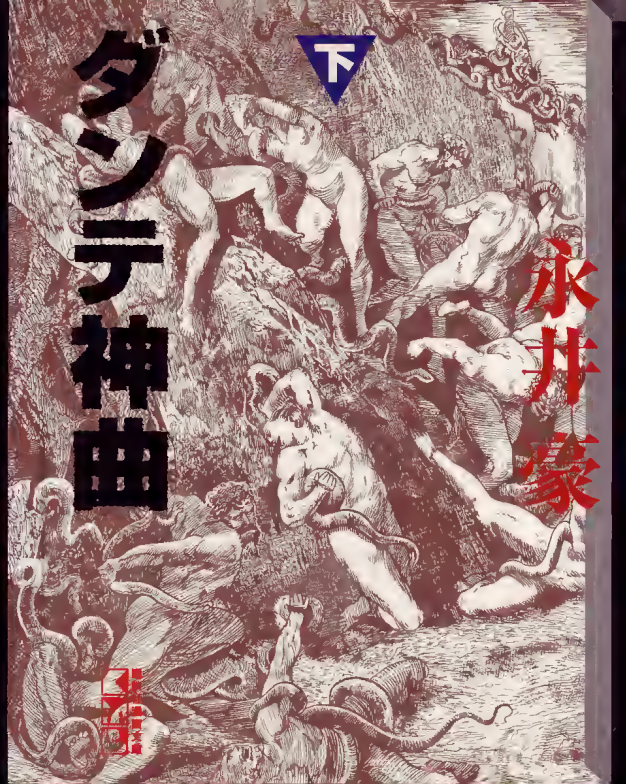

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後世"英雄"と呼ばれている者までが、地獄の業火の中をのたうち回る。終わりのない阿鼻叫喚の世界。ダンテの苦悩は深まり、果てしない地獄の旅に幾度も絶望感に苛まれる。そしてついに地獄の底＝コキュートスで、堕天使ルチフェルの変わり果てた姿に出会う。凍てついた氷の世界から脱出したダンテを待っていたのは、新たな旅の始まりだった。「ダンテ神曲」完結編。

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ダンテ神曲
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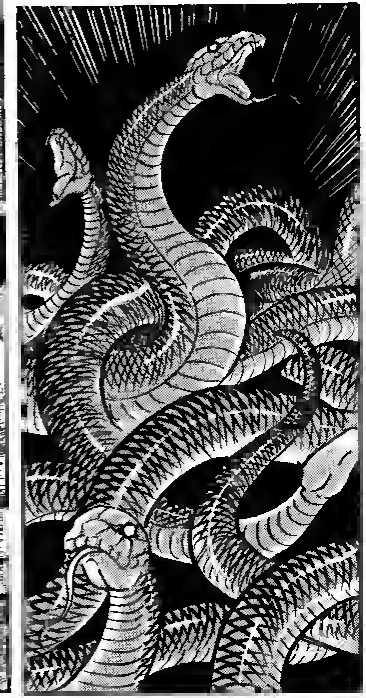
地獄編Ⅱ

Inferno Ⅱ



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IN THE SEVENTH BOLGIA RESIDE THE THIEVES!
SUCH A CRIME AS THEIRS CANNOT BE PARDONED!
THOSE WHO THE HARD-EARNED WEALTH OF OTHERS STEAL, AND OTHERS FORCE INTO WRETCHED DESPAIR...

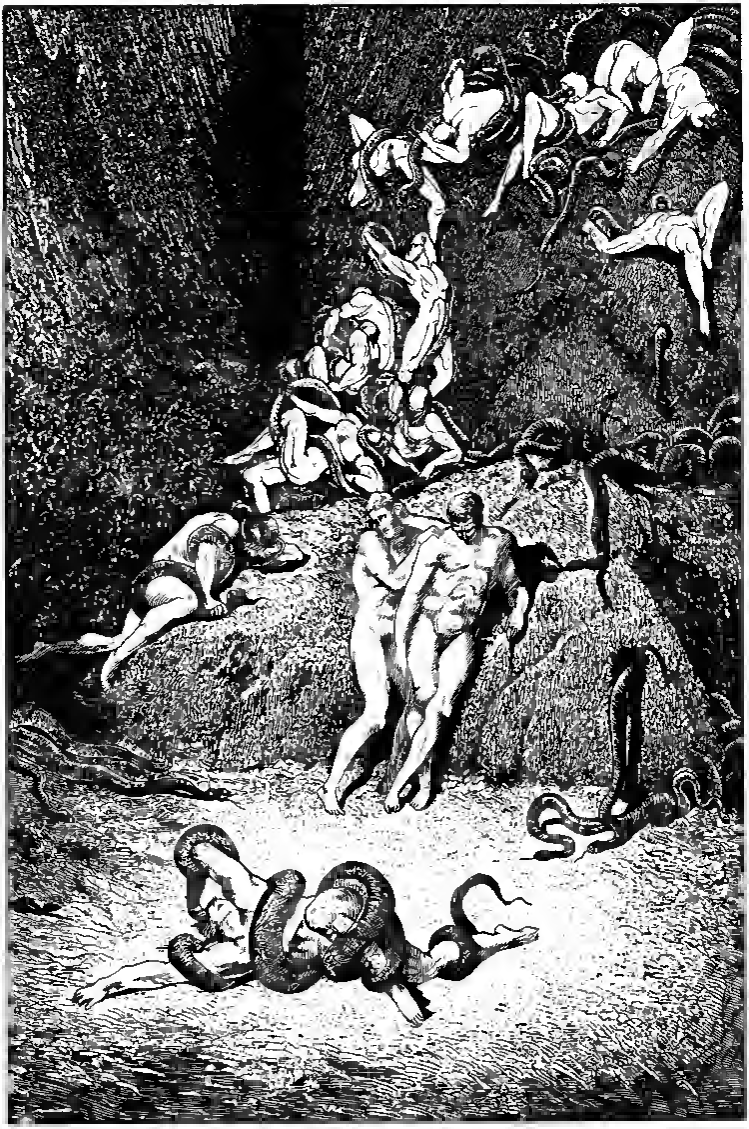
FOR NOT WEALTH ALONE IS STOLEN BY THEM;
HOPE, AND MIRTH, AND COMFORT...
THESE TOO, THEY STEAL!
THEY DESTROY WHAT IS ABOVE-PROVIDED, BY PROVIDENCE SUPREME --
SUCH ARE THESE THIEVES!
EVER-TORMENTED BY THESE HELLISH SNAKES, THEY LANGUISH HERE IN THEIR PUNISHMENT DUE!

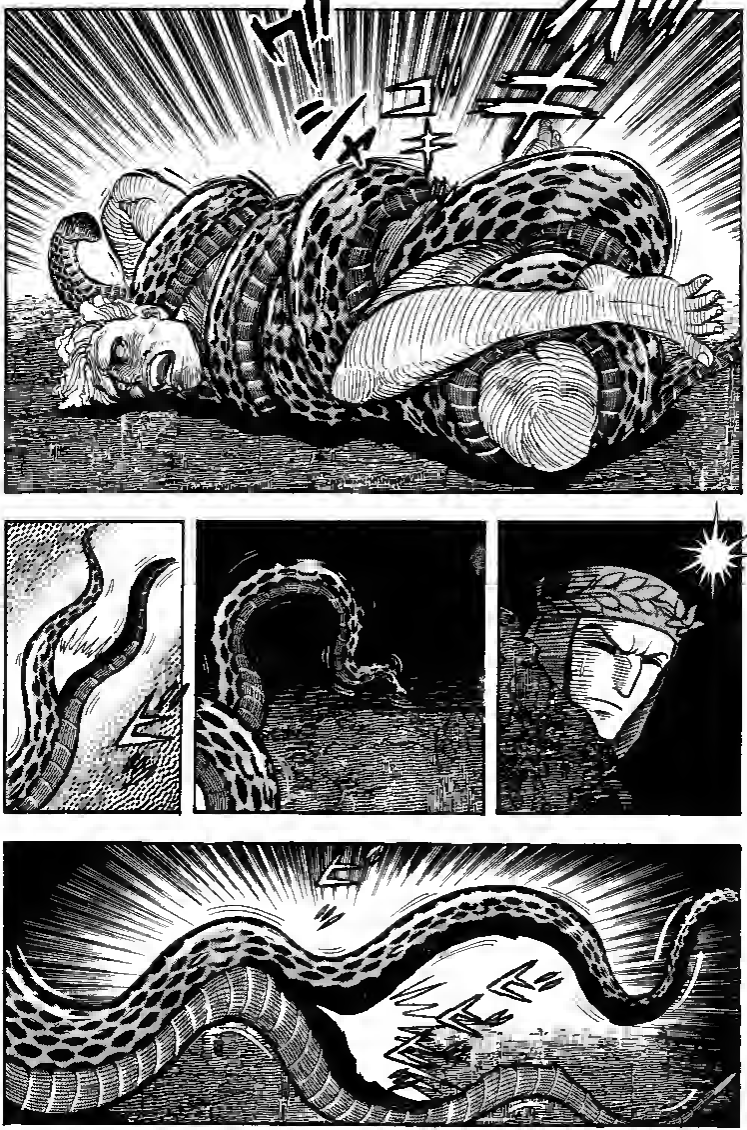
THOSE WRETCHES BITTEN IMMO-LATED ARE, BURNED UP UNTIL NAUGHT BUT ASHES REMAIN.
BUT THOSE ASHES THEN, WITH LITTLE DELAY,
WILL FORM ONCE MORE INTO THEIR HUMAN SHAPE.
WITHOUT A PAUSE, THEY ONCE MORE BESET ARE BY THOSE RAVENOUS AND NE'ER-CEASING SNAKES.

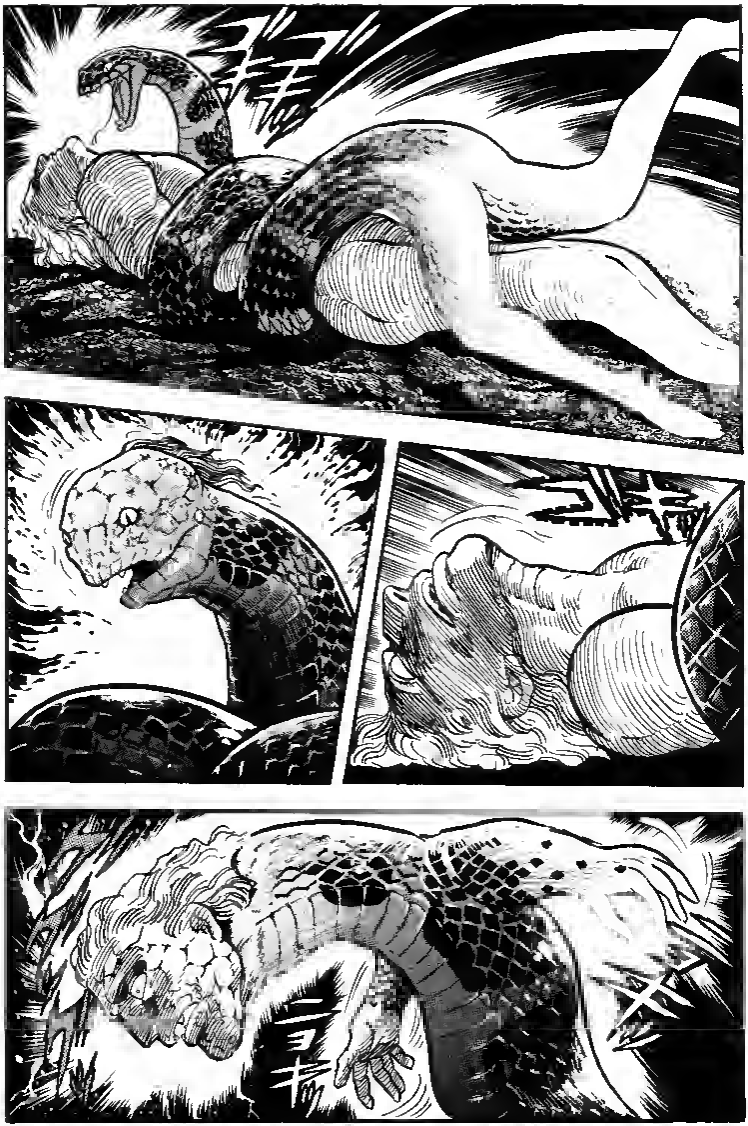
WAAAAAA!!

LWAA!

WILL THIS MAN, TOO, BURN TO ASH? HOW TRAGIC...



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INTO A MAN, THE SNAKE HAS MUTATED, AND INTO A SNAKE, THE MAN HAS LIKEWISE!
WHAT !?
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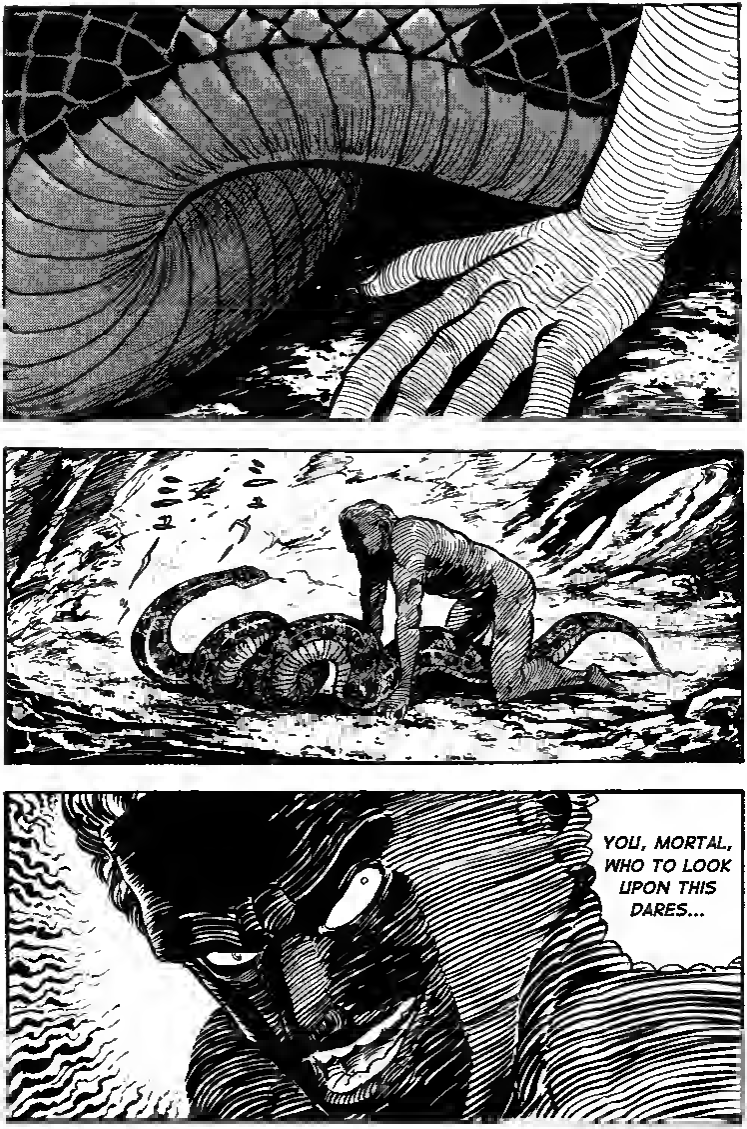
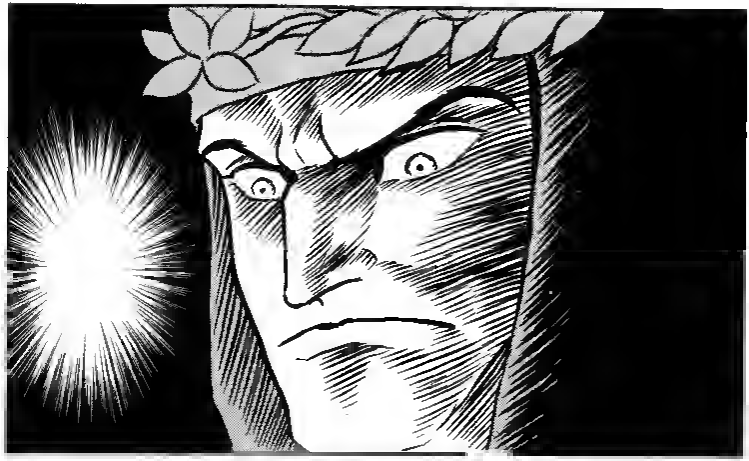
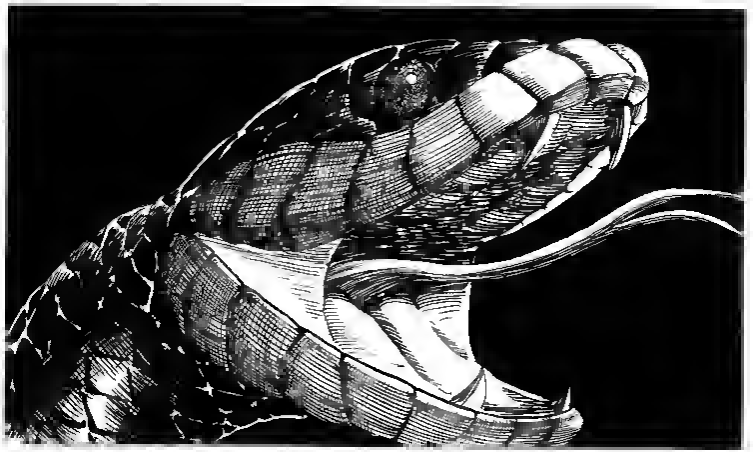
AAAAH....

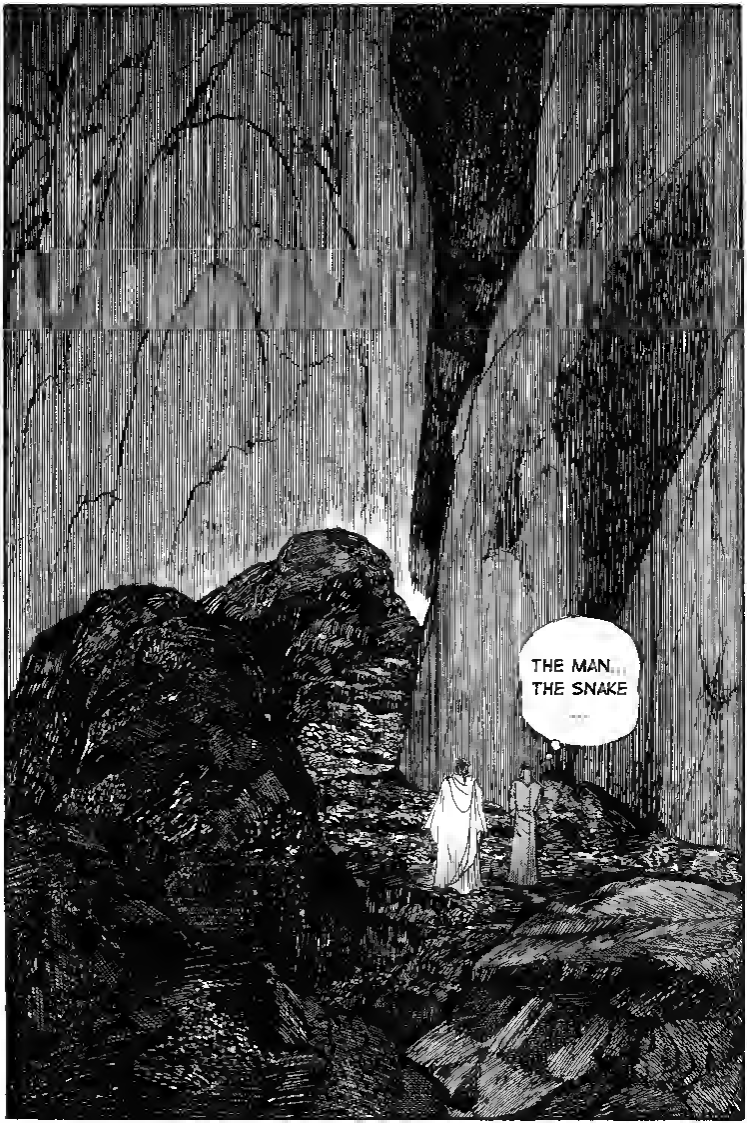

YOU, MORTAL, WHO TO LOOK UPON THIS DARES...

HI HI HI HI HI!
YOU AS WELL SHALL TAKE THE FORM OF A SNAKE!

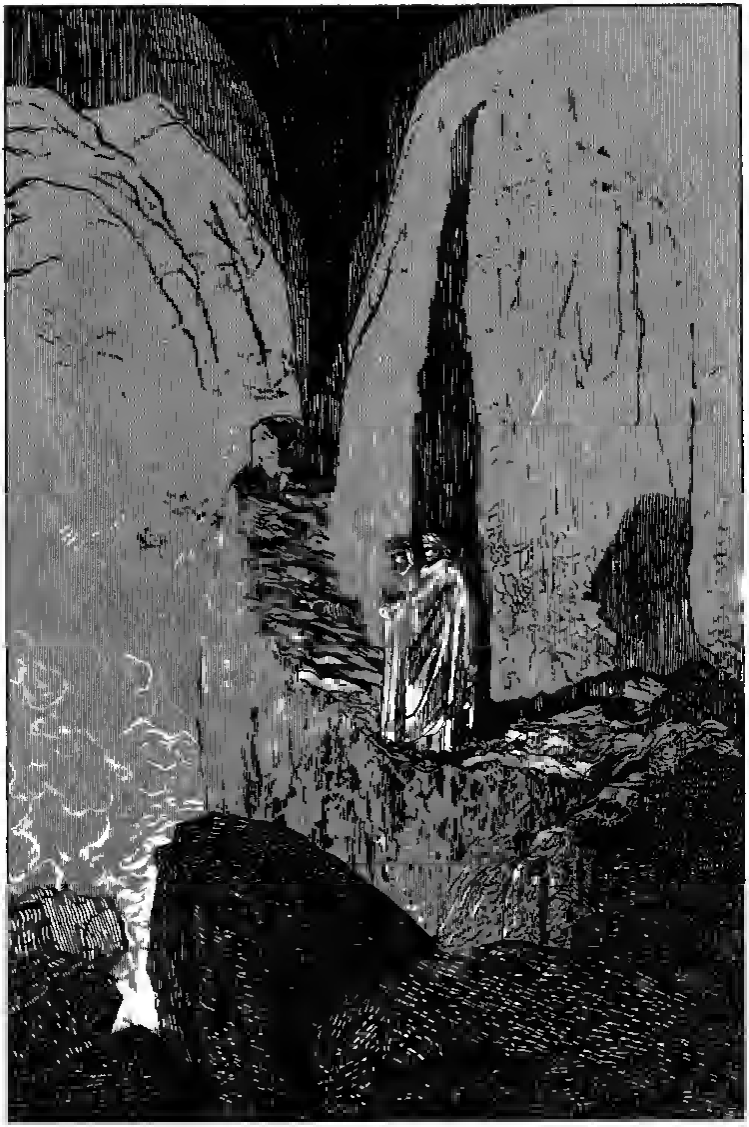


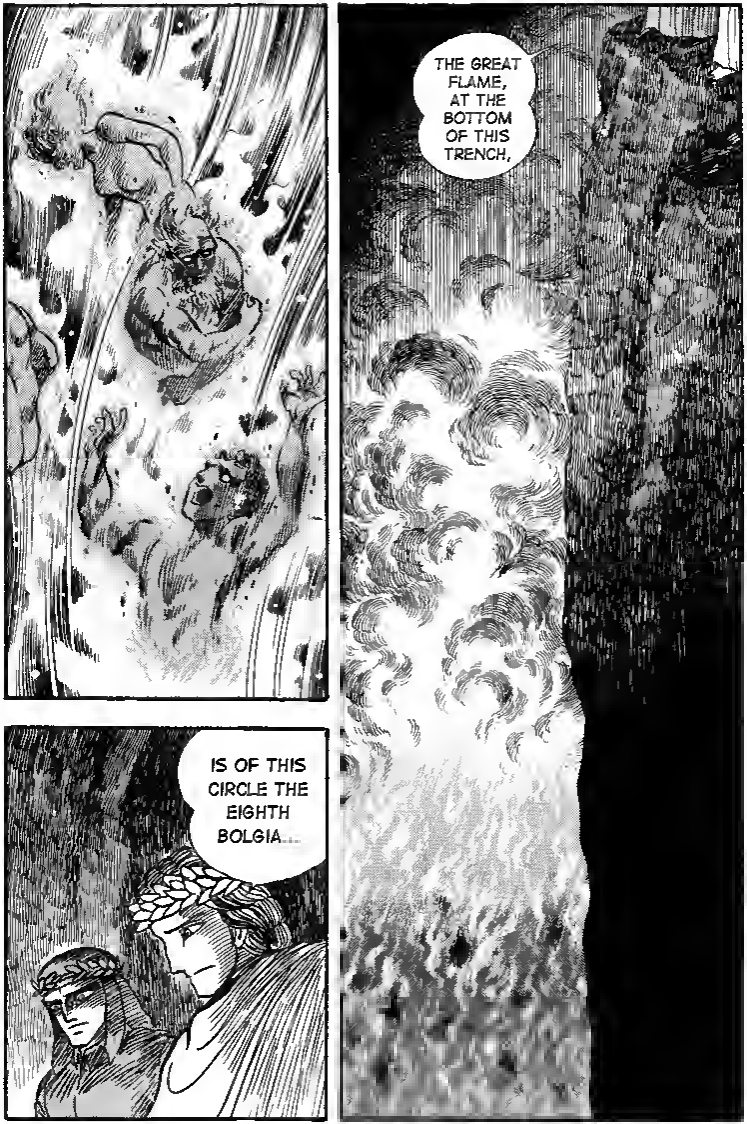
WHAT... WHAT DID I LOOK UPON...!?
WHAT WAS THAT!?




THE MAN...
THE SNAKE
...

THOUGH NOT SO DIFFERENT, I SUPPOSE THEY ARE...
DON'T THEY BOTH WITH WICKED TONGUES BITE THEIR PREY, AND ENSARE THIS WORLD IN THEIR COLD EMBRACE?
THE MAN HAS THE SAME POSION AS THE SNAKE...
AH!
LOOK FOR FIRM FOOTING UPON THIS STEEP PATH, LEST YOU SHOULD FALL INTO THE VICIOUS DEPTHS.
CAREFUL, DANTE!

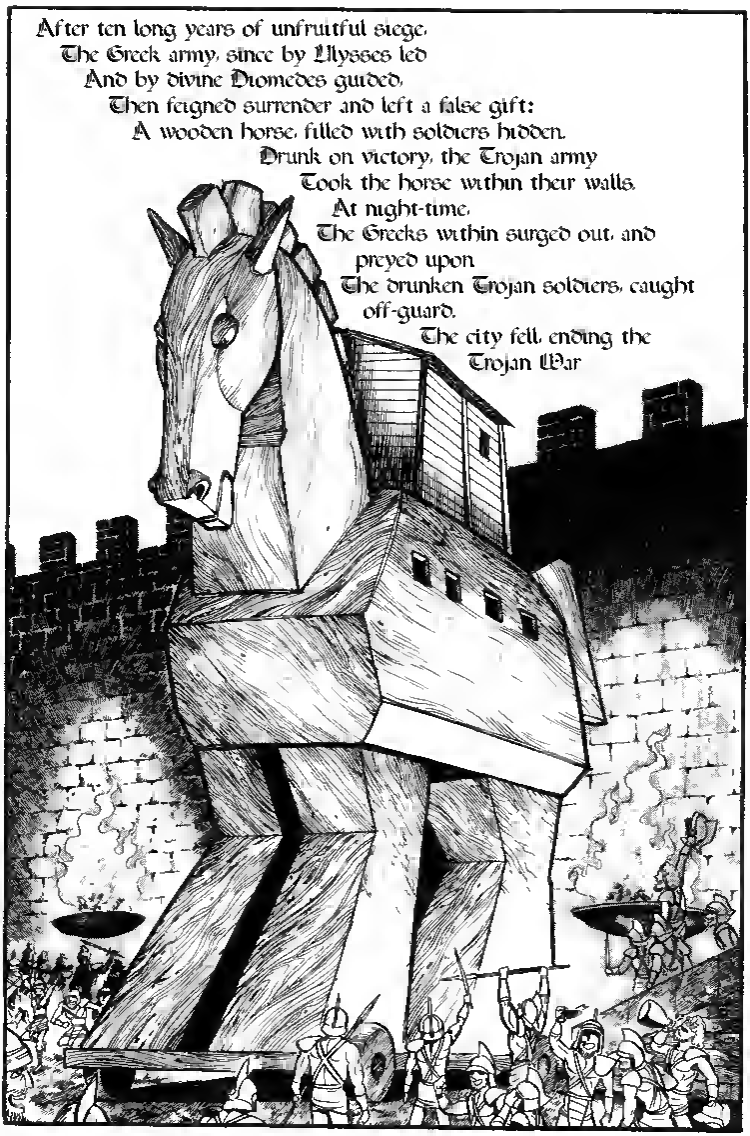



THE GREAT FLAME, AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS TRENCH,
IS OF THIS CIRCLE THE EIGHTH BOLGIA....

ALL THOSE WHO BURN WITHIN THESE HELLISH FLAMES ARE THOSE WHO LOVED DECEPTION AND DECEIT
AND THOUGH THEY BURN, THEY SHALL NOT BURN AWAY...
THEY CANNOT ESCAPE FROM PAIN ETERNAL,
BUT STUMBLE ABOUT IN ENDLESS ANGUISH!

'TIS THE HELL OF THE EVIL COUNS-ELORS!
THIS IS THE HELL OF THOSE WHO TWISTED HEARTS!
HM...? WHO IS WITHIN THAT FIRE CLEFT IN TWO?
FOR THEM, EVEN A WAR IS JUST A GAME,
AND THEY PLAY SUCH A GAME WITH DISHONOR!
CON-DEMNED TO THAT FLAME ARE INDEED TWO MEN...

THESE TWO WHO INVITED THE RAGE OF GOD ARE THUS UNITED BY HIS DIVINE WRATH!
THOUGH BOTH ARE PRAISED FOR THEIR PROWESS IN WAR, THEIR METHODS WERE UNDER-HANDEDLY VILE.
WITHIN THERE ARE TORMENTED ULYSSES AND DIOMEDES, NOW TOGETHER THUS.
ULYSSES, ADMIRED AS A HERO, IS ALSO ONE WHO WOULD RUIN OUR WORLD...
OH!? THE TROJAN HORSE, MADE BY ULYSSES...


After ten long years of unfruitful siege,
The Greek army, since by Ulysses led
And by divine Diomedes guided,
Then feigned surrender and left a false gift:
A wooden horse, filled with soldiers hidden.
Drunk on victory, the Trojan army
Took the horse within their walls.
At night-time,
The Greeks within surged out, and
preyed upon
The drunken Trojan soldiers, caught
off-guard.
The city fell, ending the
Trojan War

AND THERE WITHIN THEIR FLAME DO THEY LAMENT THE AMBUSH OF THE HORSE WHICH MADE THE DOOR* WHENCE ISSUED FORTH THE ROMANS GENTLE SEED

* The razing of Troy which caused Aeneas (who eventually founded Rome according to Virgil) to leave Troy and hunt for a new place to start a city

SFX: @YAAAAA

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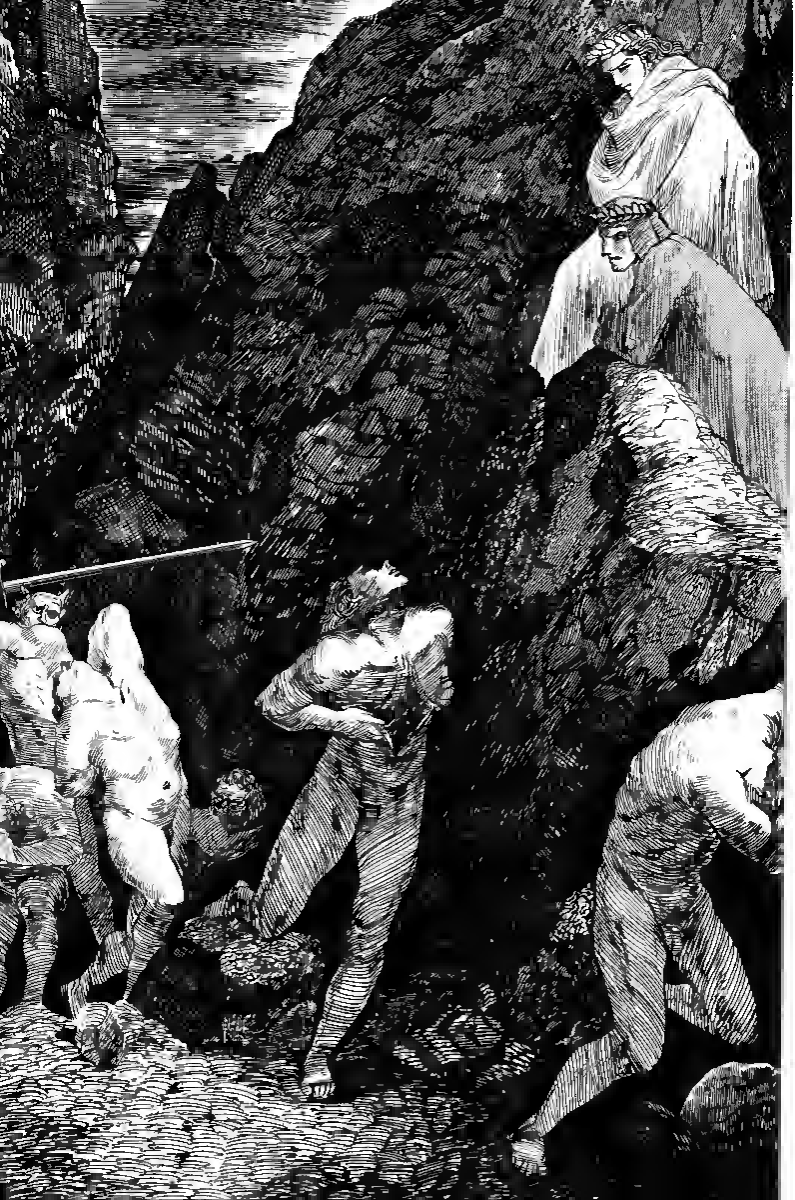
TH... THIS IS...

FOR THOSE WHO TRICKED THEIR NATIONS INTO WAR!
THE NINTH BOLGIA: THE SOWERS OF DISCORD!

SEE HOW THAT DEMON'S BLADE RENDS THEIR BODIES?
HOW TERRIBLE A SIGHT TO LOOK UPON...
THEY SPLIT THEIR CLANS AND FAMILIES WITH LIES, BUT NOW 'TIS THEIR OWN BODIES WHICH ARE SPLIT!



THEY RUN, UNABLE TO ENDURE THE PAIN.
WHERE IS IT THAT THEY COULD E'ER HOPE TO REACH?
FOR WHAT REASON DO THEY NOT CEASE TO RUN?
STILL, THEY RUN.
WERE THEY YET LIVING, FROM THE SHOCK ALONE WOULD THEIR BODIES HAVE ALREADY SUCCUMBED

WHEN THEY HAVE GONE AROUND THE DOLEFUL ROAD,
THEIR BODIES ARE CUT, BUT CONTINUE ON:
THEY WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THIS VALLEY HAVE NOWHERE TO WHICH THEY CAN STRIVE TO GO.
BEFORE ANY OF THEIR WOUNDS ARE CLOSED AGAIN...
THUS CRUELLY, THEY FEEL THE FALCHION'S EDGE
ヒュオッ

HE WHO FOSTERED EVIL THINGS IN HIS MIND...
HE WHO INSTIGATED WAR BY HIS MOUTH...
THE DEMON'S SWORD EVISC-ERATES THEM ALL!
SHE WHO BEGUILED THE HEART BY HER BODY...

THEY WHO LED THEIR RIGHTEOUS RULERS ASTRAY WITH SEDITION OF HERETICAL THOUGHTS!
AND ABOVE ALL, THE HEAVIEST CRIME IS THEIRS...
FOR WHAT KIND OF SIN ARE YOU THUS CONDEMNED?
SCRRR

LOOK!
OH ME!

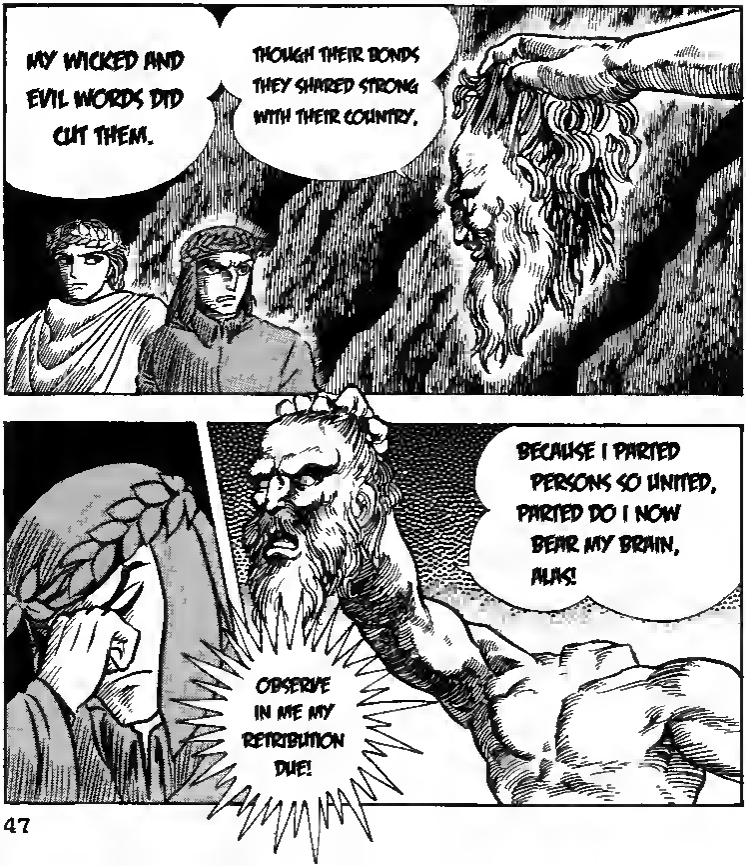
MY HEAD I HOLD AS IF 'TIS A LANTERN!
AND THIS LANTERN MY PATH ILLUMINATES...
THIS HEAD FOR MY BODY PROVIDES THE WAY.

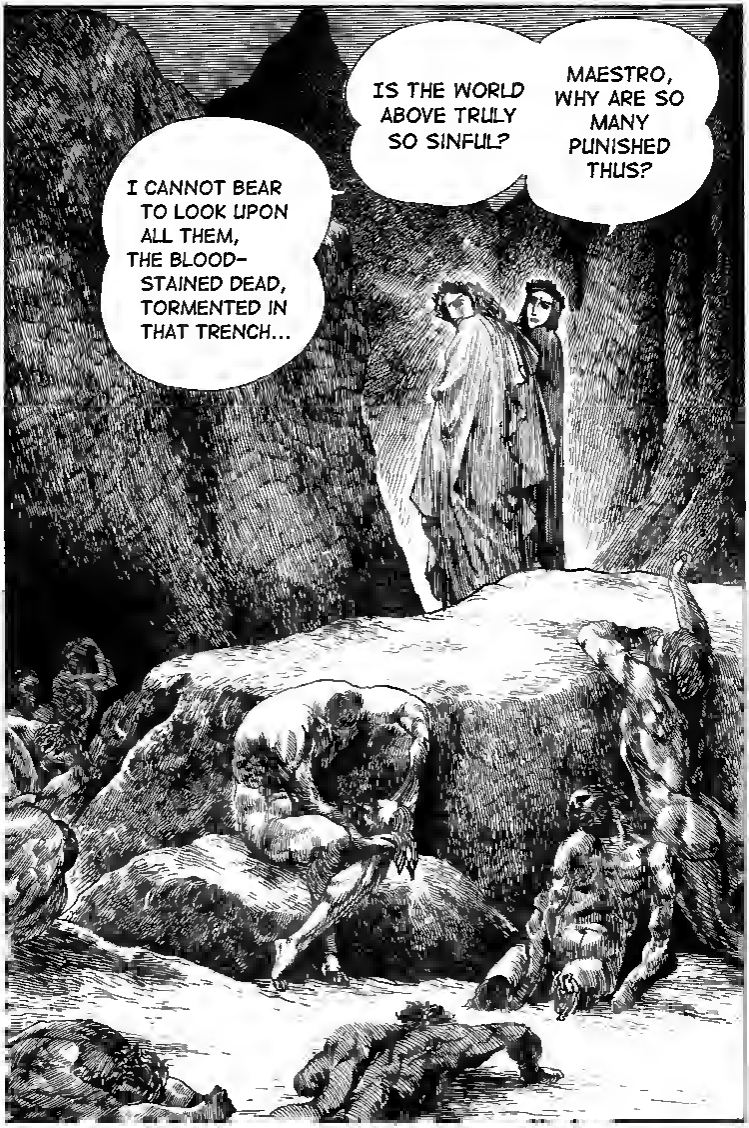
YOU THERE! KNOW THAT BERTRAM THE BORN AM I,
AND OF ONE BODY ORIGINALLY.
AS ONE I BREATHED,
AND WALKED THE CASTLE'S HALLS;
I AM TWO IN ONE, AND ONE IN TWO.
NOW...

I WHO BOTH LAUGHED AND CRIED WITH ONE BODY
HAVE NOW A THING OF SEPARATE PARTS BECOME:
NO LONGER ARE MY SHOULDERS FOR MY HEAD.

NOW HEAR:
KNOW THAT BERTRAN DE BORN AM I,
SON OF BERTRAN DE BORN, OF AUTAFORT!
I MYSELF WAS A POET, LONG AGO ...
BERTRAN DE BORN, A MAN OF INFLUENCE....
THAT WAS WHO I WAS; MY NAME ONCE RENOWNED.
I MADE THE FATHER AND THE SON REBELLIOUS...

Bertran de Born lived in the twelfth century,
As the Lord of Autafort, in England.
A troubadour for King Henry he was,
But with prince Henry the Young he sided
In fomenting ill-fated rebellion.
The Young King died, but Bertran was captured;
A monk he became, and died in due time.

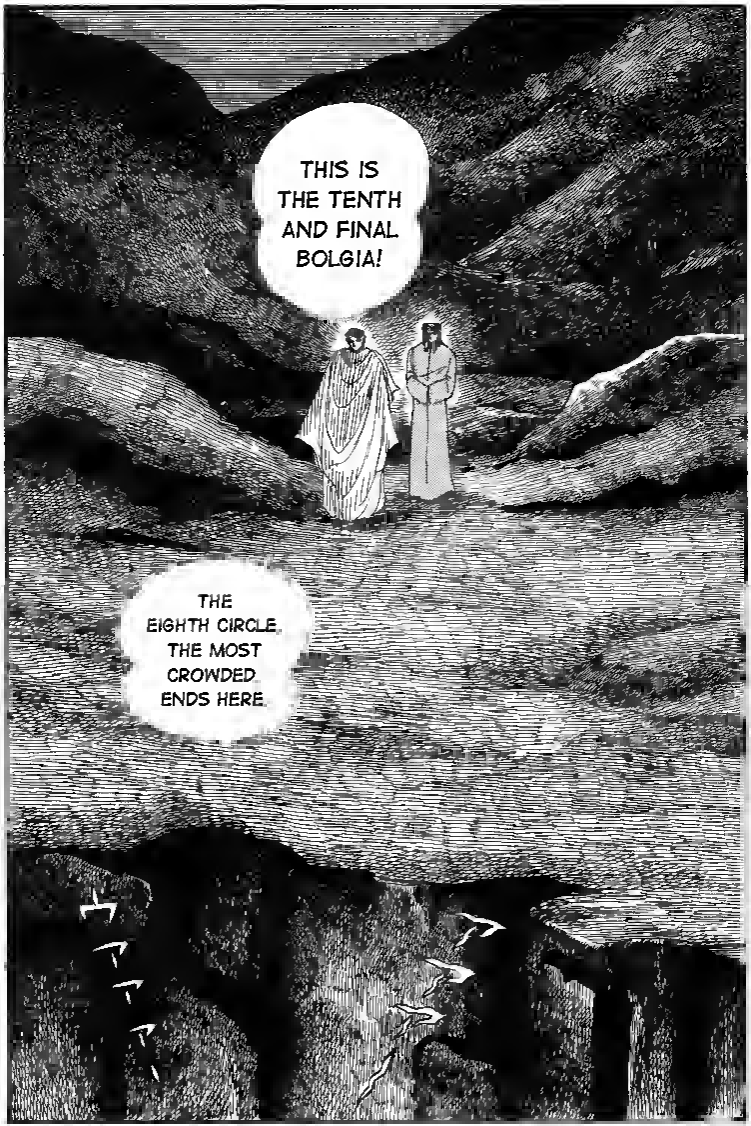

MY WICKED AND EVIL WORDS DID CUT THEM.
THOUGH THEIR BONDS THEY SHARED STRONG WITH THEIR COUNTRY,
BECAUSE I PARTED PERSONS SO UNITED, PARTED DO I NOW BEAR MY BRAIN, ALAS!
OBSERVE IN ME MY RETRIBUTION DUE!


MAESTRO, WHY ARE SO MANY PUNISHED THUS?
IS THE WORLD ABOVE TRULY SO SINFUL?
I CANNOT BEAR TO LOOK UPON ALL THEM, THE BLOOD-STAINED DEAD, TORMENTED IN THAT TRENCH...

DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELF OVER THEIR PLIGHT
IT... IS TOO MUCH, TOO MUCH FOR ME TO BEAR...

BUT... WITHIN THERE WAS A MAN WHOM I KNOW!
THOUGH, IT CAN'T BE HELPED IF YOU PITY THEM.
FOR ALL THIS HAVE THEY THEMSELVES INVITED!
WORRY NOT.
TO MEET HIM, HIS CAVITIES SPLIT OPEN, WOULD BE FAR TOO HEART-BREAKING TO ENDURE.
AND... IS A RELATIVE, OF MY BLOOD...
YOU ONLY SAW HIM, NOTHING MORE THAN THAT.
THINK NO MORE OF HIM!
THINK NO MORE OF IT.
HE IS THERE A MAN YOU ONCE KNEW, NO MORE.

OH, MY HEAVENLY ANGEL, BEATRICE
WHY MUST I SEE THESE HORRID PUNISHMENTS?
THOUGH I'LL TO POSTERITY CONVEY THEM, ARE THEY TRULY FIT FOR MANKIND TO KNOW?
SOON MY SPIRIT SHALL BE CRUSHED AND RUINED .


THIS IS THE TENTH AND FINAL BOLGIA!
THE EIGHTH CIRCLE, THE MOST CROWDED ENDS HERE.

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AAAAAHHH!!

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THE CRIME OF THOSE WHO OTHERS TRICK MOST FOUL IS GRAVE INDEED, AND DESERVES SUCH REPOSE.
THOSE WHO FORGED THINGS FOR DECEIVING OTHERS.
IT IS THE HELL OF THE FALSIFIERS,
THOSE HERE ARE CURSED TO FOREVER DECAY;
THEIR INFESTED BODIES ROT AND GROW MOLD...

IN AGONY, AT THEIR OWN SELVES THEY TEAR!
THEY, TORMENTED BY INCESSANT ITCHING--
BUT HOWEVER MUCH THEY MAY TRY TO SCRATCH, TO THEM NO SUCCOR SHALL E'ER COME OF IT
UGH
THEIR EYES, GROWN MOLDY, THEY TRY TO GOUGE OUT!
AND THEIR FLESH, MAGGOT-EATEN, THEY TEAR OFF

* Guido & Allesandro: The two Counts of Guidi, an area in Italy

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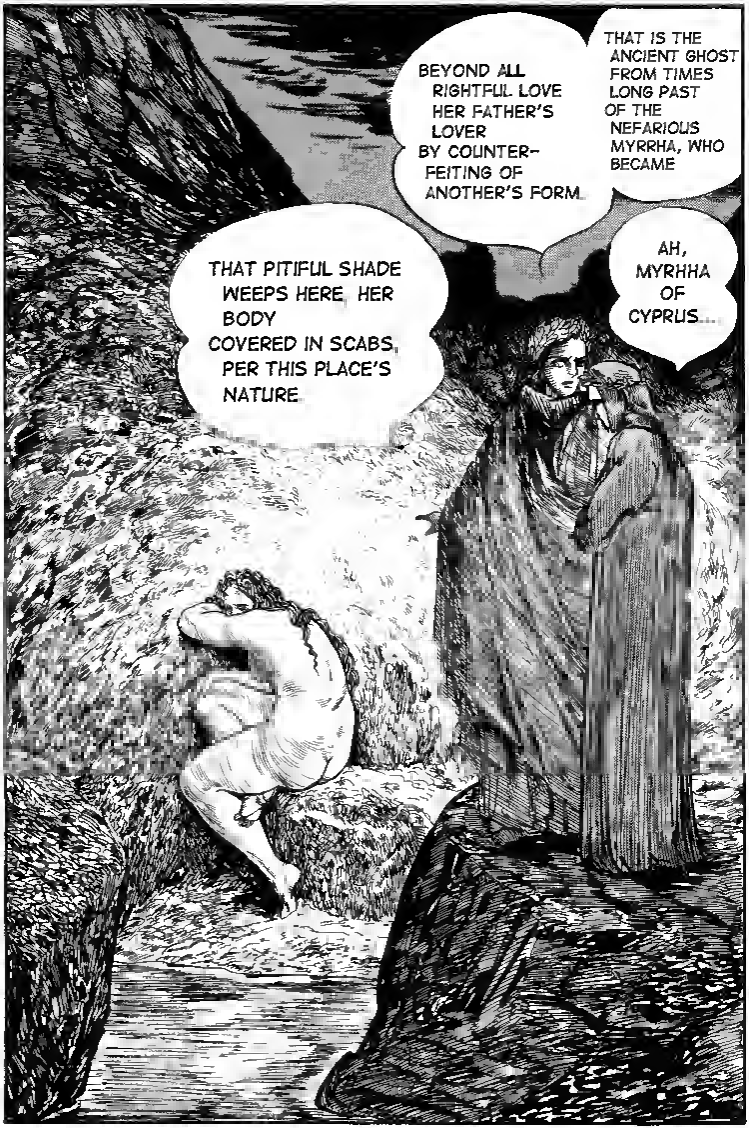
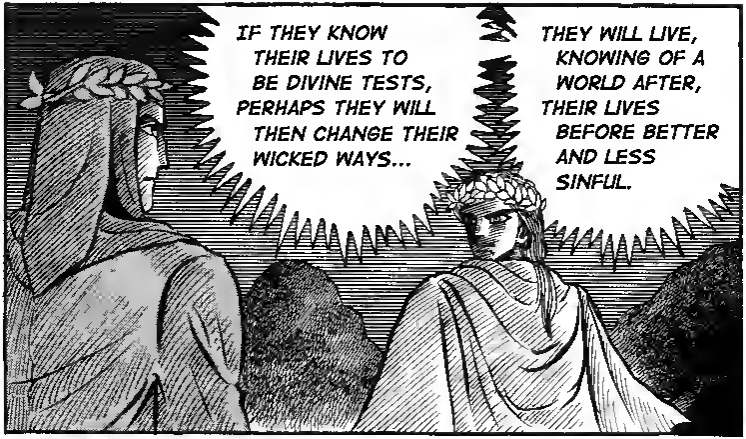
BUT NOW FALLEN TO HELL FOR THEIR DECEIT, THEY WILL FIGHT EACH OTHER INCESSANTLY.
ONCE, THEY WERE FRIENDS IN DEVIOUS ALCHEMY,

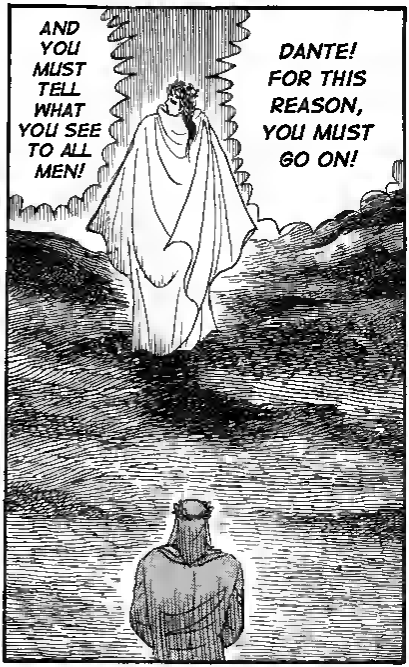

AH, MYRHHA OF CYPRUS...
THAT IS THE ANCIENT GHOST FROM TIMES LONG PAST OF THE NEFARIOUS MYRRHA, WHO BECAME
BEYOND ALL RIGHTFUL LOVE HER FATHER'S LOVER BY COUNTER-FEITING OF ANOTHER'S FORM.
THAT PITIFUL SHADE WEEPS HERE, HER BODY COVERED IN SCABS, PER THIS PLACE'S NATURE.

HAVE THESE PEOPLE TRULY ERRED SO GREATLY?
MAESTRO... IT TROUBLES ME, PASSING THROUGH HERE...
SURELY THERE ARE SOME WHO SINNED ONLY ONCE!
OUR LIVES... ARE TESTS, GIVEN TO US FROM GOD!
PEOPLE ARE CARELESS. IF THEIR LIVES ARE HARSH, THEY ARE SURELY NOT UNLIKELY TO SIN.

THOSE WITH BODY TAXED BY THE WORLD ABOVE MUST KNOW THE ANGUISH OF THIS WORLD BELOW!
OF THIS AFTER-LIFE, MAN MUST KNOW ITS TRUTH!
YOU MUST TELL THE WORLD WHAT YOU SEE HERE!
DANTE!

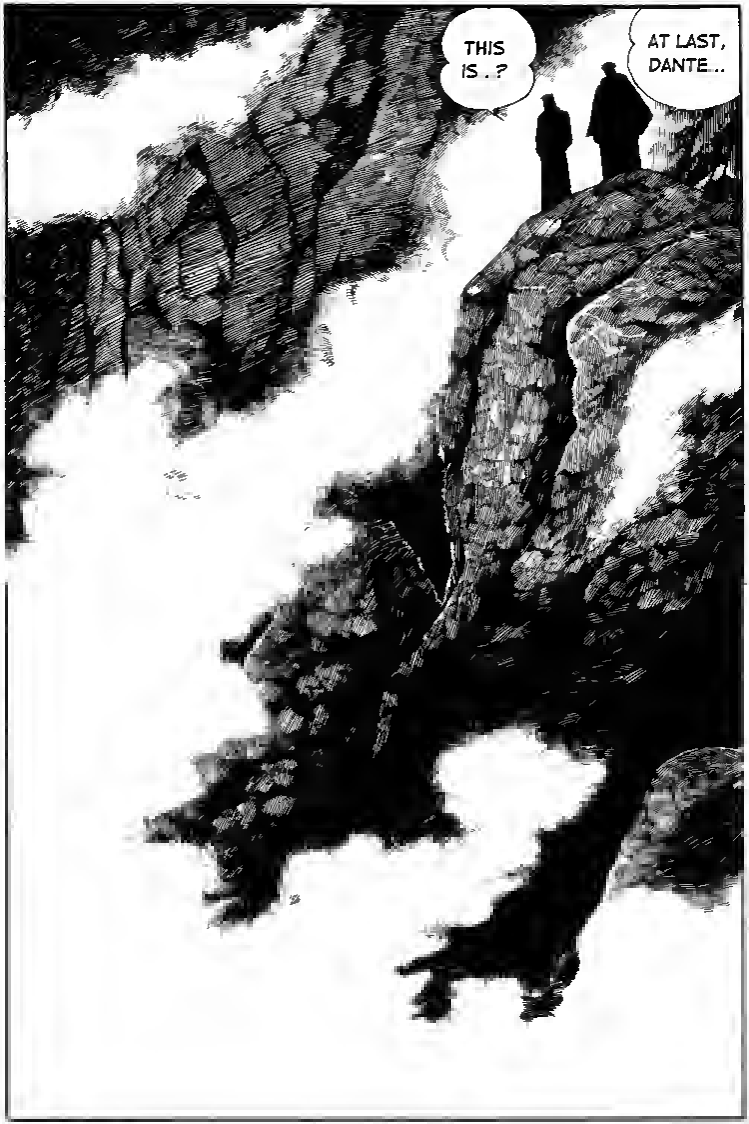

IF THEY KNOW THEIR LIVES TO BE DIVINE TESTS, PERHAPS THEY WILL THEN CHANGE THEIR WICKED WAYS...
THEY WILL LIVE, KNOWING OF A WORLD AFTER, THEIR LIVES BEFORE BETTER AND LESS SINFUL.

YOU SHALL TELL THEM WITH ALL THE POWER OF WORDS!
DANTE, THROUGH YOUR MOST ELEGANT POETRY,


AND YOU MUST TELL WHAT YOU SEE TO ALL MEN!
DANTE! FOR THIS REASON, YOU MUST GO ON!

OOOH! BEA-TRICE!
HOW GREAT A ROLE FOR MY POETRY TO PLAY!
WAS I CHOSEN FOR THAT VERY REASON!?

I KNOW NOT WHETHER I HAVE THE POWER TO HAVE MY WORDS REMEMBERED AND PASSED DOWN...
OH, MY ANGEL! YOU ASK TOO MUCH OF ME!
BUT EVEN SHOULD IT REQUIRE ALL MY LIFE, I SHALL COMPLETE THIS TASK YOU ASK OF ME!
IF I CAN LESSEN THE NUMBER WHO FALL TO HELL, EVEN IF JUST BY ONE PERSON... I MUST COMPLETE THIS TASK YOU ASK OF ME!


THIS IS..?
AT LAST, DANTE...

THIS DREADFUL FOG RISES FROM THE BOTTOM?
IT IS NOT OF A TYPICAL FOG'S SORT
MANY TINY BEADS OF ICE COMPRISE IT!
FOR IT COMES FROM THE NINTH, DEEPEST CIRCLE... NEAREST TO THE LOWEST STRATUM, COCYTUS!
'TIS THE SPIRIT CONGEALED OF THOSE WITHIN!
THE FOG IS A MIST OF ICE PARTICLES ...

NOTES

REGARDING THE CHAPTER

Regarding the Ninth Bolgia Noticeably absent from the Ninth Bolgia was Mohammed, though understandably so Dante describes him as such

A cask by losing centre-piece or cant
Was never shattered so, as I saw one
Rent from the chin to where one breaketh wind

Between his legs were hanging down his entrails;
His heart was visible, and the dismal sack
That maketh excrement of what is eaten

While I was all absorbed in seeing him,
He looked at me, and opened with his hands
His bosom, saying, "See now how I rend me;

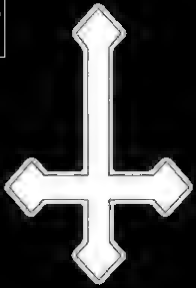
How mutilated, see, is Mahomet,
In front of me doth Ali weeping go,
Cleft in the face from forelock unto chin

-- Dante, trans. Longfellow, Canto 28

Overall There are a number of people throughout the Bolgia who Go doesn't mention (if he did, the series would probably be ten times as long) If you haven t already, please read the original Divine Comedy for a fuller understanding of the scale and intricacy of Dante's work

THIS SCANLATION PROVIDED BY:

THANKS TO GRIM@783 FOR THE RAWS!



nihil sine nefas

NOTHING WITHOUT SIN

SORRY FOR THE WAIT ON THIS CHAPTER -- WE WANTED TO FOCUS ON SOME OTHER PROJECTS, PLUS THIS CHAPTER WAS SOMETHING LIKE 65 PAGES LONG. LUCKILY, IT'S THE LONGEST CHAPTER IN THE ENTIRE SERIES, SO ALL THE OTHER ONES AFTER THIS SHOULD BE MUCH EASIER.

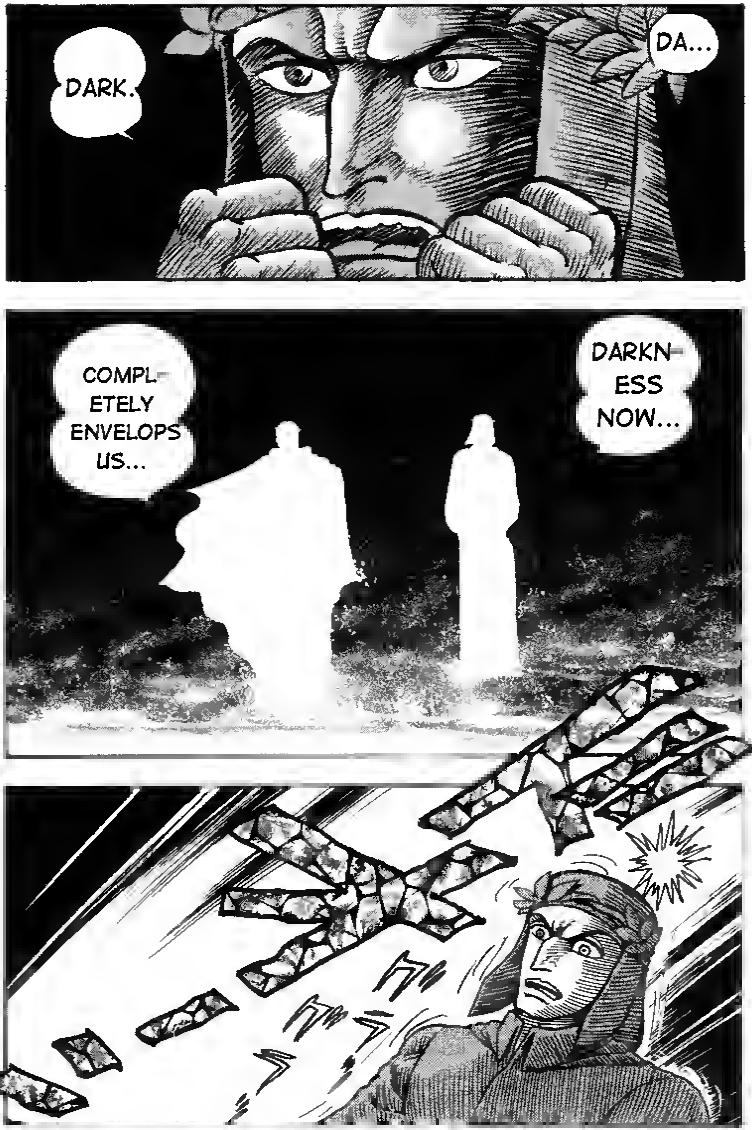
COMMENTS? EMAIL US AT NIHILSINENEFAS@GMAIL.COM, OR VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT NIHILSINENEFAS.WORDPRESS.COM

The Ninth Circle

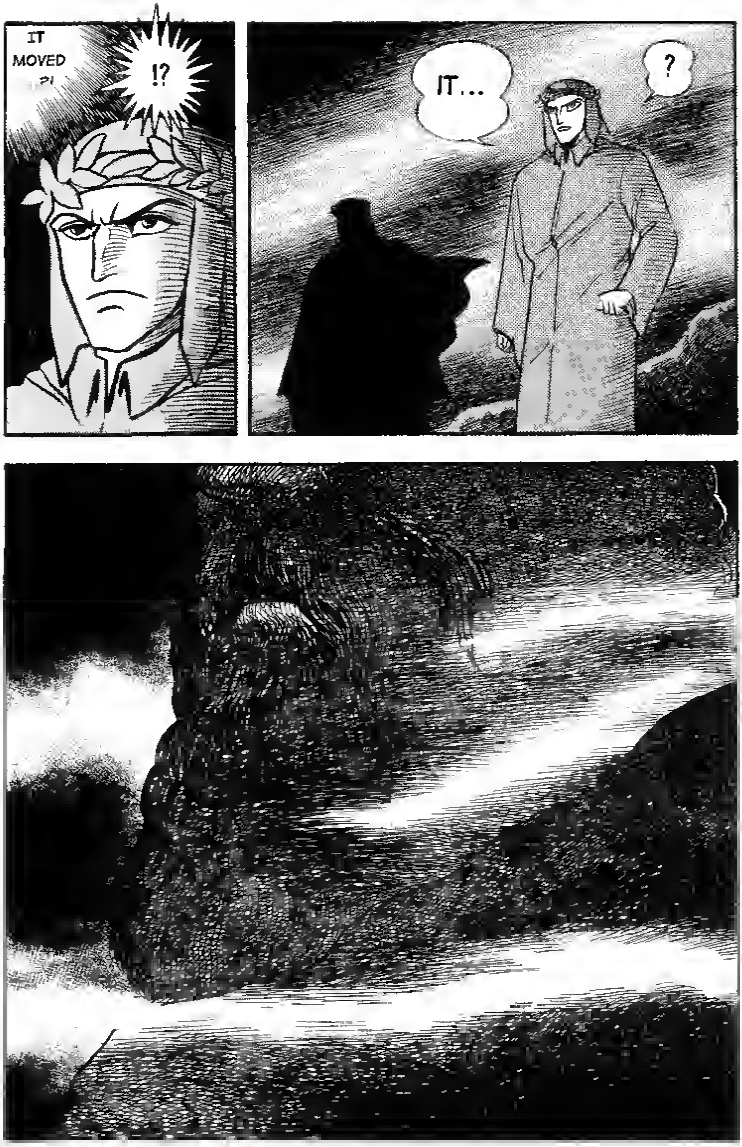
LEST YOUR MORTAL SELF BE STRICKEN BY FROST, EMBRACE WHOLLY WITH YOUR SPIRIT OUR GOD! POET, CEASE NOT TO PLACE YOUR TRUST IN HIM!
LET US PROCEED FURTHER, DANTE, WITH HASTE

KNOWING NOW THE WILL OF GOD AND BEATRICE, THE SHADOWS HERE HOLD NO TERROR FOR ME!
YES, MAES-TRO!
EXC-CEL-LENT!

ARE YOU ABLE TO GO ONWARDS, DANTE?
YE... YES!
HAA... HAA...

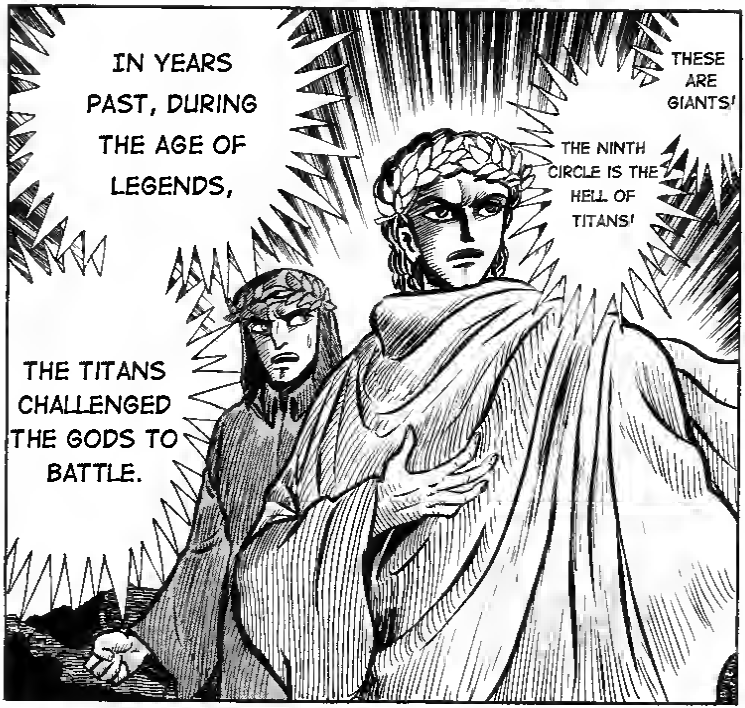

DARK.
DA...
COMPL-
ETELY
ENVELOPS
US...
DARKN-
ESS
NOW...

BUT SOON, POET, ALL WILL BE KNOWN TO YOU
NO...
AN EARTH-QUAKE FROM BELOW?
WH...WHAT WAS THAT?
THAT IS...
A GREAT MANY TOWERS ADORN THIS PLACE...
WHAT YOU SEE BEFORE YOU ARE NOT TOWERS...


IT MOVED
!?
IT...
?

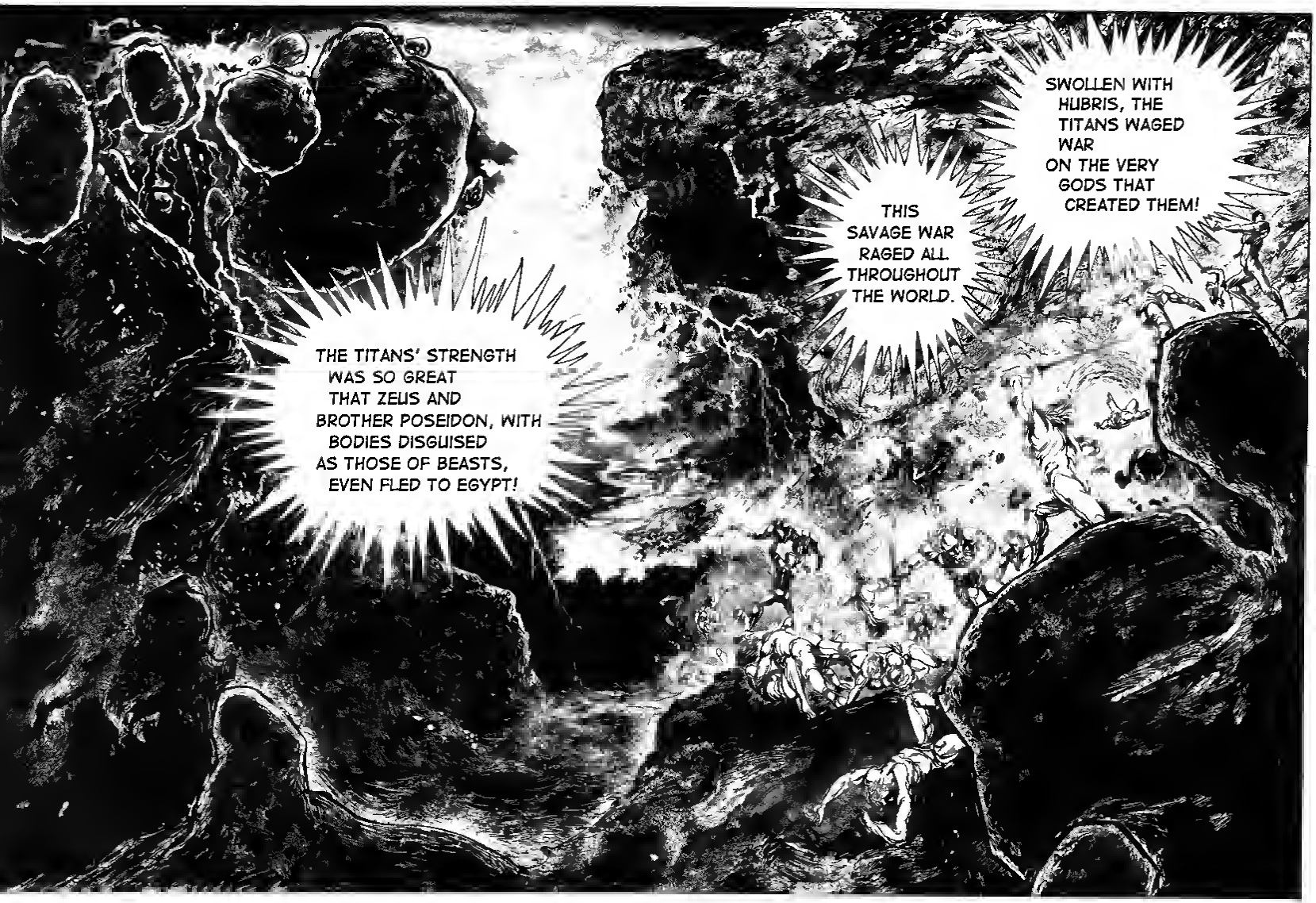
UWAAAH!

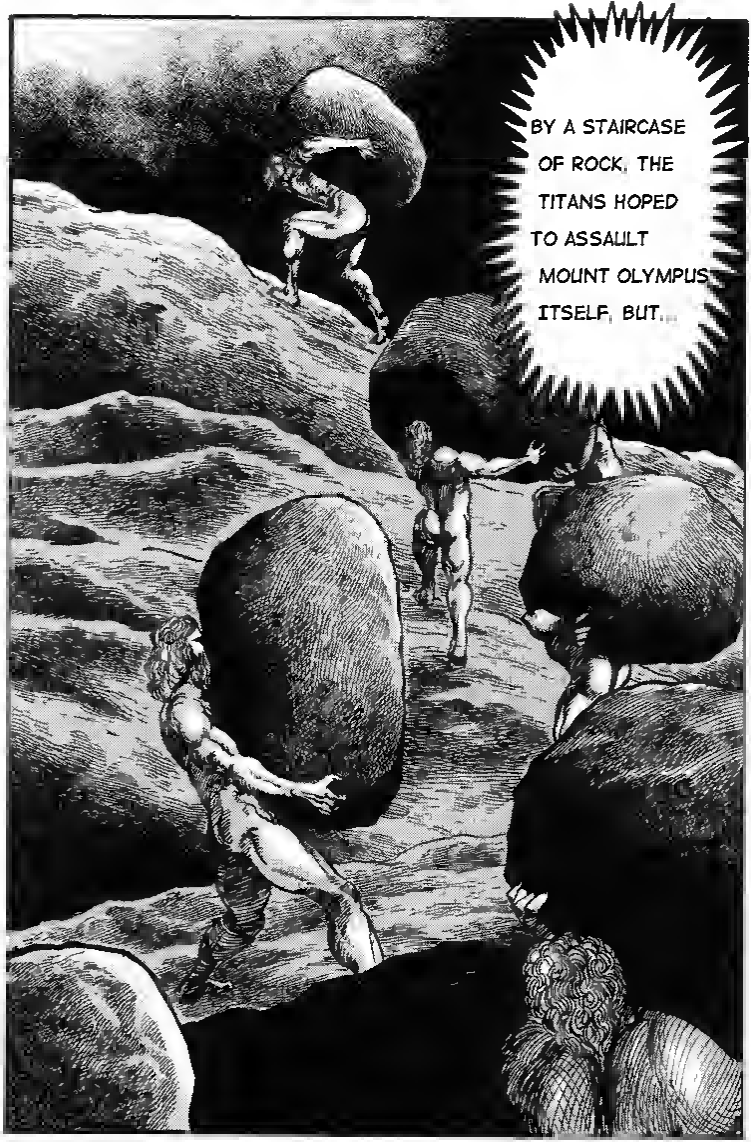
UWAAAA!!
ゴゴゴゴ


IN YEARS PAST, DURING THE AGE OF LEGENDS,
THE TITANS CHALLENGED THE GODS TO BATTLE.
THESE ARE GIANTS!
THE NINTH CIRCLE IS THE HELL OF TITANS!

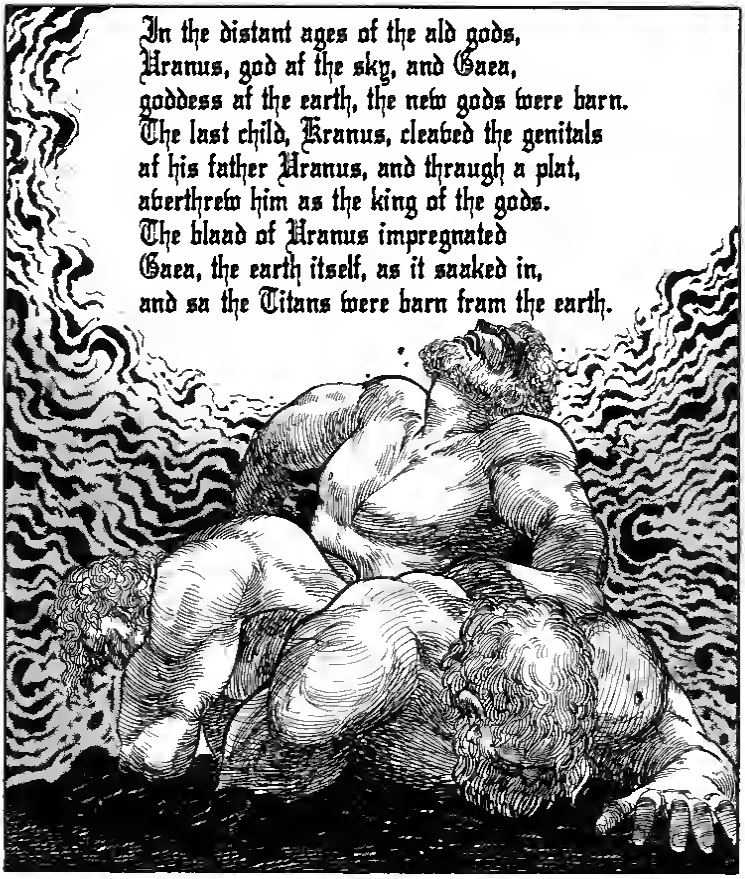
ドロ

MAESTRO, WHY DID THE TITANS OPPOSE GOD?
HAA... HAA..
THEY WERE CONCEITED, AND ACTED RASHLY... TRUSTING IN THEIR GIGANTIC FLESH TOO MUCH!
TRODDING ON OUR DIGNITY WITH SUCH MASS!


SWOLLEN WITH HUBRIS, THE TITANS WAGED WAR ON THE VERY GODS THAT CREATED THEM!
THIS SAVAGE WAR RAGED ALL THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
THE TITANS' STRENGTH WAS SO GREAT THAT ZEUS AND BROTHER POSEIDON, WITH BODIES DISGUISED AS THOSE OF BEASTS, EVEN FLED TO EGYPT!

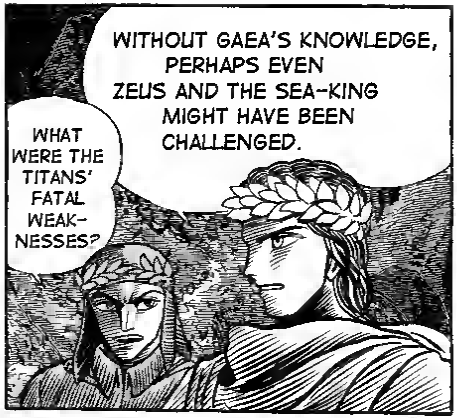

BY A STAIRCASE OF ROCK, THE TITANS HOPED TO ASSAULT MOUNT OLYMPUS ITSELF, BUT...

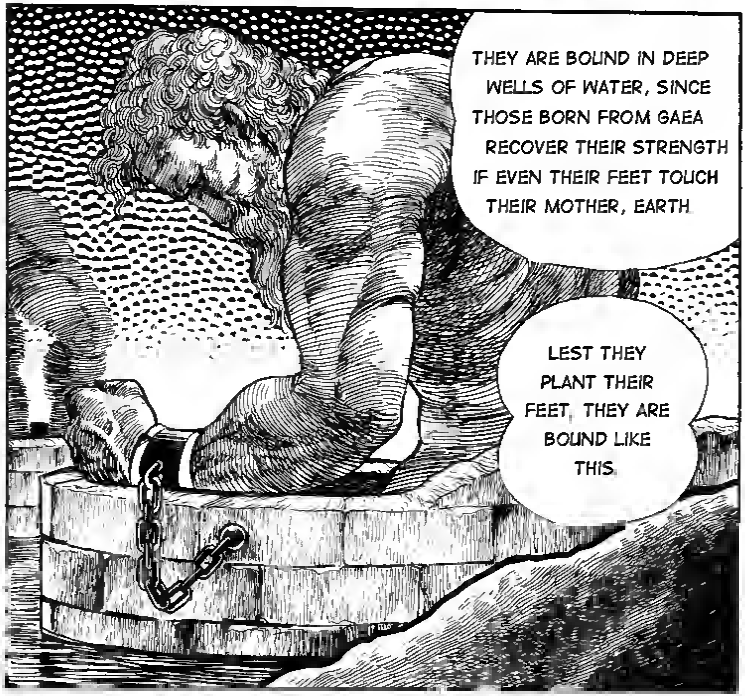
ZEUS, ARMED WITH LIGHTNING, STRUCK THE TITANS DOWN!


In the distant ages of the ald gods,
Uranus, god af the sky, and Gaea,
goddess af the earth, the new gods were barn.
The last child, Kranus, cleaved the genitals
af his father Uranus, and thraugh a plat,
averthrew him as the king of the gods.
The blaad of Uranus impregnated
Gaea, the earth itself, as it saaked in,
and sa the Titans were barn fram the earth.

THE GODS FINALLY ACHIEVED VICTORY
WHEN GAEA, WEARY OF THE VIOLENCE,
TAUGHT THE FLAWS OF HER OWN SONS, THE TITANS,
TO ALL THE GODS AND THUS TILTED THE SCALES.

YOU WILL KNOW BY GAZING UPON THEIR STATE...


WITHOUT GAEA'S KNOWLEDGE, PERHAPS EVEN ZEUS AND THE SEA-KING MIGHT HAVE BEEN CHALLENGED.
WHAT WERE THE TITANS' FATAL WEAK-NESSES?


THEY ARE BOUND IN DEEP WELLS OF WATER, SINCE THOSE BORN FROM GAEA RECOVER THEIR STRENGTH IF EVEN THEIR FEET TOUCH THEIR MOTHER, EARTH.
LEST THEY PLANT THEIR FEET, THEY ARE BOUND LIKE THIS.

WITH INFINITE POWER,
THEY ARE STILL WEAK.
LIKE THIS, THEY SHALL
SPEND ALL ETERNITY...

WITH JUST SLIGHT MOVEMENT, THEY CAUSE SUCH TREMORS...
YOU SAY THEY ARE BARRED FROM POWER LIKE SO?
WITH WELLS DISCARDED, HOW STRONG WOULD THEY BE?
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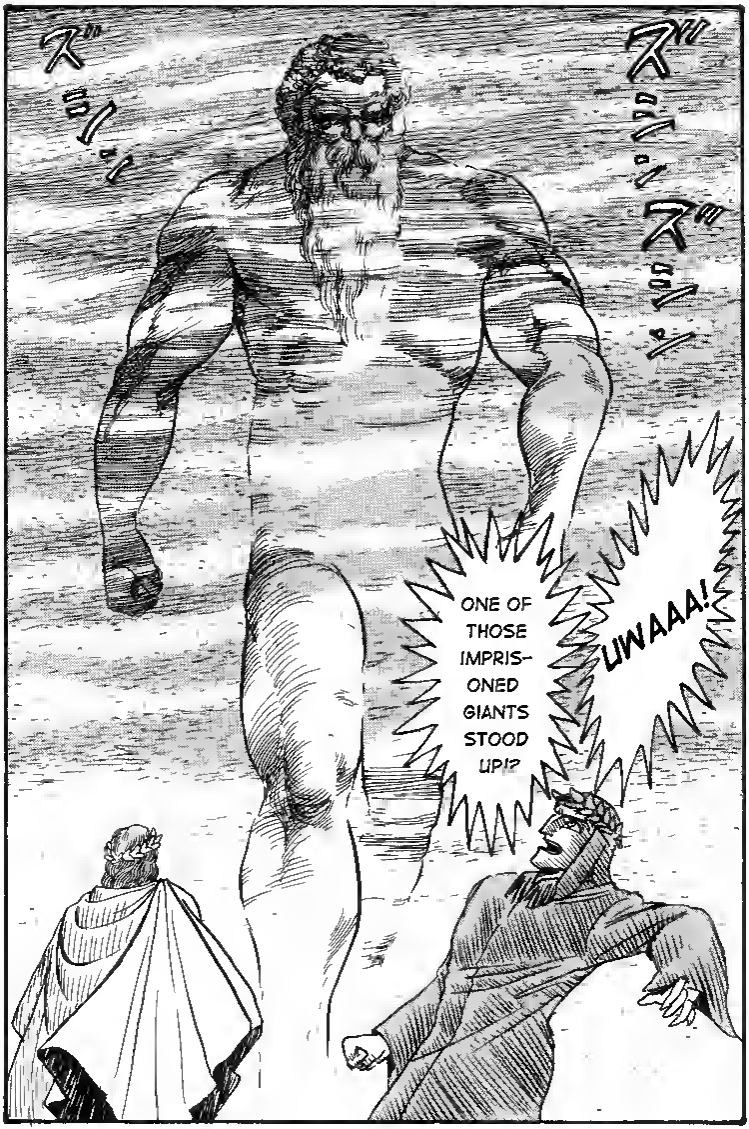
ニラリ
!?


ONE OF THOSE IMPRIS-ONED GIANTS STOOD UP!?
UWAAA!

BE AT EASE AND CALM YOUR SENSES, DANTE.
THAT TOWERING GIANT IS NAMED ANTAEUS,
WHO IS NOT SO BELLIGERENT AS THOSE.
HIS HUGE BODY, TOO, IS SMALLER IN SIZE FOR HIS FATHER WAS NOT URANUS!
HIS FATHER IS POSEIDON, THE SEA-GOD!

HE SPRUNG FROM POSEIDON, IMPRISONER, AND GAEA, LIFEGIVER OF THE TITANS.
THOUGH HE TROUBLED AND RAVAGED HUMANS MUCH, HIS LEGS DID NOT LEAD HIM TO OLYMPUS, AND THUS ARE NOT BOUND IN RETRIBUTION.
ANTAEUS, WE REQUEST SOME-THING OF YOU!
WE SHALL BORROW HIS STRENGTH SO THAT WE MIGHT DESCEND TO THE LOWEST STRATUM OF HELL!

BECAUSE HE LIVES, AND STILL EXPECTS LONG LIFE
STILL IN THE WORLD CAN HE RESTORE THY FAME,
THE SONS OF EARTH THE VICTORY WOULD HAVE GAINED PLACE US BELOW, NOR BE DISDAINFUL OF IT, THERE WHERE THE COLD DOTH LOCK COCYTUS UP. MAKE US NOT GO TO TITYUS NOR TYPHOEUS, THIS ONE CAN GIVE OF THAT WHICH HERE IS LONGED FOR, THEREFORE STOOP DOWN, AND DO NOT CURL THY LIP.
YOU, WHO KILLED A THOUSAND LIONS FOR THY PREY, AND WHO, HADST THOU BEEN AT THE MIGHTY WAR AMONG THY BROTHERS, SOME IT SEEMS STILL THINK
WE TRAVEL THROUGH HELL'S WARRENS TO SEE ALL
AND TELL ALL OF HERE WITH HIS LIVING VOICE.
THAT IS HIS DUTY, WHICH HE MUST COMPLETE.

BUT THE VALLEY WHICH TO COCYTUS LEADS IS TOO STEEP FOR US ALONE TO VENTURE
NOW, FOR THAT REASON, HE HAS COME SO FAR, ACROSS ALL OF HELL'S DEPTHS AND TRAGEDIES,
ANTAEUS, I BEG YOU, LEND US YOUR STRENGTH!

NOTES
REGARDING THE TRANSLATION

Regarding the Titans: In the original *Commedia*, the guardians of the ninth circle were indeed the Giants, though they weren't only comprised of the Titans. The first Giant which Dante and Virgil meet is Nimrod, the king of Babel, who tried to build the tower of Babel (which Go mentioned very obscurely through the staircase part, but used Zeus instead to fit in with his Titans theme). Next they meet Ephialtes, who is indeed a Titan, and then Antaeus. Virgil flatters Antaeus, similar to how Go represented it, and Antaeus agrees to take them down to the Ninth Circle.

THIS SCANLATION PROVIDED BY:

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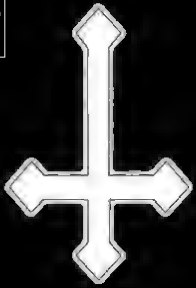


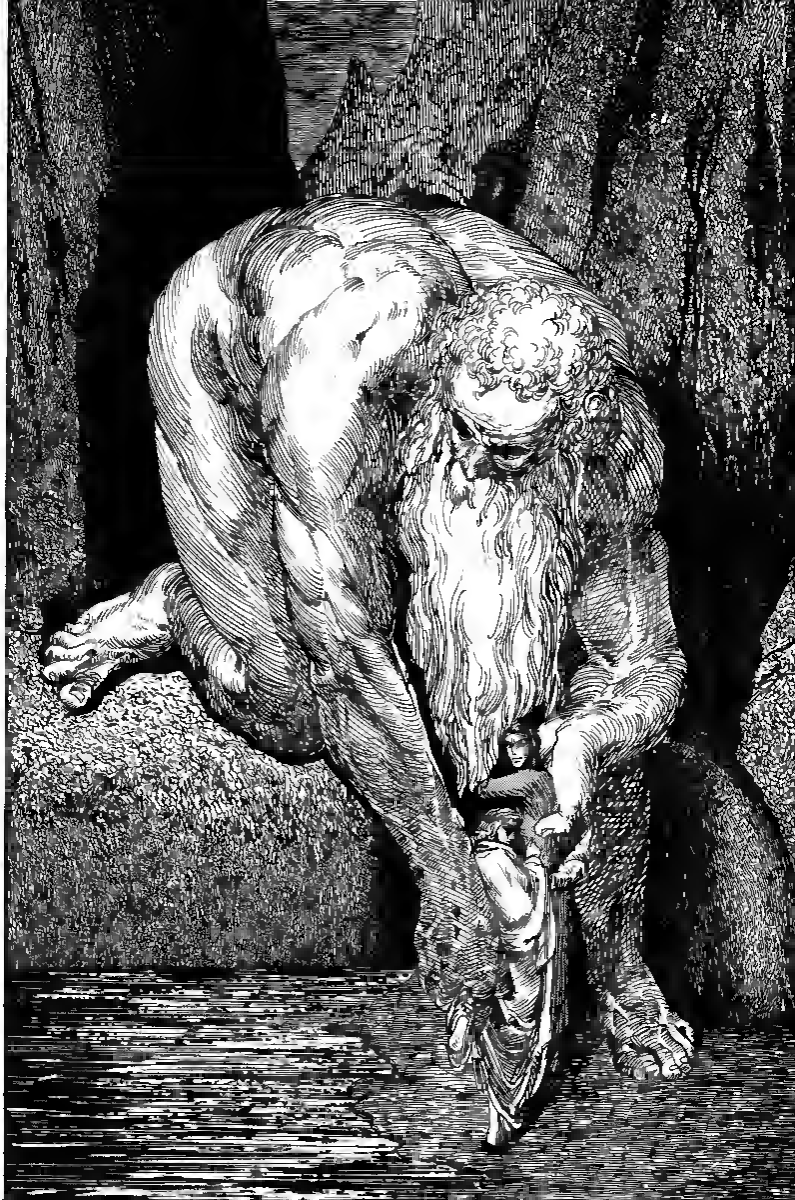
nihil sine nefas

NOTHING WITHOUT SIN

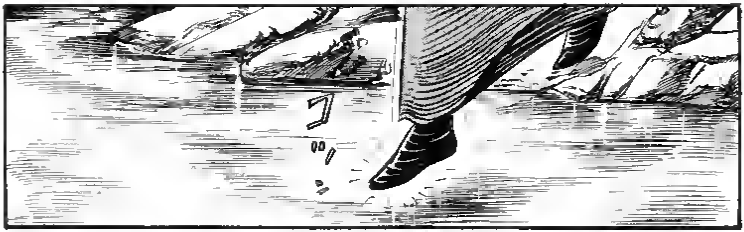
SO ONE MORE CHAPTER LEFT IN HELL, LET'S HOPE IT'S AN AWESOME ONE. PURGATORIO, AFTER THAT, HAS A PRETTY SIMILAR FEEL TO IT, SO IT'LL DEFINITELY BE WORTH READING IF YOU LIKED INFERNO.

COMMENTS? EMAIL US AT NIHIL.SINE.NEFAS@GMAIL.COM, OR VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT NIHILSINENEFAS.WORDPRESS.COM

The Lowest Stratum: Cocytus



THE VERY BOTTOM OF HELL...
TH... THIS IS...

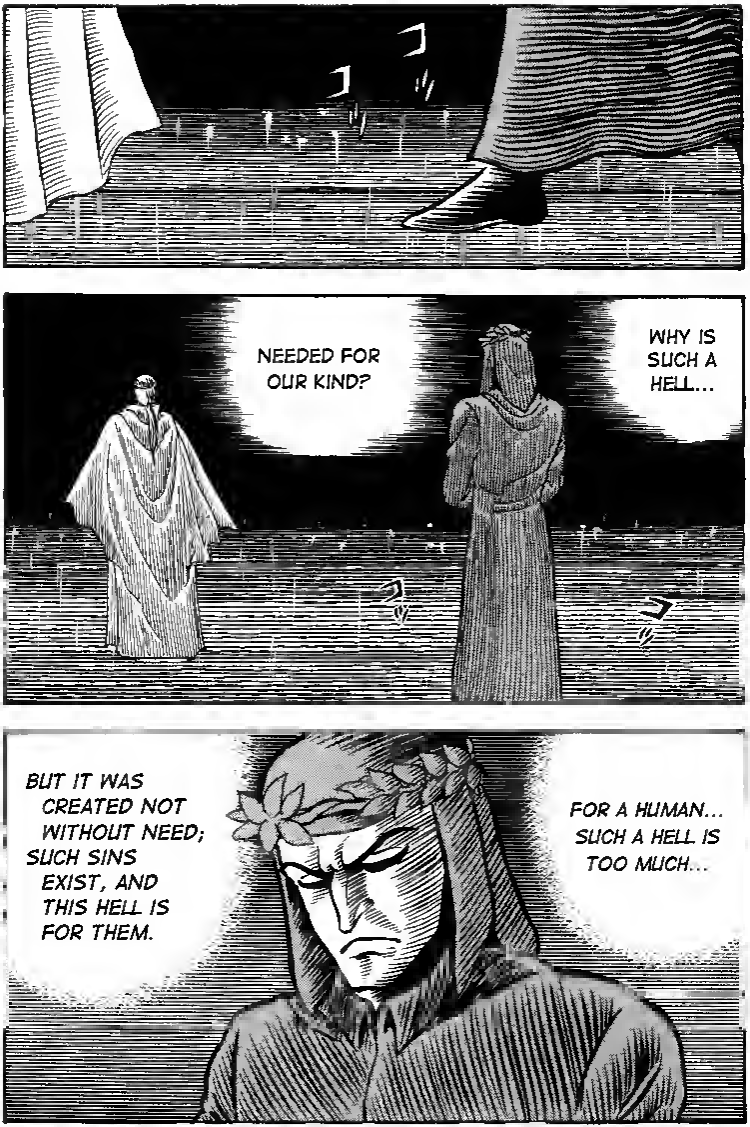


THE LAKE'S SURFACE MORE LIKE GLASS THAN WATER...
SILENT...
NAUGHT MOVES.
EXCEPT THAT ICY WIND...

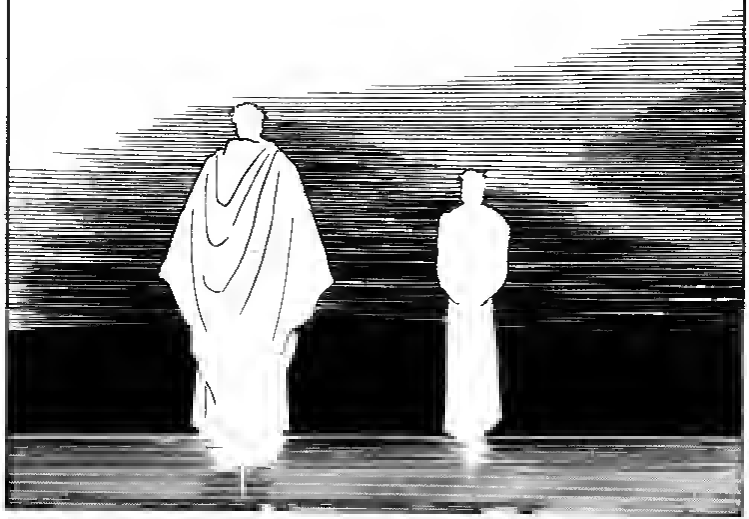
ONLY THAT MALEVOLENT WIND MOVES HERE...

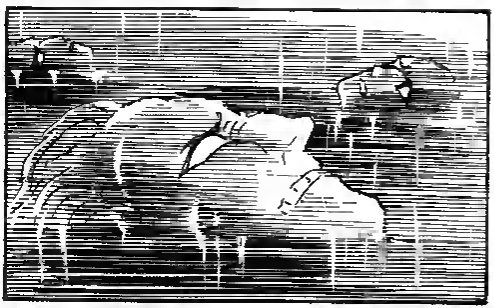
AND PTOLOMAEA AND JUDECCA, THIS IS THE LOWEST STRATUM OF ALL HELL.
COMPRISED BY CAINA AND ANTENORA,
AND COLDEST OF ALL THE STRATA IN HELL.
SO THIS IS COCYTUS, WHICH LOWEST LIES...

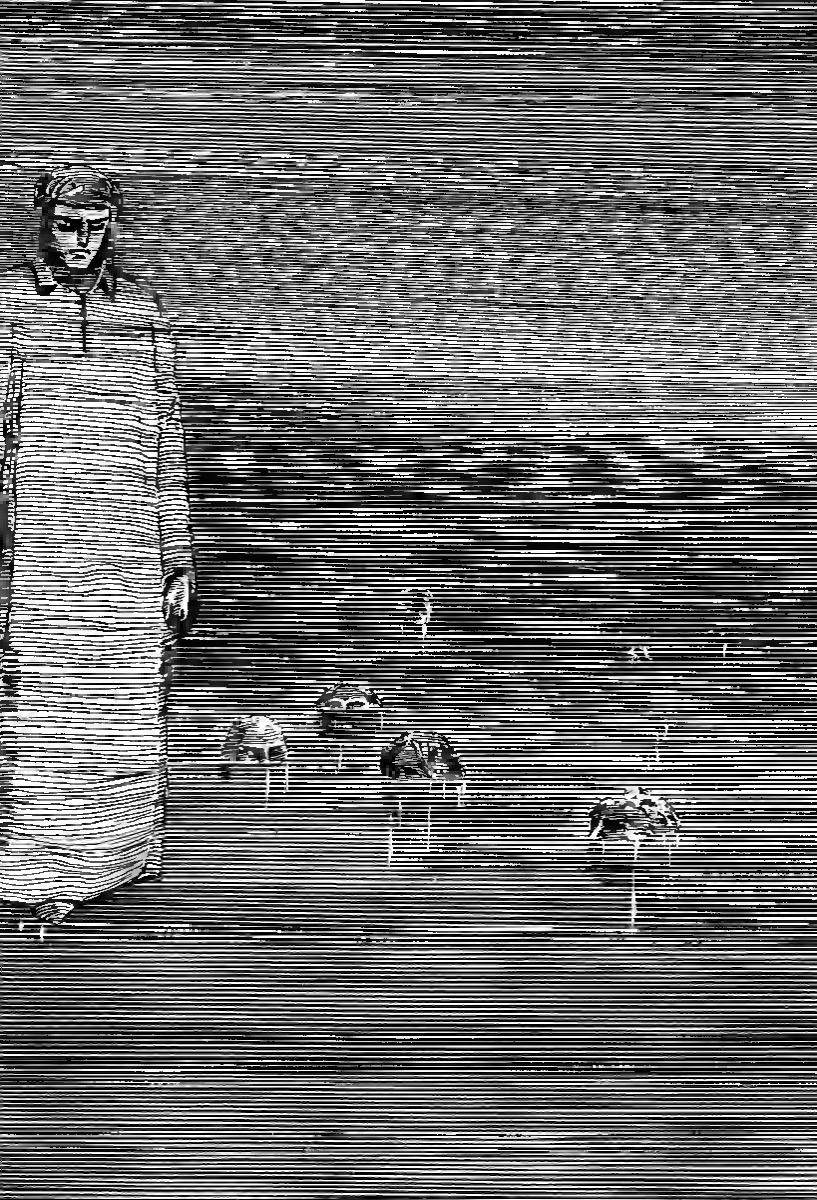
COCYTUS, THE HELL OF ALL-FREEZING ICE, WHICH CAN FREEZE EVEN THE HUMAN SOUL.
THIS IS COCY-TUS!
DANTE, YOUR TRIP THROUGH HELL SHALL SOON END, ONCE THROUGH THE FOUR DIVISIONS WE HAVE PASSED.


NEEDED FOR OUR KIND?
WHY IS SUCH A HELL...
BUT IT WAS CREATED NOT WITHOUT NEED; SUCH SINS EXIST, AND THIS HELL IS FOR THEM.
FOR A HUMAN... SUCH A HELL IS TOO MUCH...

Why do siblings each other fight and kill?
Cain, it is told, his brother Able killed...
Those sons of Adam, brothers at man's dawn.
Why do people their fatherland betray?
Why open their own minds to deception?
Oh, Judas! Why did you betray our Lord!?

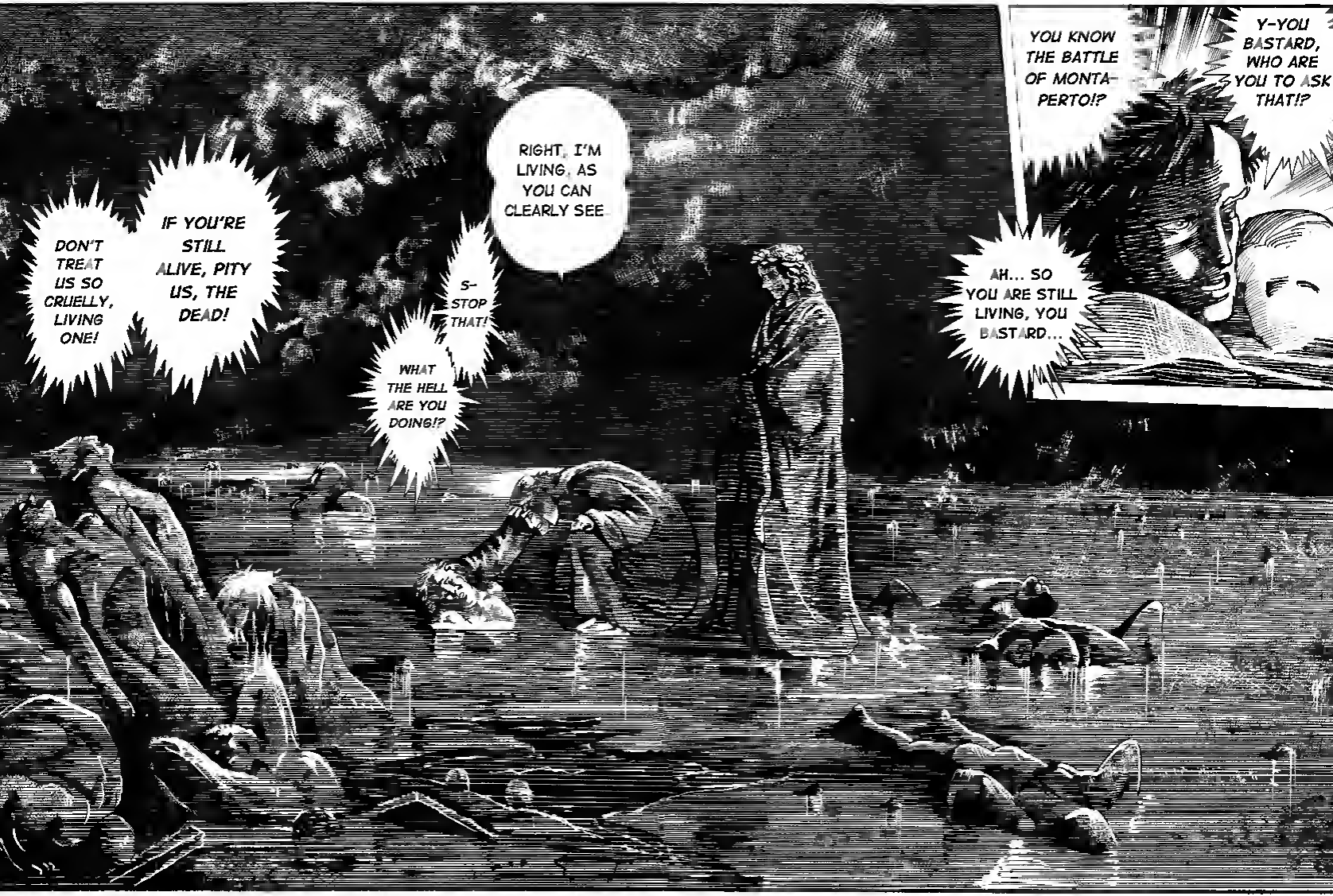






GA GA
GA GA
GA
UUUH...
GUGUGU
AS IF MY BODY WAS BEING EVISCERATED BY AN ICY BLADE...
IT HURTS ...

WHO IS IT, WHY DO YOU TRAMPLE ON ME!?
!?
GYAAAA!!
UNLESS YOU'VE COME TO INCREASE THE VENGEANCE OF MONTAPERTO, WHY DO YOU MOLEST ME?
I DID NOT NOTICE YOU.
AH! I'M SORRY,
WERE YOU TRULY AT THAT SAVAGE BATTLE!?
DID YOU SAY... MONTAPERTO!? WHO ARE YOU!?

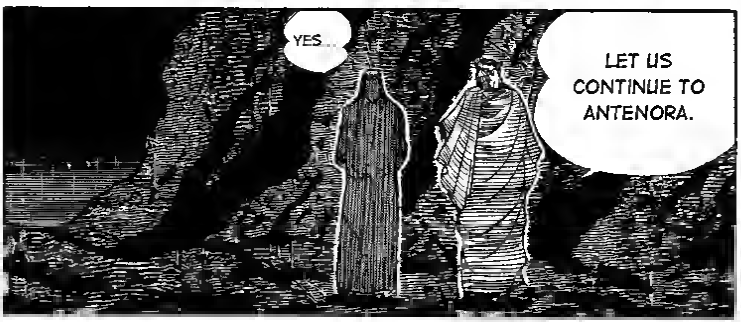

DON'T TREAT US SO CRUELLY, LIVING ONE!
IF YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, PITY US, THE DEAD!
RIGHT, I'M LIVING, AS YOU CAN CLEARLY SEE
S-STOP THAT!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING!?
AH... SO YOU ARE STILL LIVING, YOU BASTARD...
YOU KNOW THE BATTLE OF MONTA-PERTO!?
Y-YOU BASTARD, WHO ARE YOU TO ASK THAT!?

FOR ILL YOU DO KNOW TO FLATTER IN THIS HOLLOW.
FOR THE REVERSE I LONG; TAKE THYSELF HENCE.
THAT 'MID THE OTHER NOTES YOUR NAME I PLACE.
LIVING I AM, AND DEAR TO YOU IT MAY BE,
I THINK IT IS TRUE, IF YOU DEMAND FAME,
HE...
BUT ...
CEASE
THE DIRTIED NAME OF A TRAITOR LIKE YOU!
YOU SHALL GIVE ME YOUR NAME, TRAITOROUS ONE!
OR NOT A HAIR REMAIN UPON YOU HERE!

WE LOST, AND MANY MEN DIED NEEDLESSLY!
BECAUSE OF THIS ONE'S VILE BACK-STABBING,

FOR SUCH A REASON WAS HELL CREATED...
EVEN IF ONE LIVES, SINFUL, UNPUNISHED, FROM THIS PLACE THEY CANNOT HOPE TO ESCAPE
YES...

YES...
HE'S ALREADY RECEIVING PUNISHMENT.
ENOUGH... SAY NO MORE.


YES...
LET US CONTINUE TO ANTENORA.

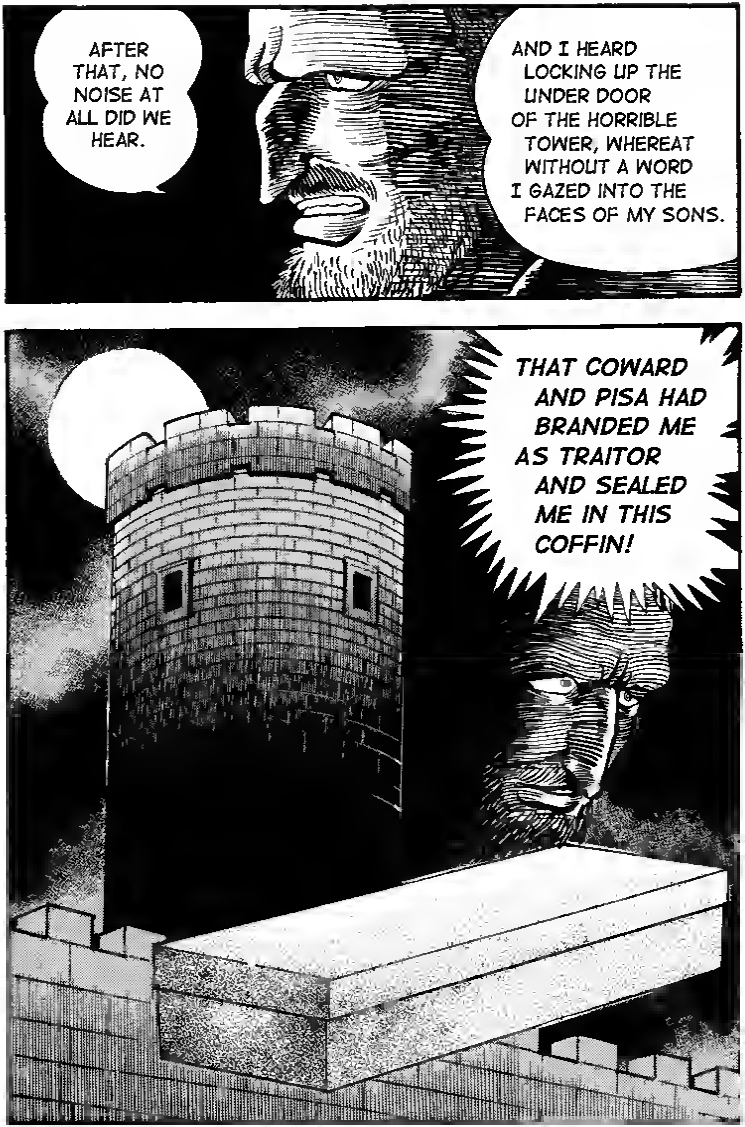
OH, YOU, WHO DOES SHOW BY SUCH BESTIAL SIGN,
TELL ME WHY YOU ARE IN SUCH A MANNER, THAT IF YOU RIGHTFULLY OF HIM COMPLAIN,
IN KNOWING WHO YOU ARE, AND HIS TRANS-GRESSION, I IN THE WORLD ABOVE REPAY YOU FOR IT.
WHO ARE YOU? WHO IS THAT WHOM YOU DEVOUR?
YOUR HATRED AGAINST HIM WHOM YOU ARE EATING,
WHAT GRUDGE IN HELL CANNOT BE FORGIVEN?

SPEAKING AND WEEPING SHALL YOU SEE TOGETHER.
IF MY WORDS BE SEED THAT MAY BEAR FRUIT OF INFAMY TO THE TRAITOR WHOM I GNAW,
BUT...
EVEN THOUGH TO FORGET I DESIRE, I CANNOT, AND CONTINUE SUCH GNAWING.
YOU MUST KNOW THAT I WAS COUNT UGOLINO.
AND THIS ONE WAS RUGGIERI THE ARCH BISHOP.

In Dante's time was Ugolino's case,
Just like that of Paulo and Francesca.
His story is just as pitiable...

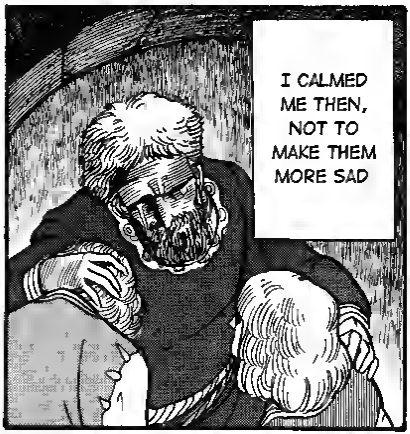
SUCH ACTIONS THE MARK OF ANARCHY ARE!
SUCH PRACTICES ARE FAR TOO ABHORRENT!
IF YOU ARE OF FIRENZE, THEN MY STORY MUST SURELY BE KNOWN TO YOU ALREADY.
TRUSTING IN HIM I WAS MADE PRISONER,
THAT, BY EFFECT OF HIS MALICIOUS THOUGHTS,
AND AFTER PUT TO DEATH, I NEED NOT SAY!

MY SONS AND I WERE LOCKED IN THE TOWER!
AND MANY DAYS PASSED BEFORE THIS ONE CAME
WHEN I BEFORE THE MORROW WAS AWAKE,
MOANING AMID THEIR SLEEP I HEARD MY SONS WHO WITH ME WERE, AND ASKING AFTER BREAD.
CRUEL INDEED ARE YOU, IF YET YOU GRIEVE NOT.

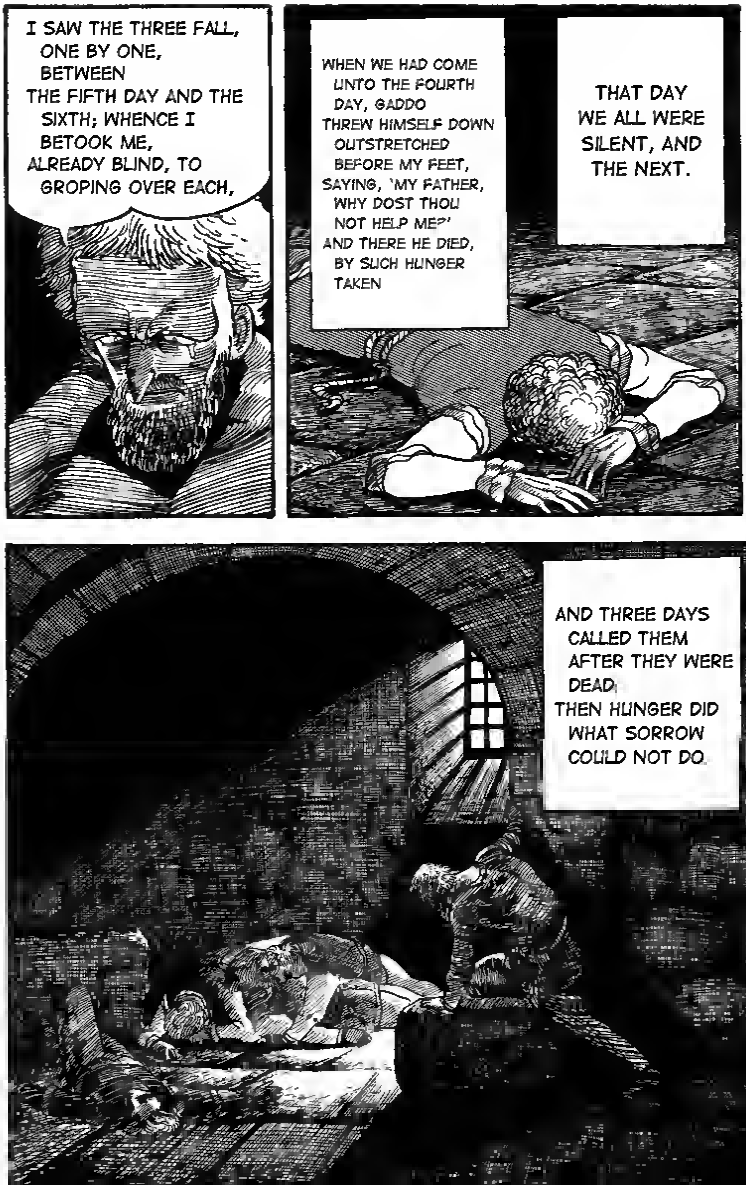

AFTER THAT, NO NOISE AT ALL DID WE HEAR.
AND I HEARD LOCKING UP THE UNDER DOOR OF THE HORRIBLE TOWER, WHEREAT WITHOUT A WORD I GAZED INTO THE FACES OF MY SONS.
THAT COWARD AND PISA HAD BRANDED ME AS TRAITOR AND SEALED ME IN THIS COFFIN!

UNTIL ANOTHER SUN ROSE ON THE WORLD.
STILL NOT A TEAR I SHED, NOR COMPLAINT MADE ALL OF THAT DAY, NOR YET THE NIGHT THEREAFTER,

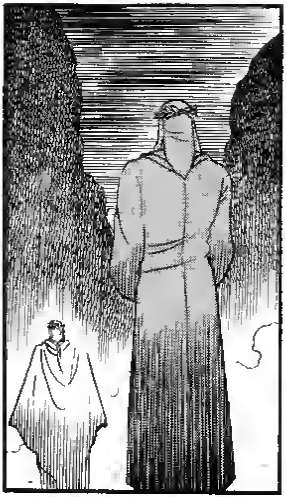
AND, THINKING THAT I DID IT FROM DESIRE OF EATING, ON A SUDDEN THEY UPROSE, AND SAID THEY:
BOTH OF MY HANDS IN AGONY I BIT;

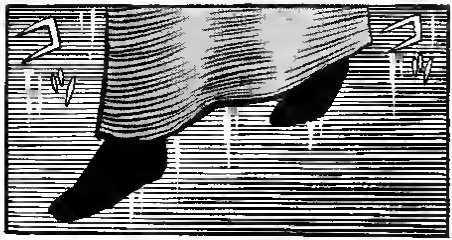

I CALMED ME THEN, NOT TO MAKE THEM MORE SAD

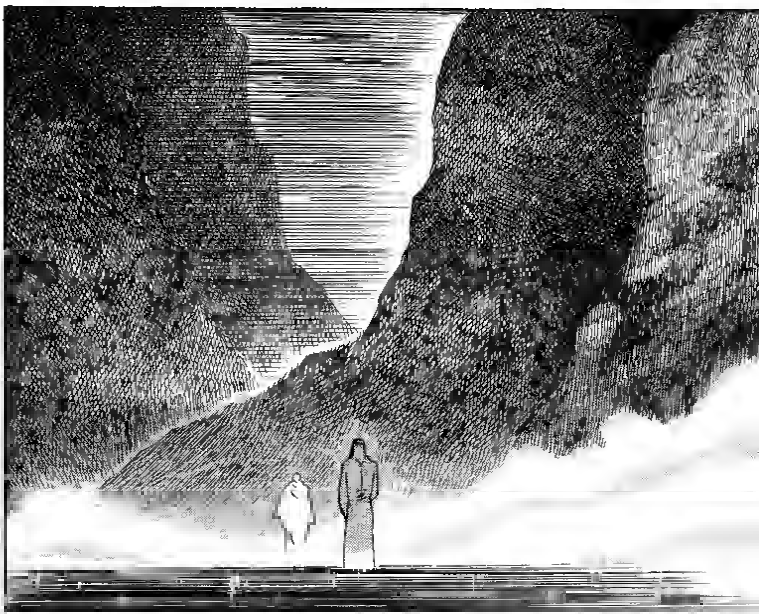
WITH THIS POOR FLESH, AND DO THOU STRIP IT OFF
FATHER, MUCH LESS PAIN 'TWILL GIVE US IF THOU DO EAT OF US; THYSELF DIDST CLOTHE US

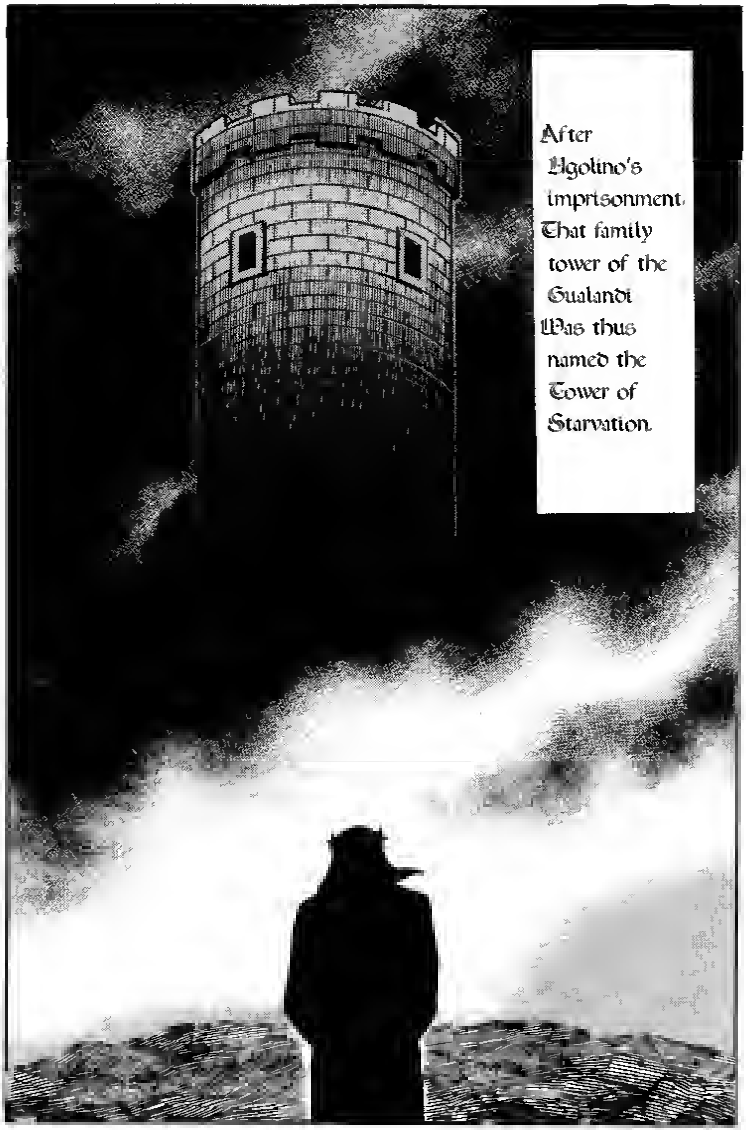

I SAW THE THREE FALL, ONE BY ONE, BETWEEN THE FIFTH DAY AND THE SIXTH; WHENCE I BETOOK ME, ALREADY BLIND, TO GROPING OVER EACH,
WHEN WE HAD COME UNTO THE FOURTH DAY, GADDO THREW HIMSELF DOWN OUTSTRETCHED BEFORE MY FEET, SAYING, 'MY FATHER, WHY DOST THOU NOT HELP ME?' AND THERE HE DIED, BY SUCH HUNGER TAKEN
THAT DAY WE ALL WERE SILENT, AND THE NEXT.
AND THREE DAYS CALLED THEM AFTER THEY WERE DEAD; THEN HUNGER DID WHAT SORROW COULD NOT DO.

YOU SHALL HEAR NO MORE, MAKE ME NOT TELL IT!
OOOOH!!
'TIS THIS COWARD'S FAULT, THIS TRAITOROUS WRETCH!





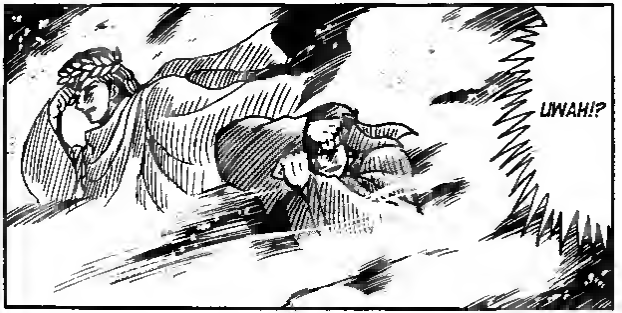



After
Ugolino's
imprisonment
That family
tower of the
Gualandi
Was thus
named the
Tower of
Starvation

VEXILLA REGIS PRODEUNT INFERNI!
(The standards of the King of Hell rise up!)
FINALLY, THE END OF HELL HAVE WE REACHED: THE FOURTH PART OF COCYTUS, JUDECCA!
HE WHO BRINGS FORTH ALL EVIL AND DECEIT, THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS, LORD OF HELL, SATAN!
THE FALLEN ANGEL, THE LIGHT-BRINGER, THE IMMORTAL CORRUPTER, LUCIFER!

FFXU

GUOOOO!!!


UWAH!?

HOLD THUS YOUR HEART FIRM, LEST YOU BE FROZEN!
THE EMPEROR OF THE KINGDOM DOLOROUS DOES MAKE THIS WIND WITH HIS WINGS ISSUE FORTH.

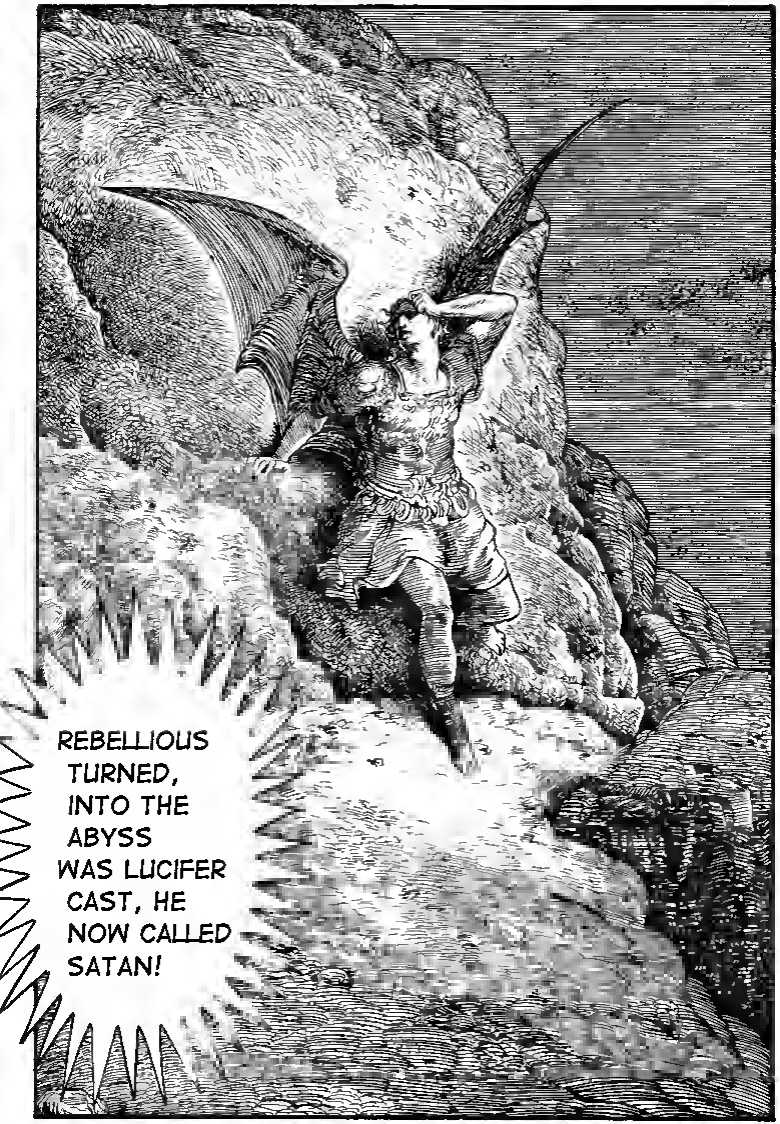
They, Brutus and
Cassius and Judas.
To him in front the biting
was as naught
Unto the clawing, for
sometimes the spine
Utterly stripped of all the
skin remained.

With six eyes did he weep,
and down three chins
Trickled the tear-drops and
the bloody dribel.
At every mouth he with his
teeth was crunching
A sinner, in the manner of a
brake,
So that he three of them
tormented thus;

THE FALLEN ANGEL, HE WHO WAS KNOWN FOR HIS BEAUTY, HAS CHANGED SO MUCH INTO THIS?
THAT IS LUCIFER? THE ANGEL OF LIGHT, WHO SHINED MOST BRIGHTLY, HE LOVED MOST BY GOD?
THE ARCHANGEL WHO HEARD THE WORD OF GOD SOUGHT THAT THRONE FOR HE HIMSELF FROM HIS PRIDE.
SO HE INCITED A REBELLION OF AN ARMY OF ANGELS AGAINST GOD.
YES, THAT IS LUCIFER!
THAT IS NOW THE FORM OF THE DEMON KING, WHO WAS ONCE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ANGEL!

Turning hideous his beautiful wings.
GOD, ENRAGED, FROM HEAVEN CAST LUCIFER,

And heavily, as the weight of his crime, Lucifer then crashed down into the Earth.


REBELLIOUS TURNED, INTO THE ABYSS WAS LUCIFER CAST, HE NOW CALLED SATAN!

The trumpets sounded, and so the others
Gathered to fight who against God had turned!

And Satan, leading the Fallen Angels, First defeated the army of God, but..

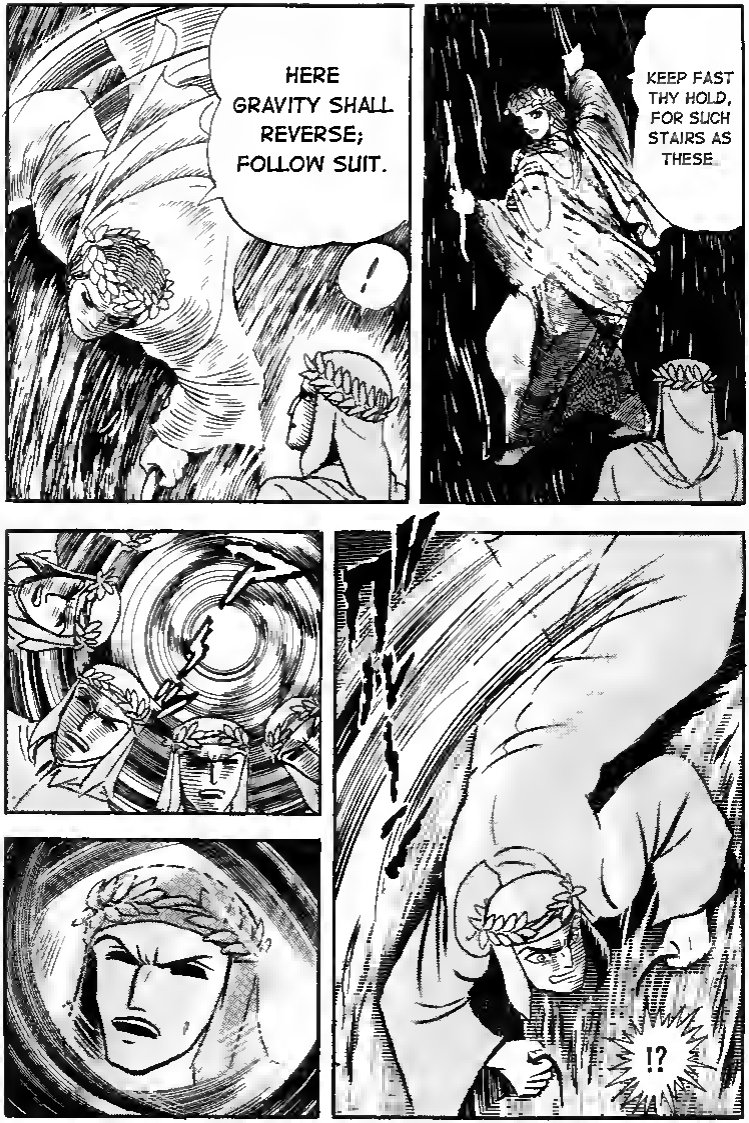
The archangel
Michael gathered
again
The army of God,
and then defeated
Soundly the fallen
army of Satan.

The Demon King, defeated by Michael, Was imprisoned here, in hell's deepest depths.

But... the Revelations of John tell us...

That millennium shall pass
and the Beast,
Satan, Lord of the Flies,
shall be set free;
He shall beguile the people
and challenge
The army of God to one
last battle,
The final battle for all
existence.

EH!?
NOW, CLIMB UPON THE DEMON KING'S BODY!
BUT NIGHT IS REASCENDING, AND 'TIS TIME THAT WE DEPART, FOR WE HAVE SEEN THE WHOLE.
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE COSMOS IS HELL,
THUS WE CAN ESCAPE HELL BY GOING DOWN!
SO PAST SATAN'S WAIST DOES GRAVITY SWITCH.
LET'S GO!
YES!


HERE GRAVITY SHALL REVERSE; FOLLOW SUIT.
!
KEEP FAST THY HOLD, FOR SUCH STAIRS AS THESE
!?

WE MUST SCALE NOW THE DEMON-SULTAN'S FEET!
!?
TH-THIS... SINCE WHEN--
THE WORKINGS EVEN OF THE COSMOS REVERSE!
YES!

A PLAIN ONE, BUT STILL IT LEADS OUT OF HELL.
NOW THROUGH A DARK CORRIDOR WE SHALL PASS...

YOU HAVE DONE GLORIOUSLY, POET DANTE!
AH?
haa
haa haa

AH, YOU HAVE DONE MARVEL-OUSLY, DANTE!
OUR ODYSSEY THROUGH HELLS' SOMBER DEPTHS ENDS!
DAYLIGHT! 'TIS THAT BRIGHT CELESTIAL STAR!
AAH!?

INDEED! YOU TRAVELLED SUPREMELY, POET!
TRULY, THIS JOURNEY OF MINE IS ENDED?!
AN ANGEL GREETS YOU, WHO HAS DONE SO MUCH!
AH!

Dante's Divine Comedy: Inferno

END

NOTES

REGARDING THE CHAPTER

Regarding "Vexilla Regis prodeunt Inferni": This is a line directly from the original poem; however, it's in Latin, not Italian. The line is based off a line from the hymn *Vexilla Regis*, which reads "Vexilla regis prodeunt, [...]" -- the word Inferni, meaning "of Hell," was added to modify Regis, which means king. For the interested, the sentence breaks down as follows:

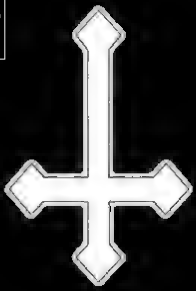
Vexilla -- *The standards* (nominative case, i.e. the subject of the verb)
Regis -- *of the King* (genitive case, i.e. possessive)
Inferni -- *of Hell* (genitive case as well -- thus, it could also be taken as an adjective meaning "Infernal" or "Hellish". In that case, the sentence would read "The standards of the Infernal King rise up.")
Prodeunt -- *rise up* (verb, plural, 3rd person, present tense)

Regarding Caina, the Third Division: Caina is entirely absent from this chapter; Go went right from Antenora to Judecca.

Regarding Lucifer: The background info that Virgil provides in this chapter is from the book *Paradise Lost*, not the *Commedia*.

THIS SCANLATION PROVIDED BY:

THANKS TO GRIM2783 FOR THE RAWS!



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THAT'S THE END OF *INFERNO*; UP NEXT ARE PURGATORIO AND PARADISO.

COMMENTS? EMAIL US AT NIHILSINENEFAS@GMAIL.COM, OR VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT NIHILSINENEFAS.WORDPRESS.COM

浄罪編

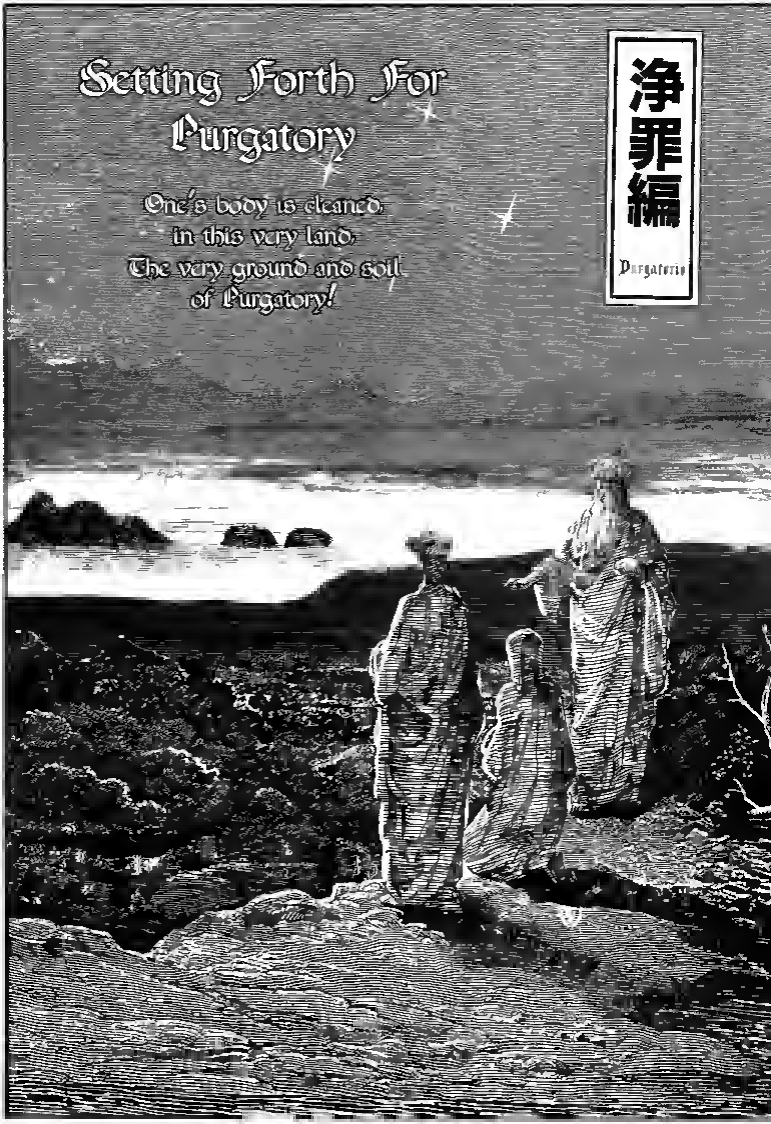
Purgatorio

Setting Forth For Purgatory

One's body is cleaned
in this very land.
The very ground and soil
of Purgatory!

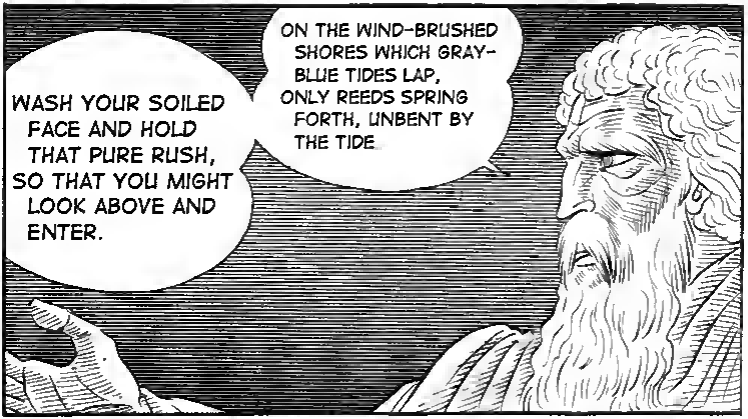
浄罪編

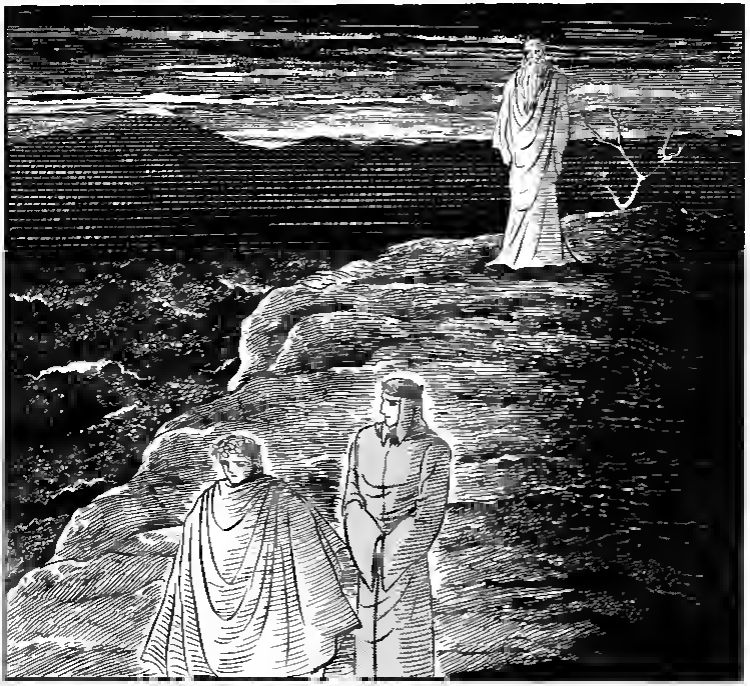
Purgatorio

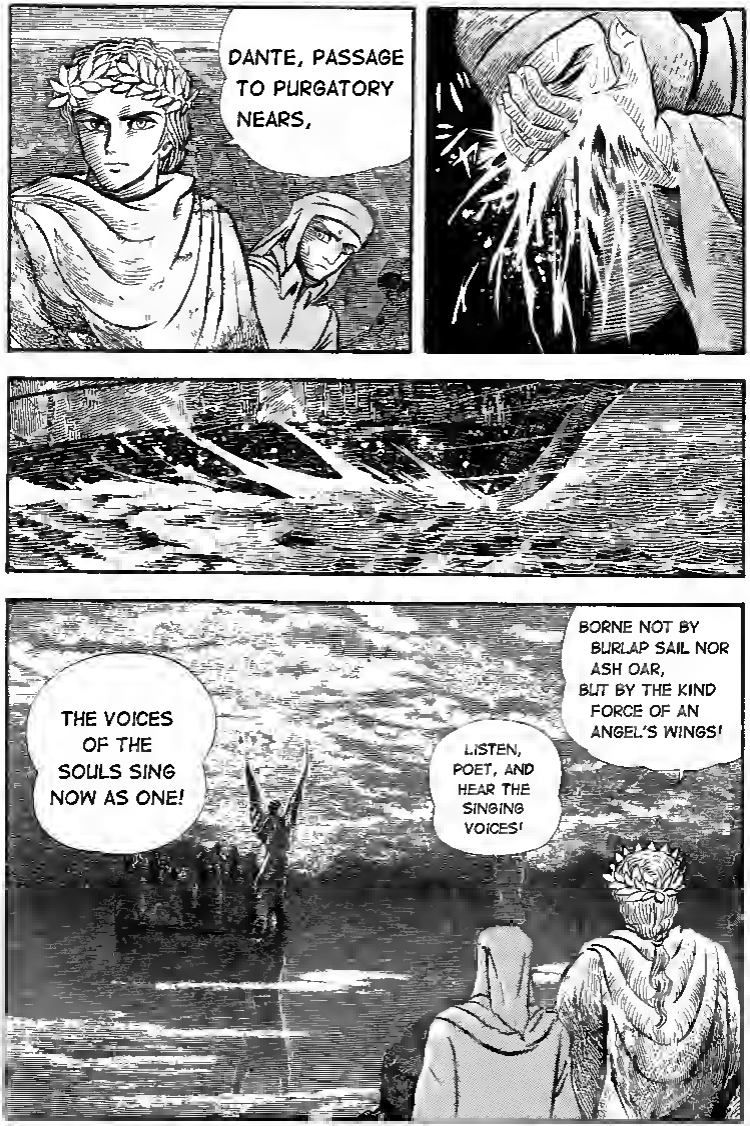


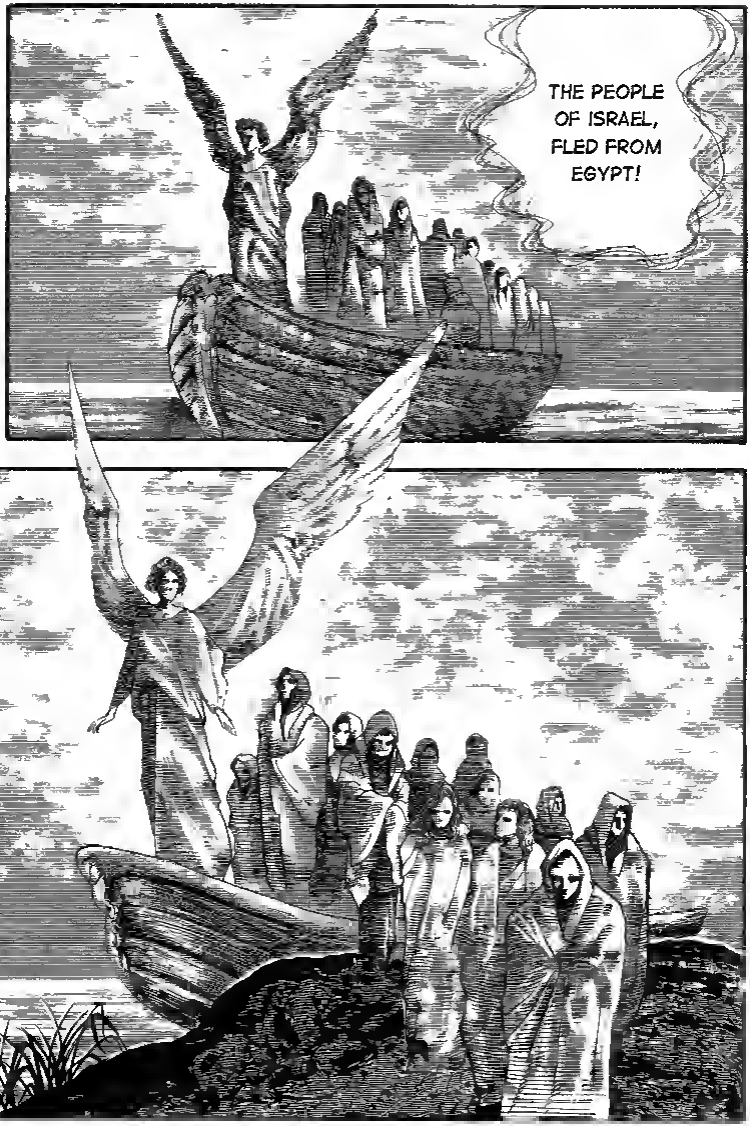
YOU ARE THE...
NO SHADE HAS DONE THIS YET, NOT EVEN ONE!
HOW FROM THAT DARK CHASM DID YOU EMERGE?
YOUR DEEDS ARE MIRACULOUS TO BEHOLD!
THIS POET'S MISSION WAS CAST DOWN FROM HIGH, AND SO I GUARD HIM ON THIS DIVINE TASK.
I AM VIRGIL.
WHAT FORCE HAS GUIDED YOU TWO SOULS TO ME?
GUARD OF THE MOUNTAIN OF PURGATORY!

THIS POET, WHOM INTO DARK FORESTS TRODS, MIDWAY THROUGH HIS LIFE, HAS EVEN NOW SEEN HELL;
AND NOW...
THIS MAN, DANTE, SEEKS THIS PATH SO FIXEDLY, WHICH HE EVEN LAYS DOWN HIS VERY LIFE FOR, HOPING THAT HIS SPIRIT MIGHT GO FREELY;
PLEASE, GRANT US PASSAGE INTO YOUR DOMAIN
HE SEEKS TO ASCERTAIN, WITH THOSE SAME EYES, THE SHAPES OF ALL THESE SOULS, CLEANSING THEIR SINS.
HMPH

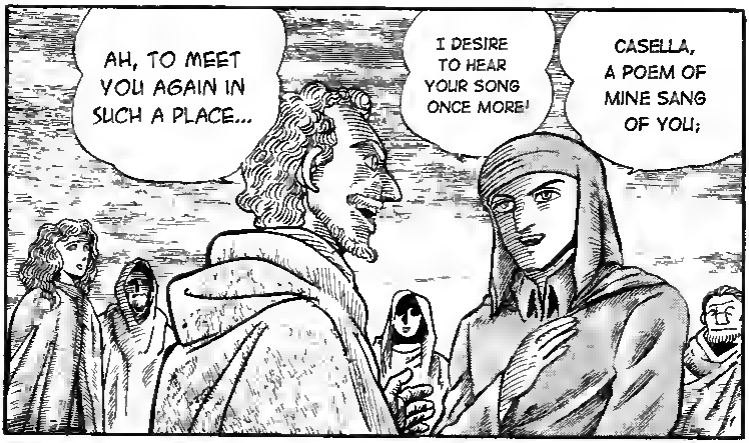

ON THE WIND-BRUSHED SHORES WHICH GRAY-BLUE TIDES LAP, ONLY REEDS SPRING FORTH, UNBENT BY THE TIDE.
WASH YOUR SOILED FACE AND HOLD THAT PURE RUSH, SO THAT YOU MIGHT LOOK ABOVE AND ENTER.




DANTE, PASSAGE TO PURGATORY NEARS,
BORNE NOT BY BURLAP SAIL NOR ASH OAR, BUT BY THE KIND FORCE OF AN ANGEL'S WINGS!
LISTEN, POET, AND HEAR THE SINGING VOICES!
THE VOICES OF THE SOULS SING NOW AS ONE!


THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL, FLED FROM EGYPT!

BY ANOTHER PATH OUR SELVES WERE BROUGHT HERE...
WE AS WELL HAVE NOT TROD THIS GROUND BEFORE...
THEN...HOW SHALL WE ASCEND THIS STEEP MOUNTAIN?
WHY, WHEN YOU STILL LIVE...?
OH! WHY DOES ONE OF THE LIVING REALM COME?
HE BREATHES! WHY, THOUGH YOU LIVE STILL, MORTAL ONE...?
AN-OTHER PATH?
MY CLOSE FRIEND, CASELLA!?
CAS-ELLA!?
IT'S ME, CASELLA!
AH! DANTE... IS THAT YOU, DANTE, MY FRIEND?


AH, TO MEET YOU AGAIN IN SUCH A PLACE...
I DESIRE TO HEAR YOUR SONG ONCE MORE!
CASELLA, A POEM OF MINE SANG OF YOU;

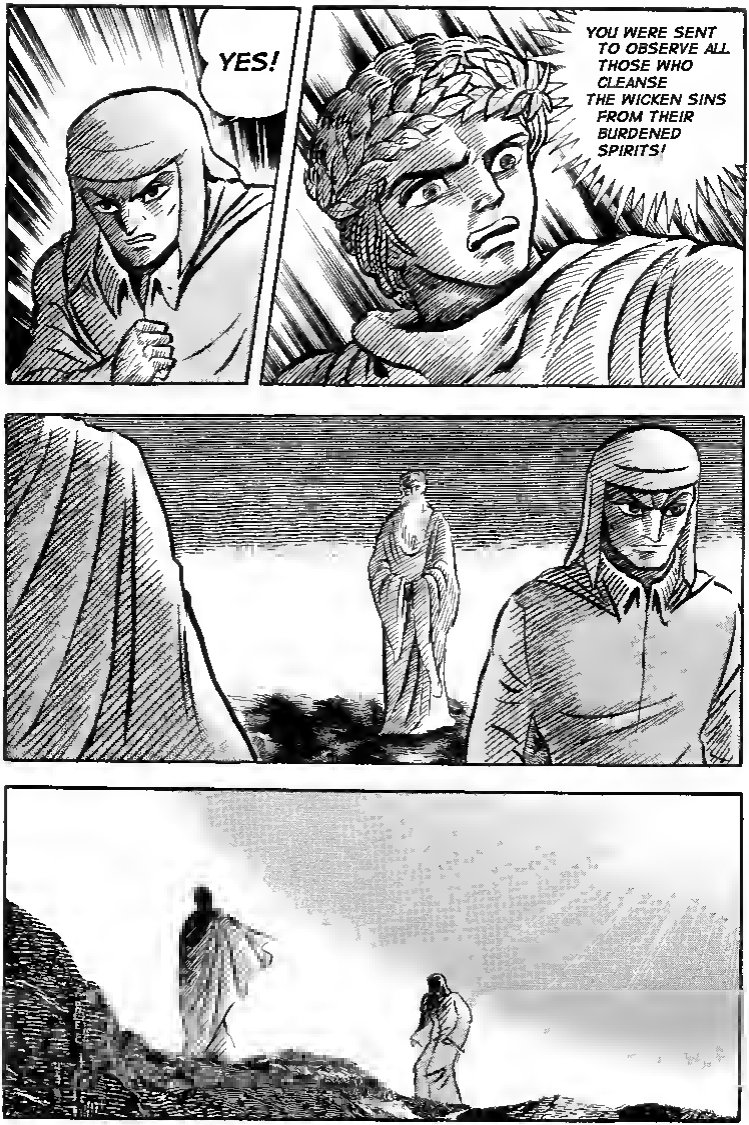
I'D LOVE TO, DANTE!
PLEASE, FRIEND, SING IT! THAT SONG WHICH WE TWO WROTE.

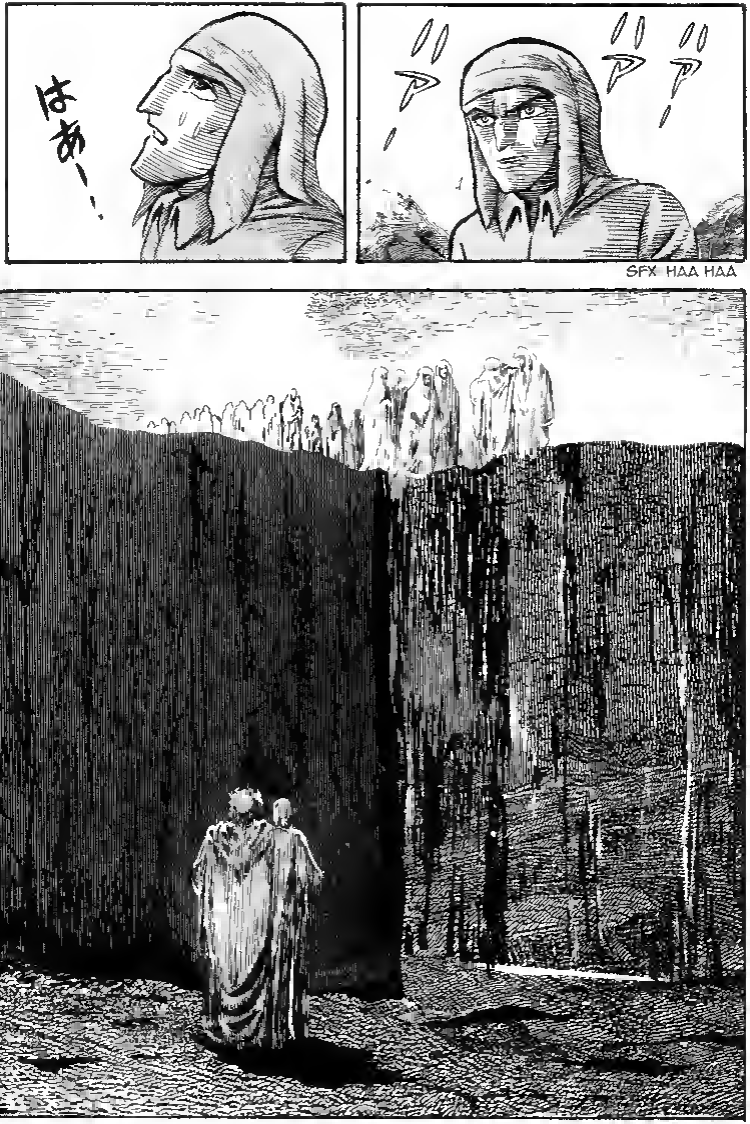
YOUR GOAL, WHAT YOU SEEK, STANOS IN FRONT OF YOU!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?

CLIMB NOW THAT MOUNTAIN OF PURGATORY!
AND CLEANSE YOUR SINS FROM YOUR BODY ITSELF!

CLAP
CLAP

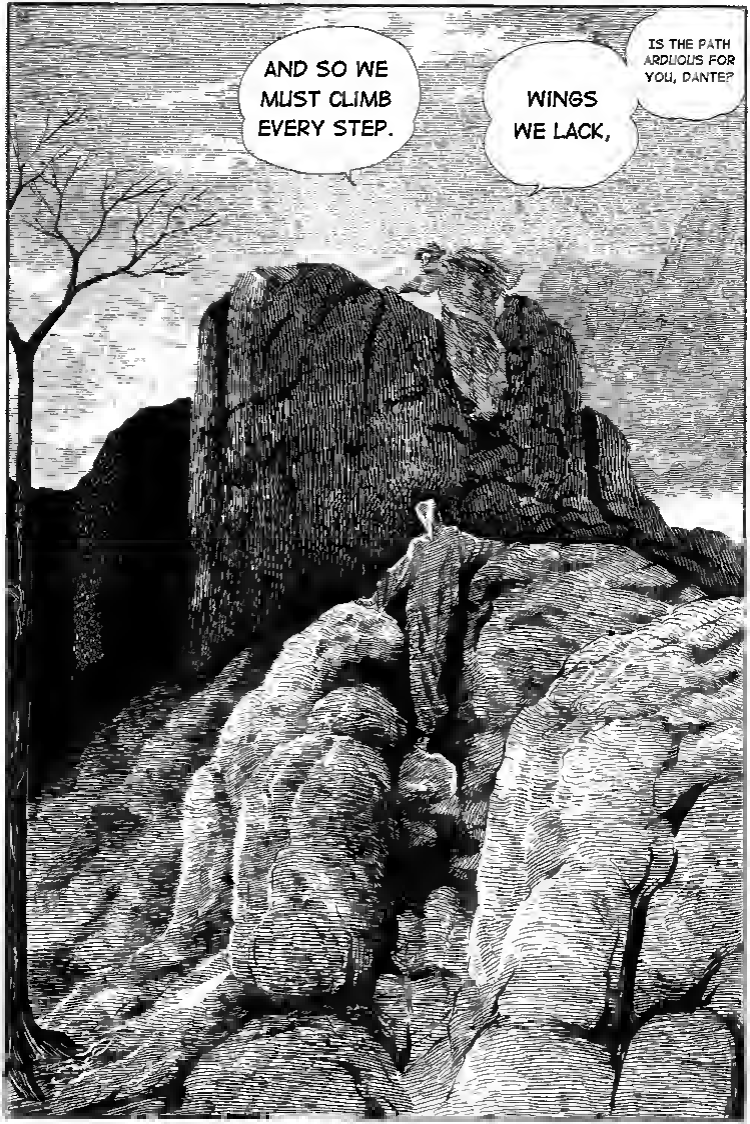
CAS-
ELLA!?
WE MUST CLIMB THIS STERN SLOPE AS WELL, DANTE!


YES!
YOU WERE SENT TO OBSERVE ALL THOSE WHO CLEANSE THE WICKEN SINS FROM THEIR BURDENED SPIRITS!


はあー…
アアアア！
SFX: HAA HAA

EVERYWHERE, SHEER CLIFFS TOWER BEFORE US!
I LEAD ONE WHOSE BODY STILL HOLDS WEIGHT HERE...
PLEASE, TELL US WHERE A MORE GENTLE SLOPE LIES.
WHAT IS IT THAT TROUBLES YOU NOW, DANTE?
?
YOUR SHADOW ...
N... NO...
BUT DID YOU NOT BEFORE PERCEIVE THAT I, YOUR GUIDE HERE, DO NOT POSSESS A SHADOW?

BUT KNOW OF THE REASON BEHIND THESE SIGHTS. THE BOUNDS OF MAN'S REASON LIES HERE, POET.
BUT THIS TASK, TO ME, IS OF GREAT WEIGHT; I LEAD YOU, SO THAT YOU DO NOT JUST SEE,
THEREFORE, I CANNOT CAST A SHADOW HERE
MY OWN FLESH RESIDES IN ESTEEMED NAPLES, AND THIS BODY YOU SEE IS BUT MY SOUL.
AS IF AT THE SIGHTS OF SOME FOREIGN LAND, WE MUST NATURALLY SEE, AND PROCEED
SFX: HAA HAA


AND SO WE MUST CLIMB EVERY STEP.
WINGS WE LACK,
IS THE PATH ARDUOUS FOR YOU, DANTE?

ONE WHO DOES NOT HAVE WINGS COULD NOT ASCEND TO SUCH A PLACE AS WE HAVE OURSELVES CLIMBED!
LOOK, DANTE! THE VISTA FROM THIS PLACE HERE ..!
WE FLEW AS BIRDS DO, YET FLIGHT WE HAVE NOT! CERTAINLY, THIS IS DUE TO OUR EFFORT!
WE CAN SEIZE WHAT THOSE WHO HAVE POWER MIGHT!

EVEN IF ONE IS NOT A WINGED BIRD BORN,
STILL WE CAN CLIMB UPWARD BY OUR OWN MEANS!
TO THE MOUNTAIN OF PURGATORY, WE MUST CLIMB BY STRENGTH OF SPIRIT ALONE.
THEN,

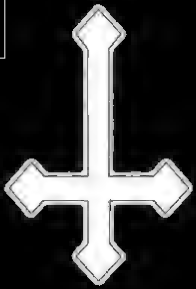
.....

HM, INDEED ...

YOU SEE...
AS I CONSIDERED ONLY THAT MOUNTAIN...
I REALIZED THAT, JUST LIKE THE BIRD, I TOO COULD ASCEND EVEN TO THAT LOFTY PEAK!
AFTER THAT, EASIER WILL IT BECOME
I-IS THAT SO?
I SUPPOSE SO...
WITH TIME FORGOTTEN, 'TIS MUCH LIKE FLYING!
REGARD-LESS, THE BEGINNING IS HARDEST.

THIS SCANLATION PROVIDED BY:

THANKS TO GRIM9783 FOR THE RAWS!



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UNFORTUNATELY, DANTE HAD NO TIME TO CHECK OUT THE BASE-OF-PURGATORY GIFT SHOP.

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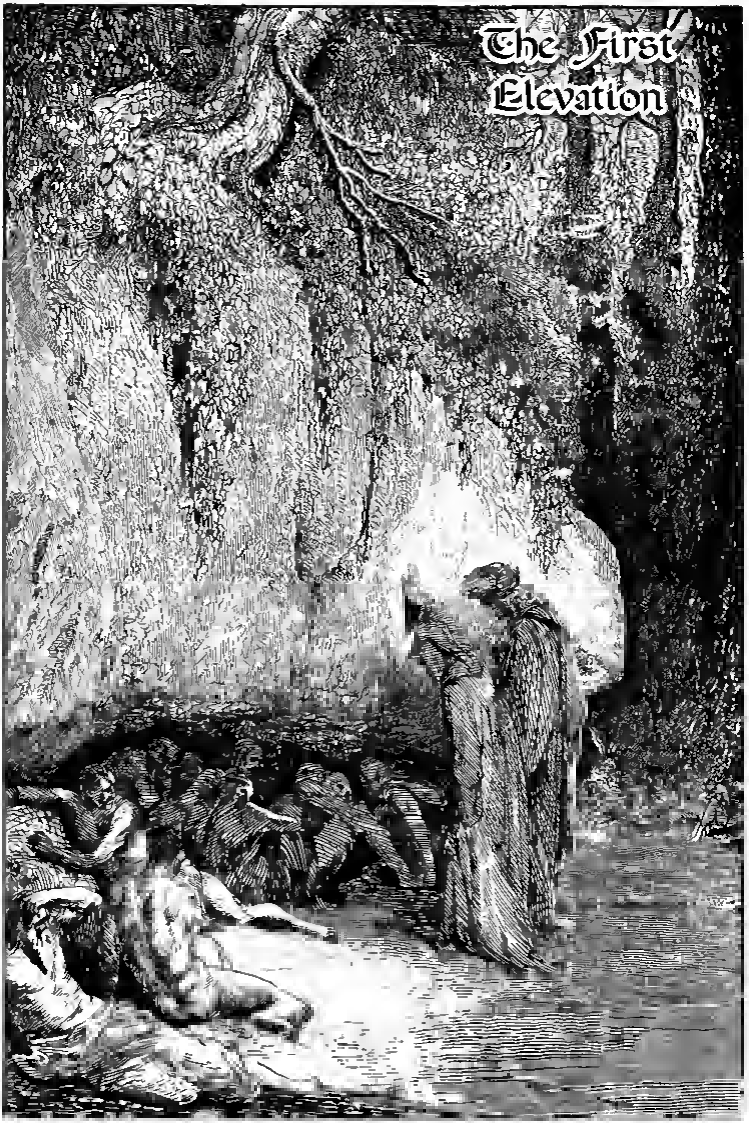

The First
Elevation

BUT YOUR TONGUE LOOSES SPEECH UNCEASINGLY!
SUCH IMPUDENCE, BELACQUA! FRIEND YOU ARE,
WHAT FICKLE WIND PLACED ONE SUCH AS YOU HERE?
IT IS I, DANTE, YOUR FRIEND BELACQUA!
YES, IT IS FOR THAT REASON I AM HERE
LONG IS THIS JOURNEY OF PURGATORY, FOR BEYOND HERE ARE THE TRUE GATES OF IT...
AND PURGATORY ITSELF, AFTER THAT!
IF YOUR SINS YOU UNDERSTAND SO FULLY,
DO YOU EVEN UNDERSTAND THE REASON WHY?
THEN WHY NOW IN THIS PLACE DO YOU DELAY?

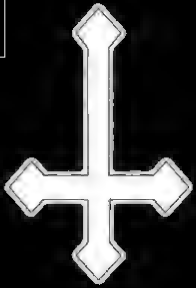
AND THUS THIRTY-FOLD LONGER MUST I WAIT...
FOR TOO LATE WAS I TO REPENT MY SIN,
BUT IN TRUTH HERE I MUST DELAY FOR NOW,
YOU MADE BEAUTIFUL INSTRUMENTS, MY FRIEND;
I AM SURE EVEN THOSE WHOM YOUR WORDS CHAFED...
THOUGH SHOULD MY SPIRIT AND CAUSE BE PRAYED FOR, BY THOSE YET LIVING BENEATH THIS MOUNTAIN, MY TIME HERE IN WAITING CAN BE SHORTENED!
THAT ANGELIC GUARD CANNOT LET ME PASS.
MIND NOT THOSE LAZY SOULS; THE WAY IS LONG.
LET US GO, DANTE.
WILL PRAY FOR YOUR SOUL, NOW DEPARTED.

ARE THEY LANGUID, WHO WAIT HERE?
AH, MAESTRO
THEY MUST NOT WAIT AROUND IN SLOTHFULNESS, BUT SEEK WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT THEIR CLEANSING PATH.
THOSE WHO SEE THEIR OWN SIN TO BE IN THEM WILL RECOGNIZE THEIR PATH AND CLEANSE THEIR SINS: THAT JOURNEY IS PURGATORY'S PURPOSE.
THEIR OWN PATH...
WHERE ONE RECEIVES ETERNAL PUNISHMENT: HERE, ONE CLEANSES THEIR SINS FROM THEIR SOUL.
DANTE, PURGATORY IS NOT AS HELL,

I CAN HEAR A HYMN...
THEY ARE THOSE SOULS WHO, FOR THEIR OWN REASONS, REPENTED JUST BEFORE THEIR SOULS LEFT.
THEY AS WELL ARE A GROUP ENTERING HERE!
SEEMS LIKE ONE OF THEM IS COMING TO HERE!
FOR SOME REASON, THEY ARE TALKING OF US...
FOR THAT, THEY FROM HELL HAVE BARELY ESCAPED...

THIS SCANLATION PROVIDED BY

THANKS TO GRIM9783 FOR THE RAWS!



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NOTHING WITHOUT SIN

YEP, THAT CHAPTER WAS FIVE PAGES LONG. THERE ARE A NUMBER OF SHORT CHAPTERS IN PURGATORY... WE'LL TRY TO RELEASE THEM QUICKER, IN THE FUTURE.

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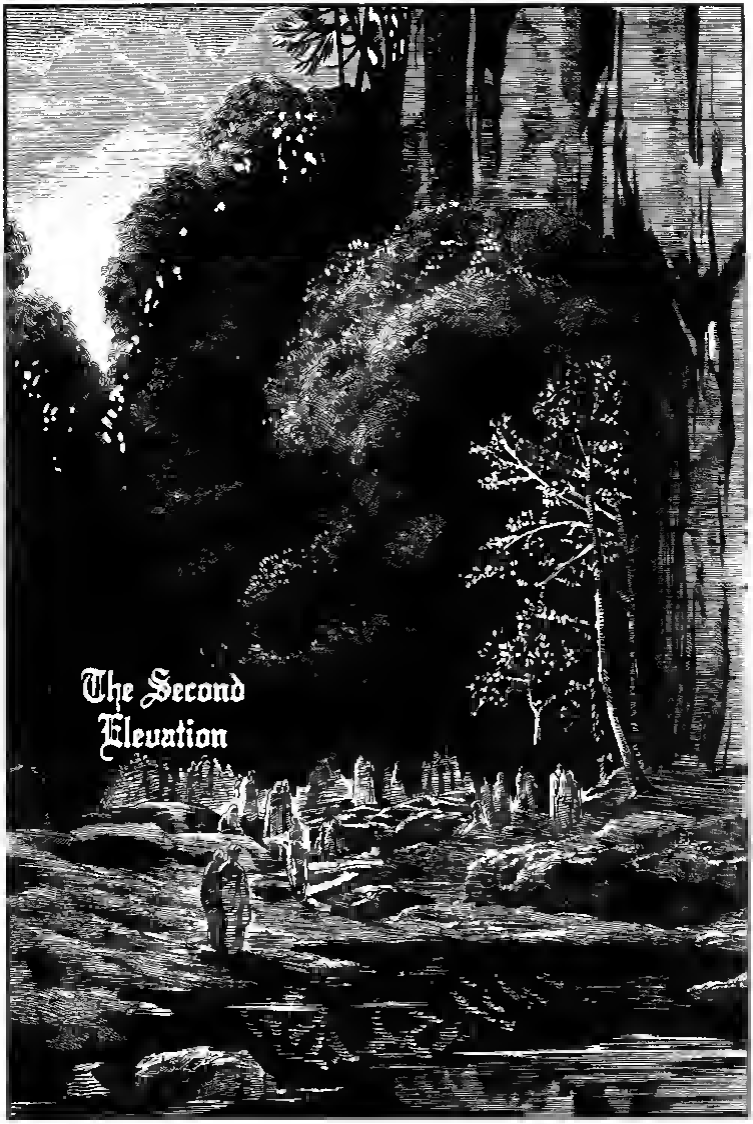

The Second
Elevation

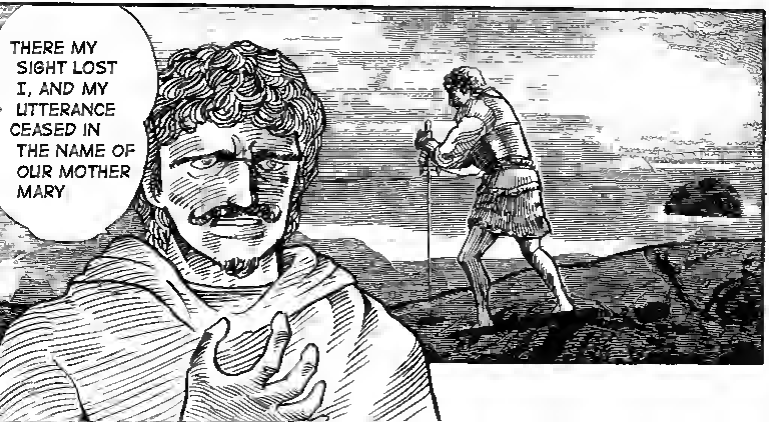
SURELY HE DOES NOT STILL BREATHE IN THIS AIR?
AS YOU SOUGHT: HIS BODY STILL HOLDS SUBSTANCE.
WHEREFORE DOES THAT ONE NOT CAST A SHADOW?
I MUST INQUIRE OF YOU THESE FEW THINGS
THEN, WAIT FOR A BRIEF INSTANT, NOBLE ONE!
EVEN THROUGH THE MANY REALMS OF THE DEAD, THIS POET STILL LIVES AND TRAVELS ONWARD!

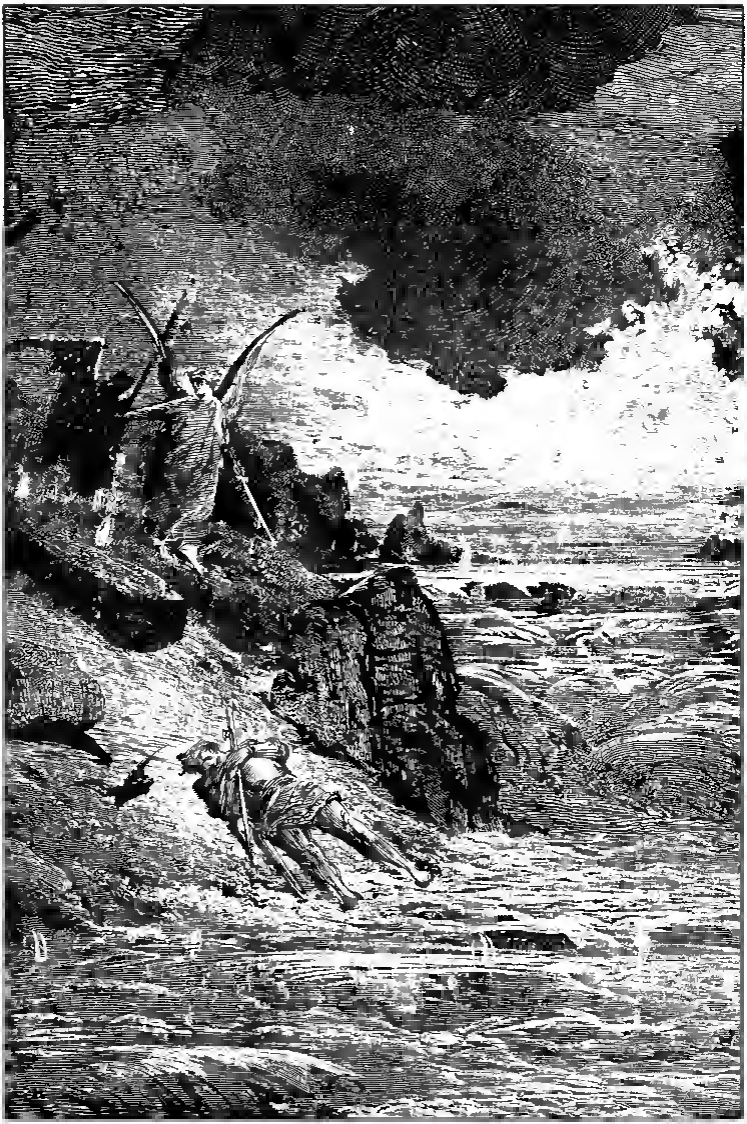
ALL OF THOSE SPIRITS ARE APPROACH-ING US!
WAH!
OH, LIVING ONE, I BEG YOU! HEAR MY TALE!
LISTEN, LISTEN TO THE TALE OF MY LIFE!
HEAR ME!
I BESEECH YOU, TELL THE ARISTOCRATS!
YOU WILL YET RETURN TO THE MORTAL REALM...!

THEY ASK THAT I CONSOLE THEIR BELOVED, AND SHOW THAT HELL HAS NOT BEFALLEN THEM.
SADLY, THEY ARE THOUGHT TO NOW LIE IN HELL.
THEN...THESE ARE THOSE WHO, ASHAMED OF THEIR SINS, STILL REGRET THEIR ERRORS IN RECENT LIFE.
POET, YOU MAY LISTEN, BUT DO NOT HALT.
FURTHERMORE... THEY EVEN HOPE THAT THEIR TIME SPENT IN THESE B. RREN GROUNDS WOULD BE LESSENED, BY THE PR. YERS OF THOSE WHO ARE LIVING.

IF IT DOES NOT TROUBLE YOU, PLEASE TELL ME...!
I SHALL HEAR YOUR RECOUNTALS, WOEFUL ONES, THOUGH I FEAR I SHALL BE OF LITTLE HELP.
AH... WELL THEN, YOU SHALL HEAR OF MY PAST LIFE.

THUS I FELL, AND MADE TENANTLESS MY FLESH.
DID I ARRIVE, PIERCED THROUGH AND THROUGH THE THROAT, FLEEING ON FOOT, AND BLOODYING THE PLAIN.
I WAS OF MONTEFELTRO, AND AM BUONCONTE, FROM THE BATTLES OF FIRENZE I HAD FLED, UNTIL AT THE RIVER ARCHIANO.


THERE MY SIGHT LOST I, AND MY UTTERANCE CEASED IN THE NAME OF OUR MOTHER MARY



AND THUS MY SOUL FROM BODY DEPARTED...
AND DOWN TO THAT CURSED HELL I NEARLY WENT!
BUT THANKFULLY, GOD'S ANGEL TOOK ME UP.
SINCE I REPENTED UPON MY DEATH, THOUGH IN VIOLENCE I HAD DIED, MY SOUL WAS STILL SPARED.

ANGERED AT HIS LOSS, THE INFERNAL LORD
SENT A FURIOUS RAIN TO SNATCH FROM THE BANKS
OF ARCHIANO TO THE TIDES OF ARNO
MY LIFELESS BODY, AND BURIED IT DEEP.
THUS, NONE KNEW OF MY DEATH SAVE HE ABOVE.
MY WIFE, NOT KNOWING OF MY FATE, PRAYED NOT:
AND SO I THUSLY BOW MY HEAD AND WALK.

YOU THERE, REMEMBER ME WHO AM THE PIA
AH, WHEN YOU HAVE RETURNED UNTO THE WORLD, AND RESTED YOURSELF FROM YOUR LONG JOURNEY,
PLEASE, REMEMBER AND PRAY FOR MY SOUL

IF WE OF THE LIVING WORLD PRAY FOR THESE?

MAESTRO, ALL THESE WRETCHED ONES SOUGHT MY PRAYERS,
SHALL ALL THEIR SINS TRULY BE OVER-LOOKED...

TELL ME, WOULD MY OWN PRAYERS TRULY SAVE THEM?

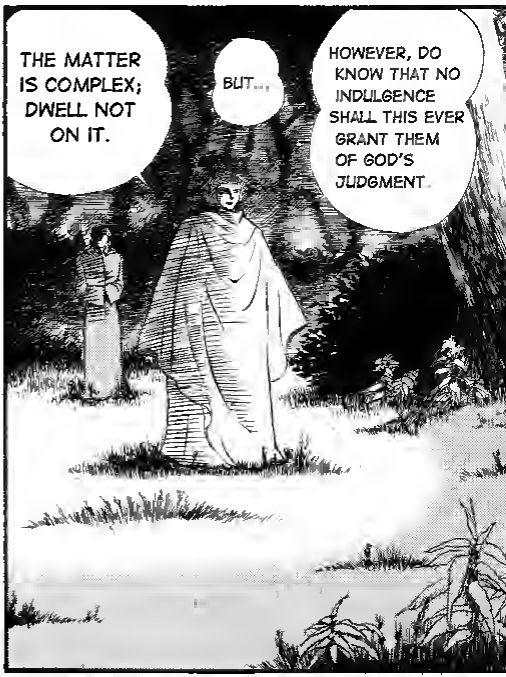
YOU WROTE OF SPURNED PRAYERS FOR DIVINE PARDON.
MAESTRO, WITHIN YOUR EPIC AENEID...
IS THIS JUDGMENT!? WHAT OF THE RULES AND LAWS?
BUT DO NOT THOSE HERE WISH FOR THAT SAME THING?
MAESTRO, IS IT ALL RIGHT FOR ME TO ASK...?

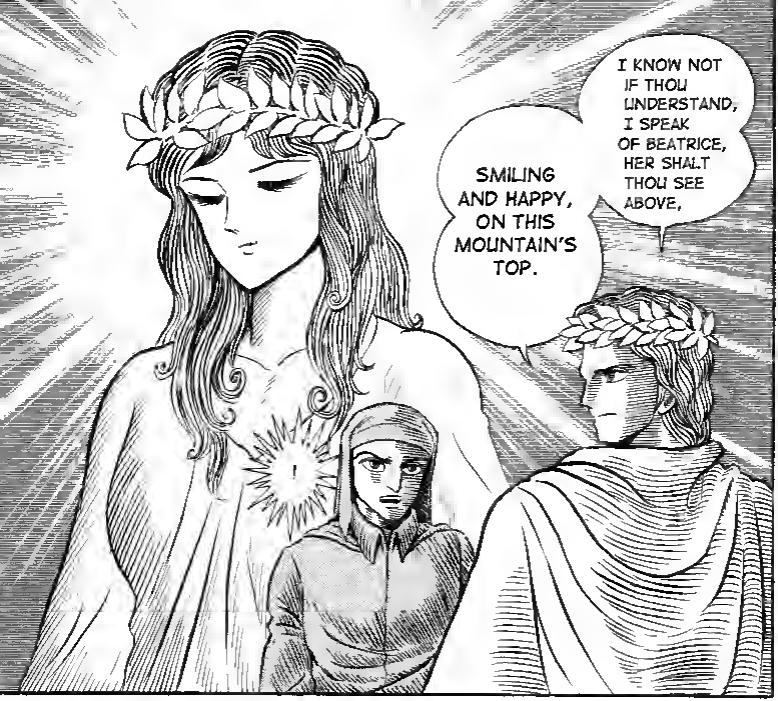
TO PRAY FOR THESE ONES WHILE STILL LIVING AIDS–
IF PEOPLE PRAY FOR THESE SOULS, THEY WILL ADVANCE MORE QUICKLY TO THE INTERIOR.

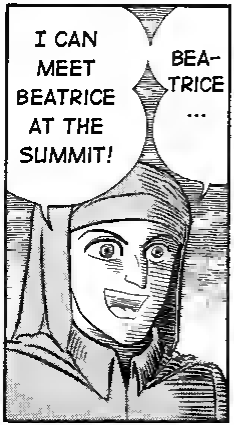
NO REASON IS THERE TO DENY THEIR HOPES.
THOUGH MY WRITINGS WERE CLEAR INDEED ON THIS,

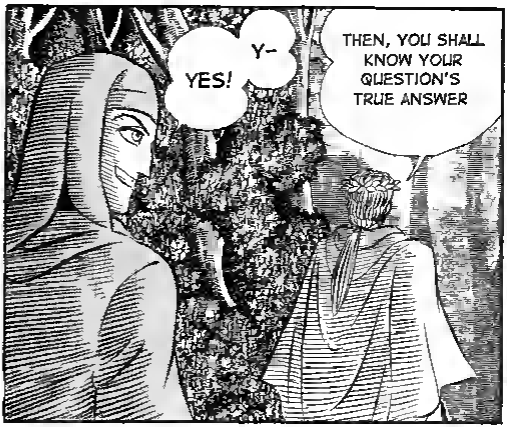
BEFORE TOO LONG, A BRIGHT LIGHT SHALL COME FORTH, WHICH DOES ILLUMINATE YOUR HEART ITSELF, AS WE ASCEND THIS ARDUOUS MOUNTAIN.

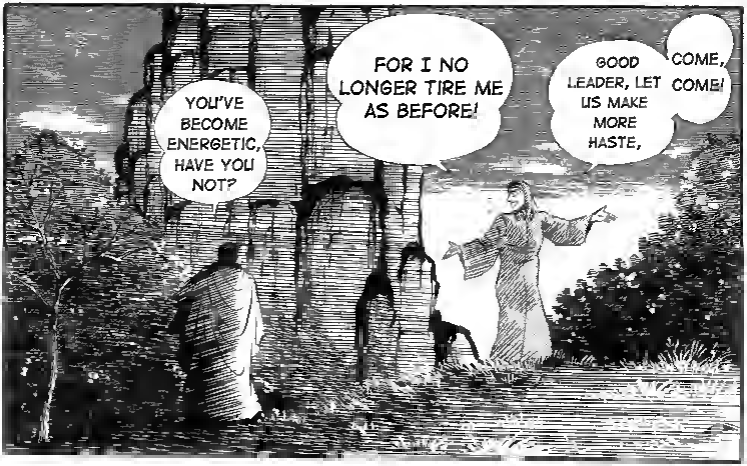
A LIGHT?

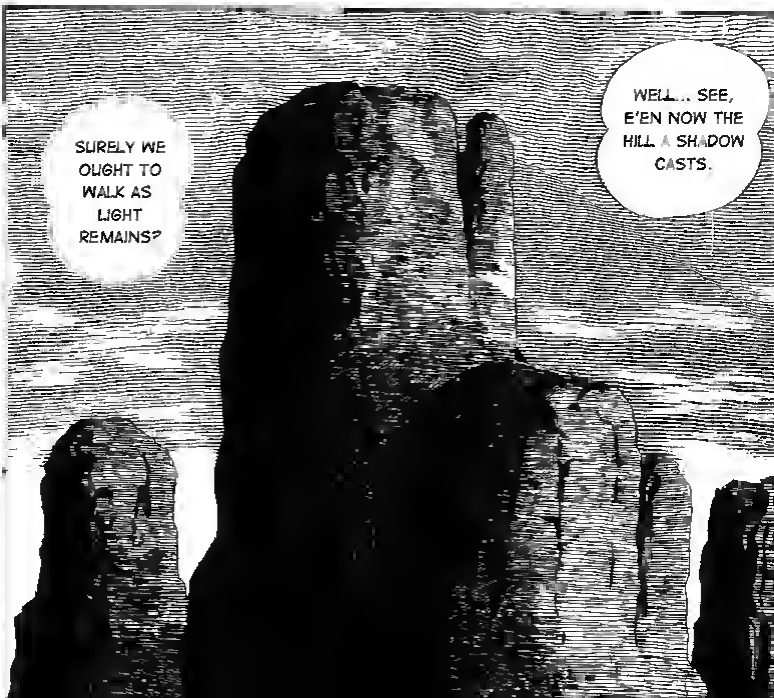

THE MATTER IS COMPLEX; DWELL NOT ON IT.
BUT...
HOWEVER, DO KNOW THAT NO INDULGENCE SHALL THIS EVER GRANT THEM OF GOD'S JUDGMENT.


I KNOW NOT IF THOU UNDERSTAND, I SPEAK OF BEATRICE, HER SHALT THOU SEE ABOVE,
SMILING AND HAPPY, ON THIS MOUNTAIN'S TOP.


I CAN MEET BEATRICE AT THE SUMMIT!
BEA-TRICE ...

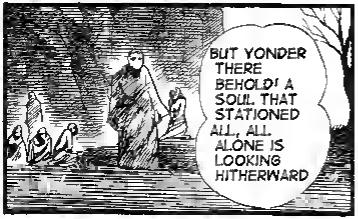

Y-
YES!
THEN, YOU SHALL KNOW YOUR QUESTION'S TRUE ANSWER


YOU'VE BECOME ENERGETIC, HAVE YOU NOT?
FOR I NO LONGER TIRE ME AS BEFORE!
GOOD LEADER, LET US MAKE MORE HASTE,
COME, COME!


SURELY WE OUGHT TO WALK AS LIGHT REMAINS?
WELL... SEE, E'EN NOW THE HILL A SHADOW CASTS.

HM?

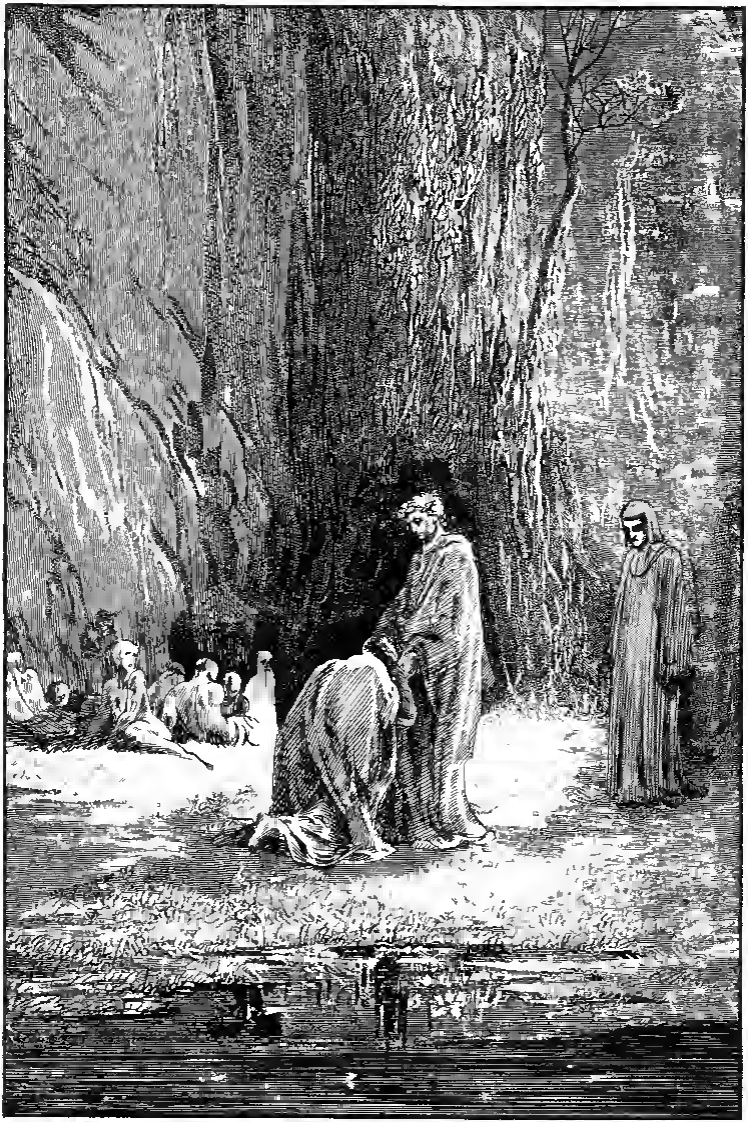
LET US GO FORWARD WITH THIS DAY STILL LIT,
AS FAR AS NOW IS POSSIBLE FOR US.

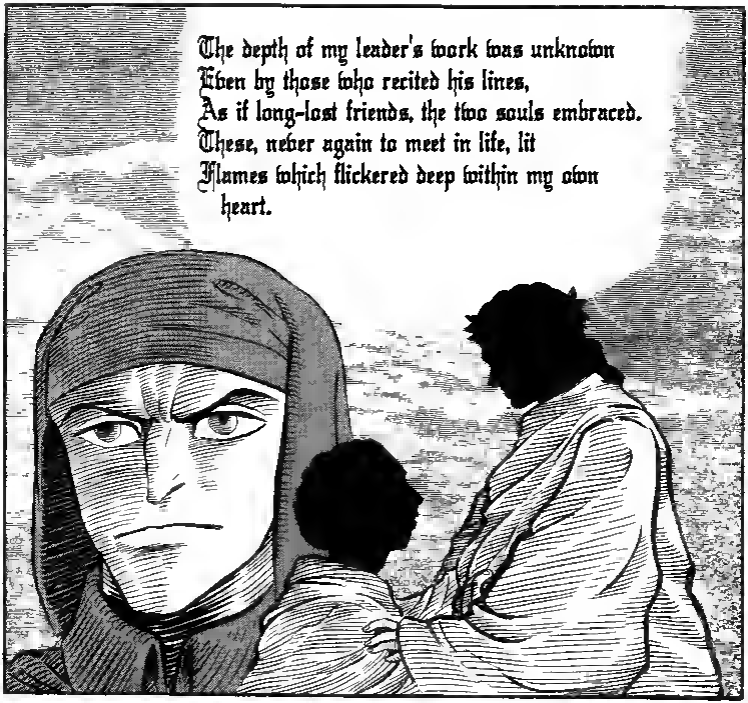

BUT YONDER THERE BEHOLD! A SOUL THAT STATIONED ALL, ALL ALONE IS LOOKING HITHERWARD

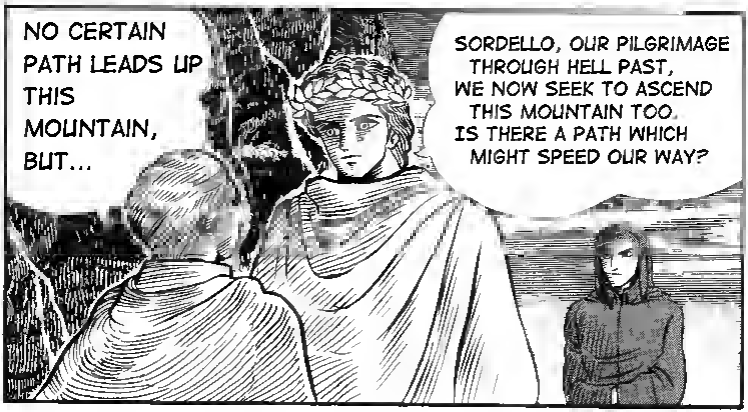
ARE YOU NOT THAT POET OF MANTUA?
AH IS THAT YOU?
COME NOW, LET US TRY AND ASK HIS GUIDANCE
IT WILL POINT OUT TO US THE QUICKEST WAY!

AH! I AM SORDELLO, OF THINE OWN LAND!

EH?
IS THAT....?



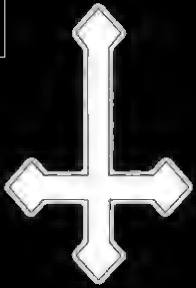

The depth of my leader's work was unknown
Even by those who recited his lines,
As if long-lost friends, the two souls embraced.
These, never again to meet in life, lit
Flames which flickered deep within my own heart.


NO CERTAIN PATH LEADS UP THIS MOUNTAIN, BUT...
SORDELLO, OUR PILGRIMAGE THROUGH HELL PAST, WE NOW SEEK TO ASCEND THIS MOUNTAIN TOO. IS THERE A PATH WHICH MIGHT SPEED OUR WAY?

SO I AM PERMITTED TO GUIDE YOU THERE.
FREELY WE MAY WALK FROM THE EDGE TO THE ENTRANCE,
YET THE FADING SUN NOW SINKS PAST THE EARTH...
WHEN NIGHT COMES, WE WON'T EASILY ASCEND.
LET US TRAVEL THERE WITH YOU.
VERY WELL,
THUS, I THINK IT RIGHT THAT I LEAD YOU BOTH TO A GROUP WITH WHICH WE MAY STAY THE NIGHT.

THIS SCANLATION PROVIDED BY:

THANKS TO GRIMQ783 FOR THE RAWS!

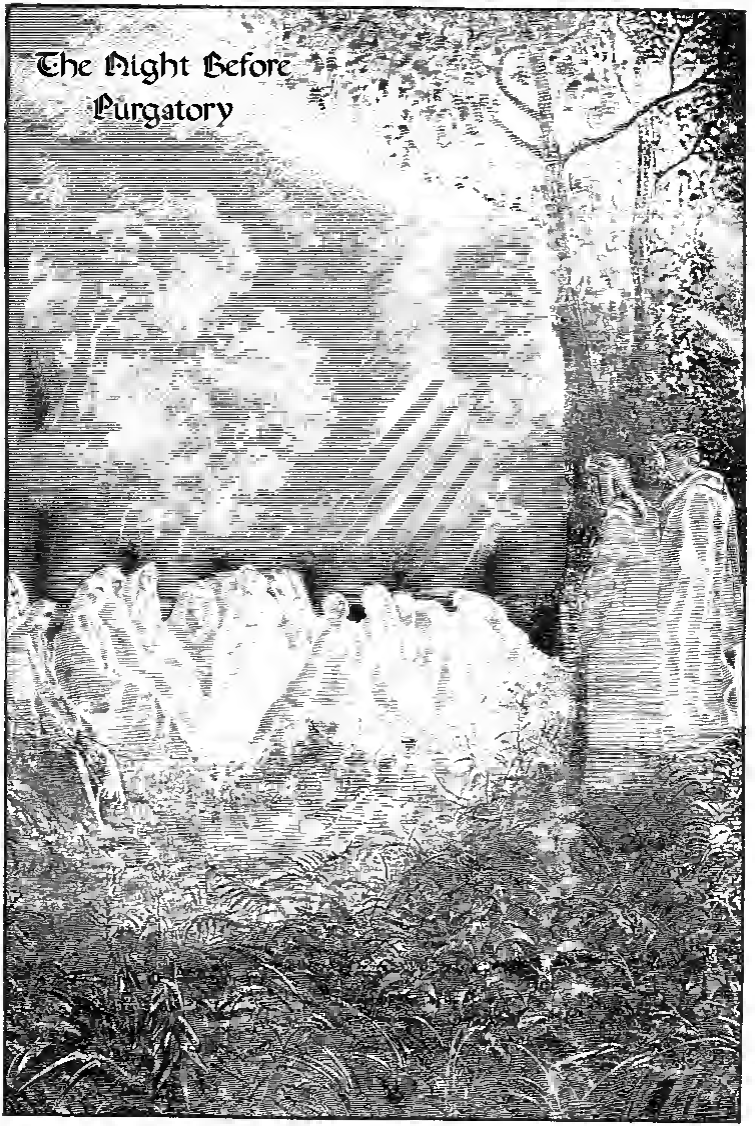


nihil sine nefas

NOTHING WITHOUT SIN

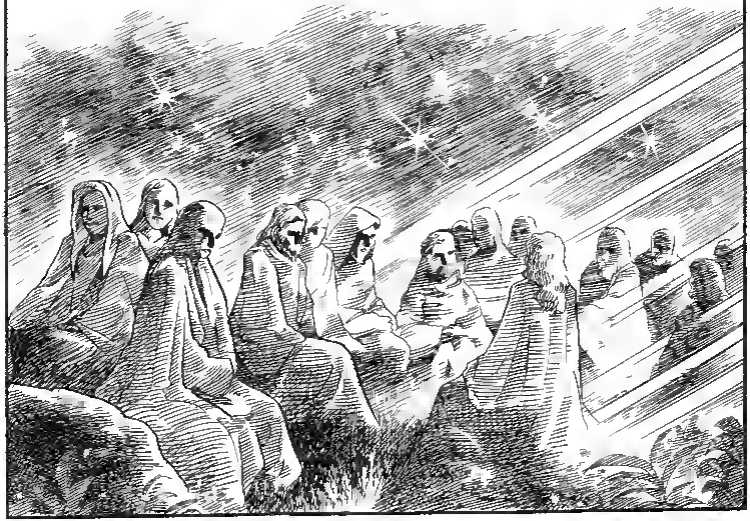
HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE RELEASE! NEXT CHAPTER IS MORE EXCITING, WE PROMISE.

COMMENTS? EMAIL US AT NIHIL.SINE.NEFAS@GMAIL.COM, OR VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT NIHILSINENEFAS.WORDPRESS.COM

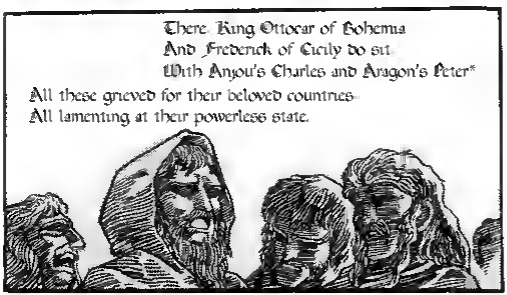

The Night Before
Purgatory

'Twixt twilight's pale gleamings gathered spirits,
Whose voices, clear as the next dawn, resound'd,
In a raised clearing still lit by the sun.

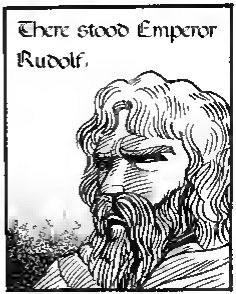
While the scent of many flowers lingered,
While the gleaming sun sank in the distance,
Those who sung "Salve Regina" were kings,
Leaders who once strove to fix the world's ills...



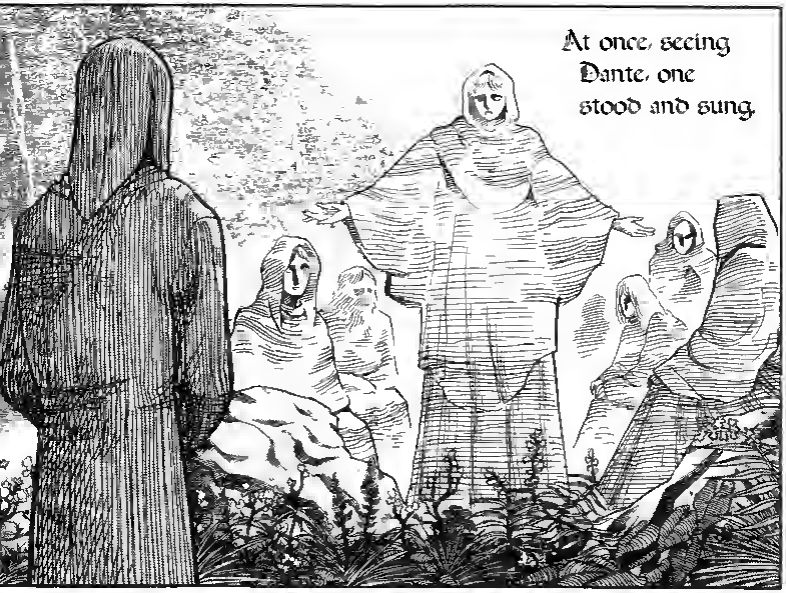
There, King Ottocar of Bohemia
And Frederick of Cicily do sit,
With Anjou's Charles and Aragon's Peter*
All these grieved for their beloved countries,
All lamenting at their powerless state.

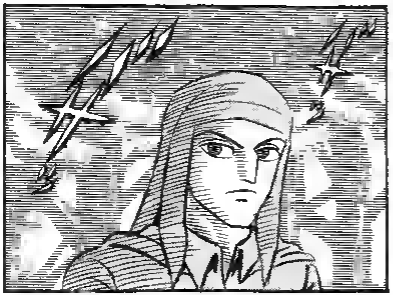


There stood Emperor
Rudolf,

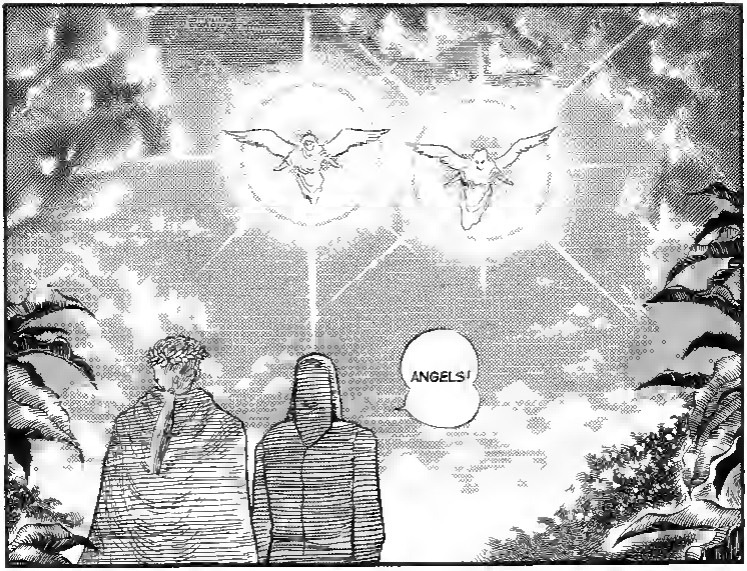


* KING CHARLES I OF ANJOU AND KING PETER III OF ARAGON

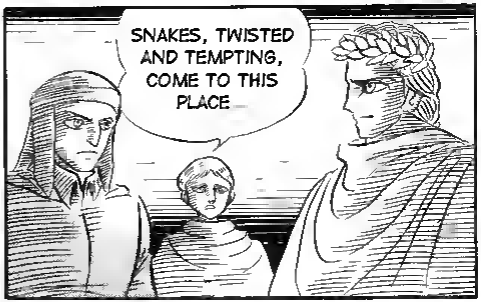




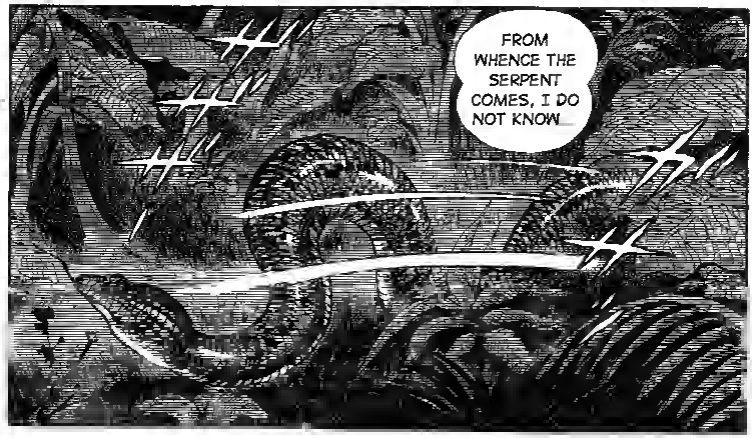
He sung a new hymn,
'Te Lucis Ante'.
With an exceedingly
glorious tune,
Dante could but listen
in ecstasy...

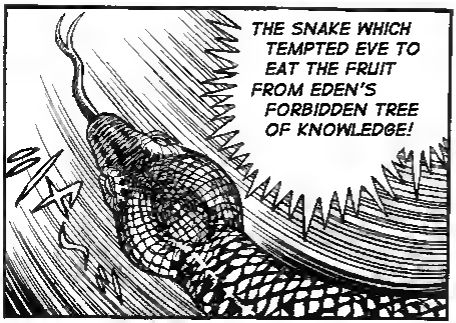

ANGELS!

WHERE DO THESE SNAKES COME FROM, TO TRY SUCH THINGS?

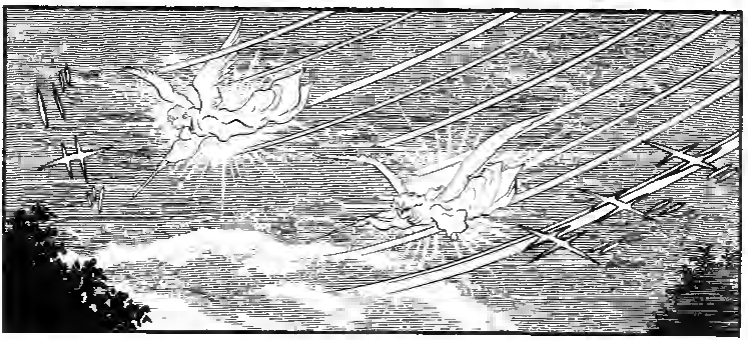

SNAKES, TWISTED AND TEMPTING, COME TO THIS PLACE...

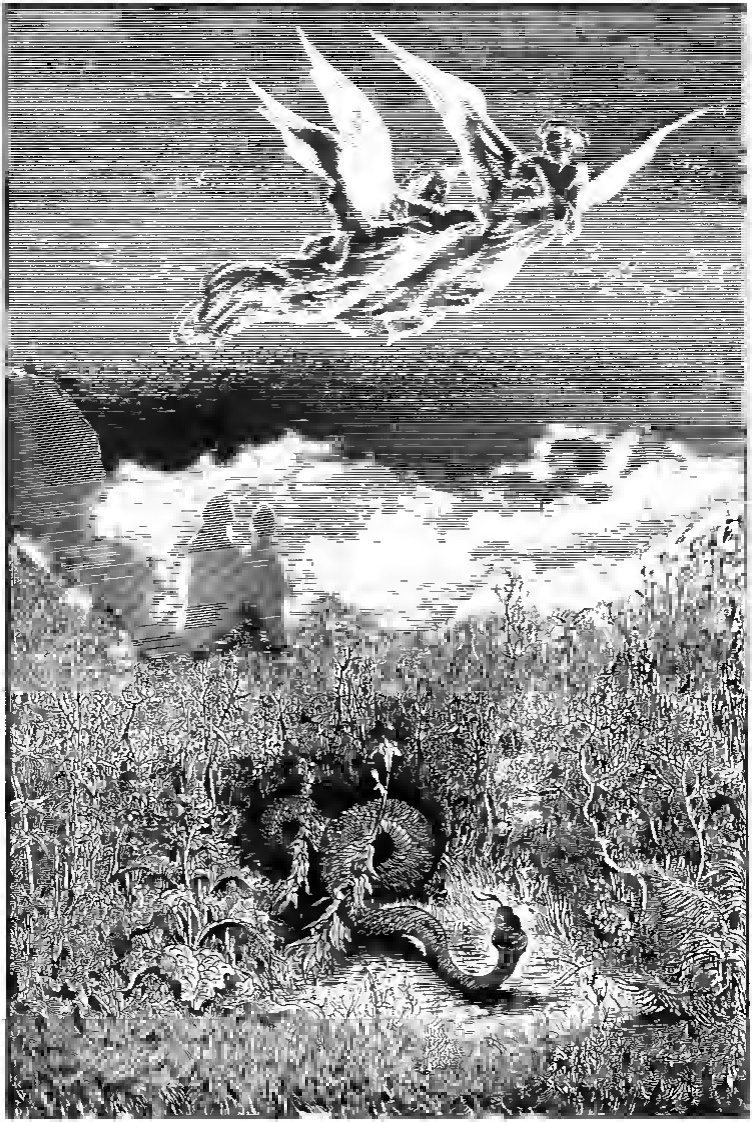
ANGELS STAND GUARD TO HALT THESE VILE THINGS.
EACH NIGHT SEEKING TO ENTER THIS VALLEY, IN WHICH ALL THESE SPIRITS HAVE GATHERED

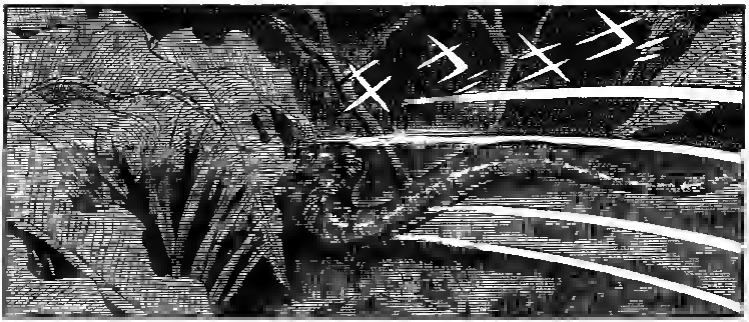

FROM WHENCE THE SERPENT COMES, I DO NOT KNOW...

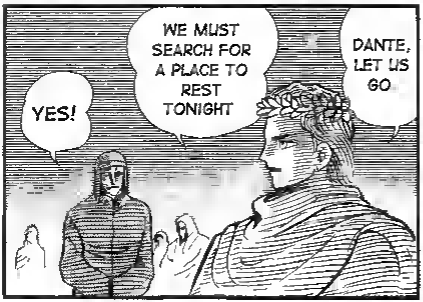

THE SNAKE WHICH TEMPTED EVE TO EAT THE FRUIT FROM EDEN'S FORBIDDEN TREE OF KNOWLEDGE!

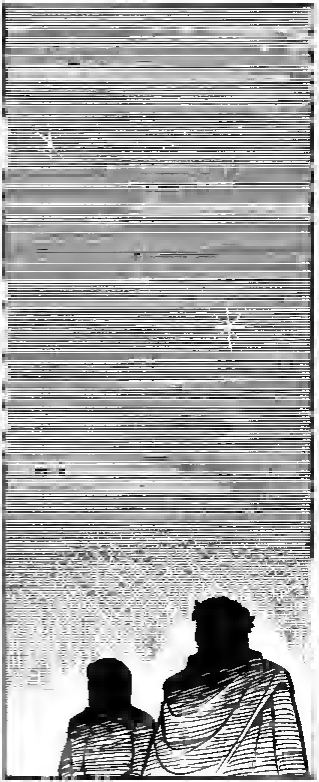
THERE!
AH!

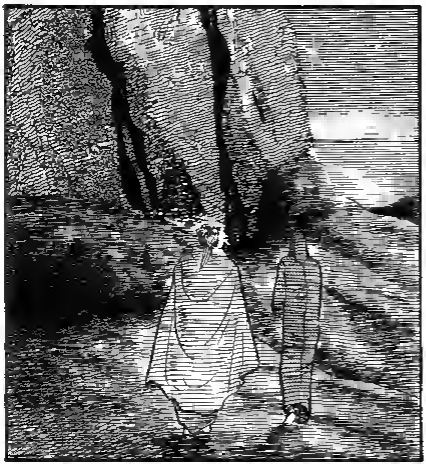




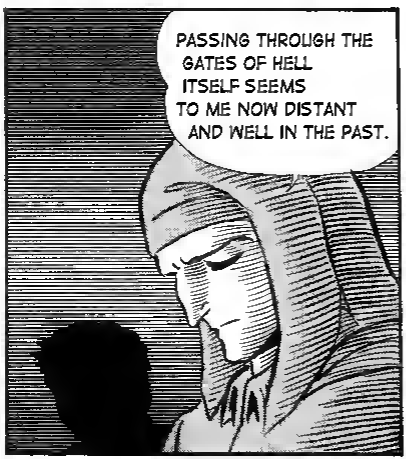


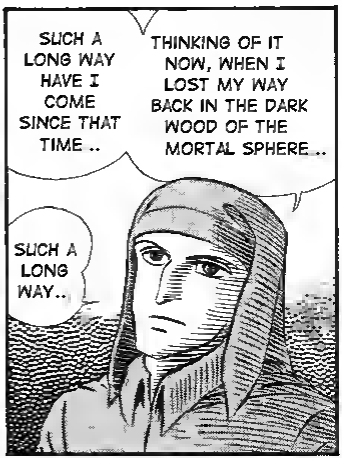

YES!
WE MUST SEARCH FOR A PLACE TO REST TONIGHT
DANTE, LET US GO

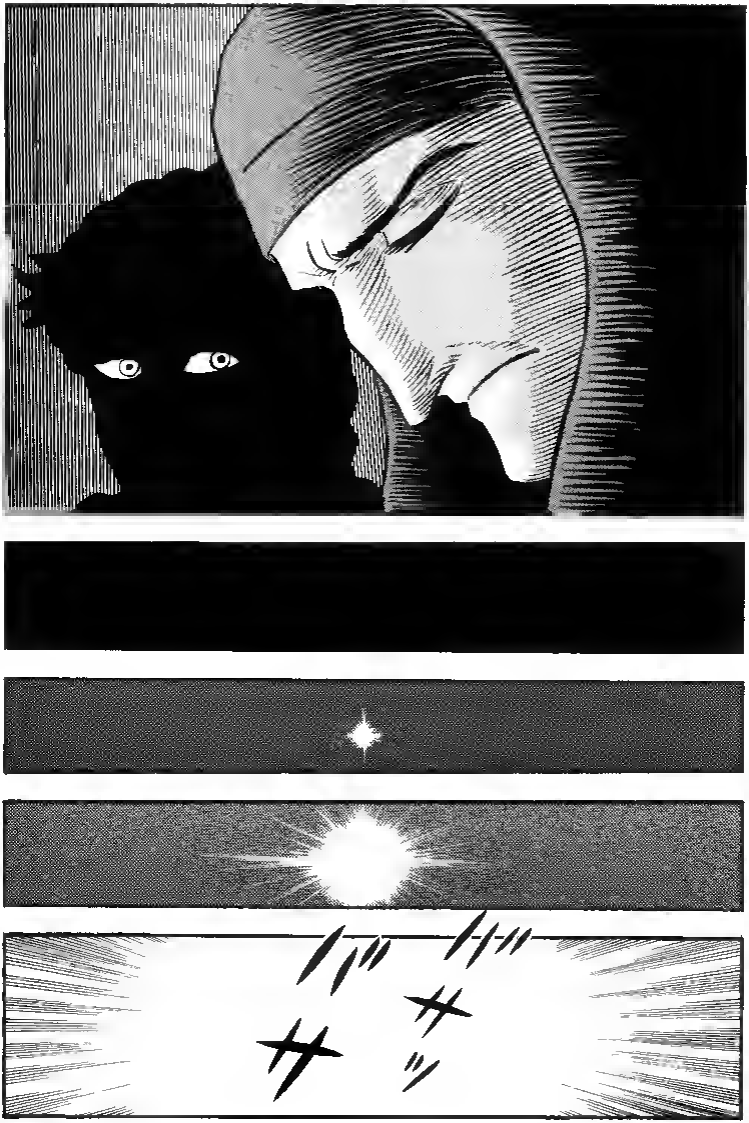


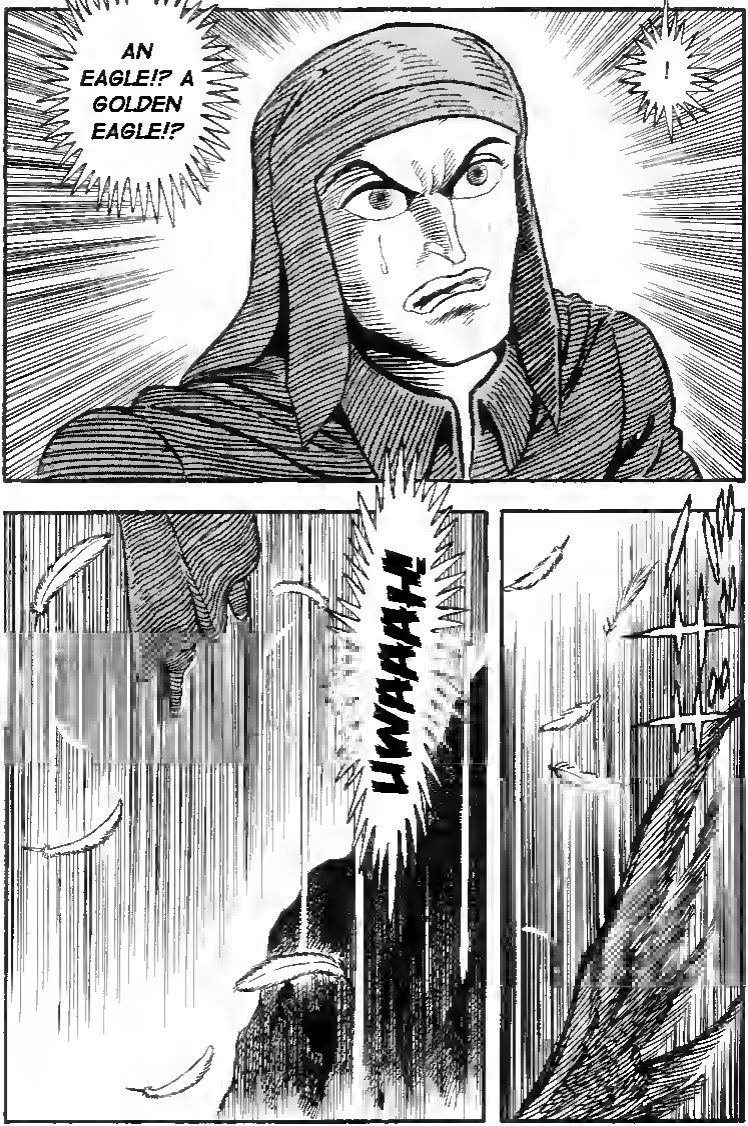


BEAUT-
IFUL...

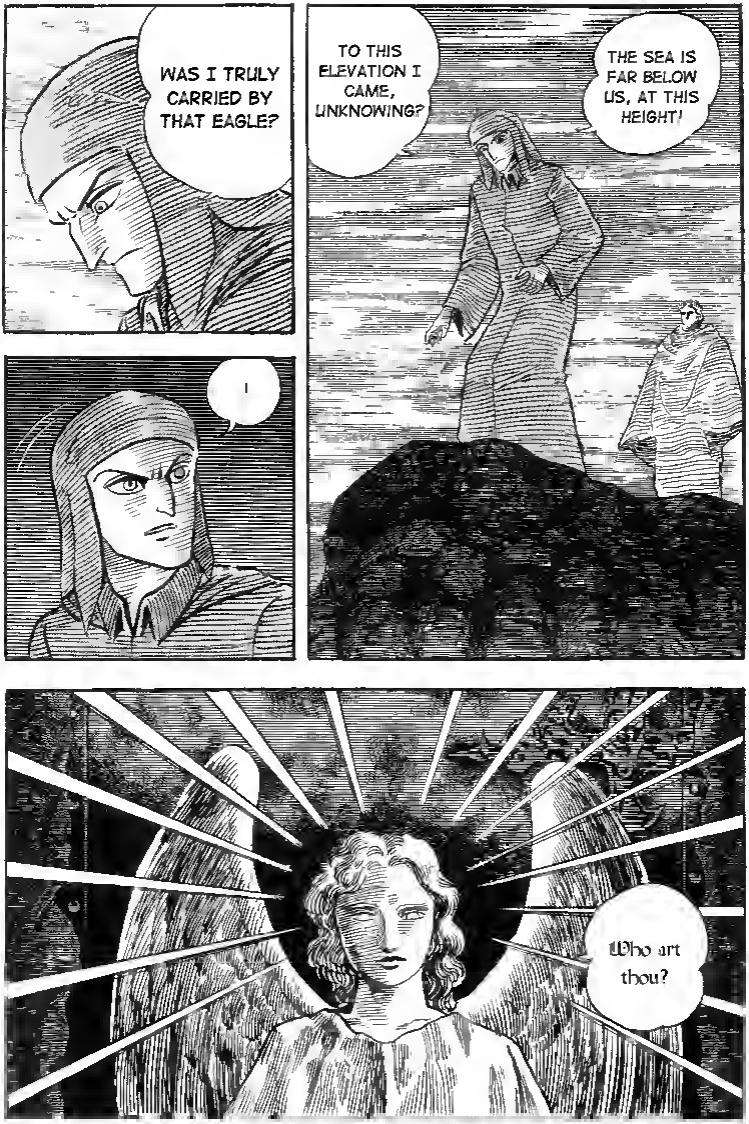

PASSING THROUGH THE GATES OF HELL ITSELF SEEMS TO ME NOW DISTANT AND WELL IN THE PAST.


SUCH A LONG WAY HAVE I COME SINCE THAT TIME ..
THINKING OF IT NOW, WHEN I LOST MY WAY BACK IN THE DARK WOOD OF THE MORTAL SPHERE...
SUCH A LONG WAY..



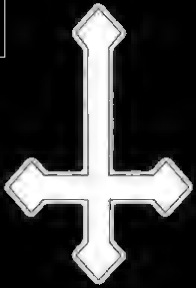

AN EAGLE!? A GOLDEN EAGLE!?
!
UWAAAH!

HA
A DRE-AM?
THE EAGLE!?
THIS IS...


WAS I TRULY CARRIED BY THAT EAGLE?
TO THIS ELEVATION I CAME, UNKNOWING?
THE SEA IS FAR BELOW US, AT THIS HEIGHT!
I
Who art thou?

THIS SCANLATION PROVIDED BY:

THANKS TO GRIM9783 FOR THE RAWS!



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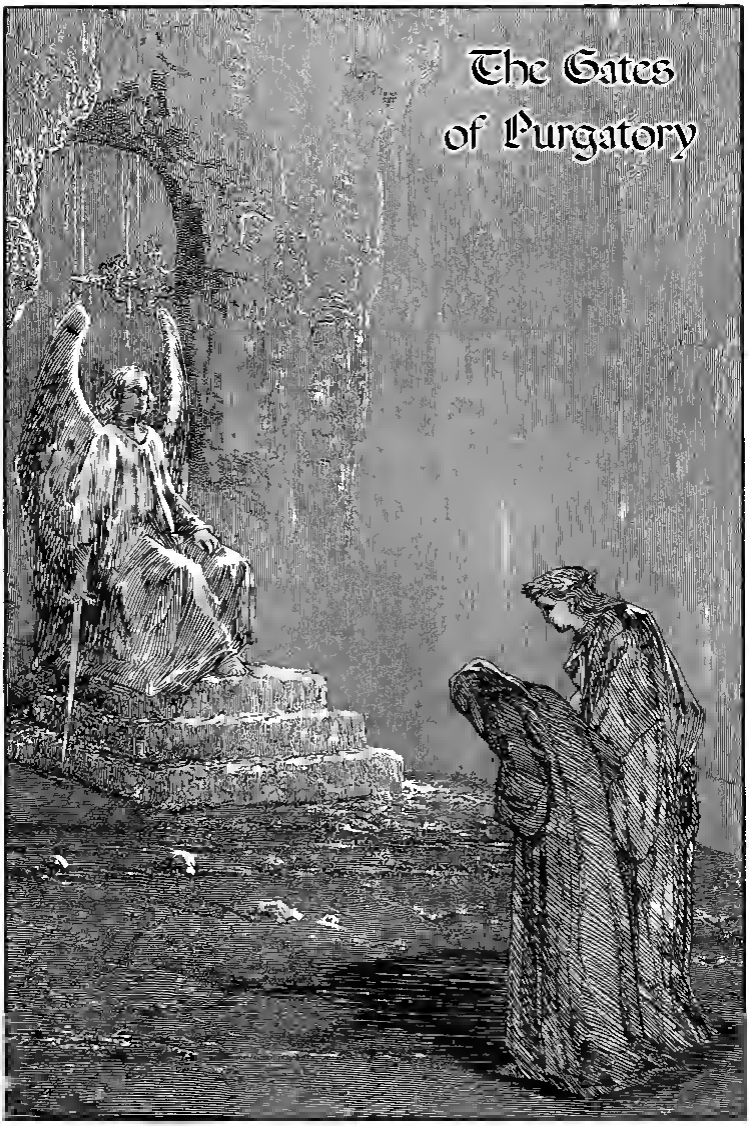
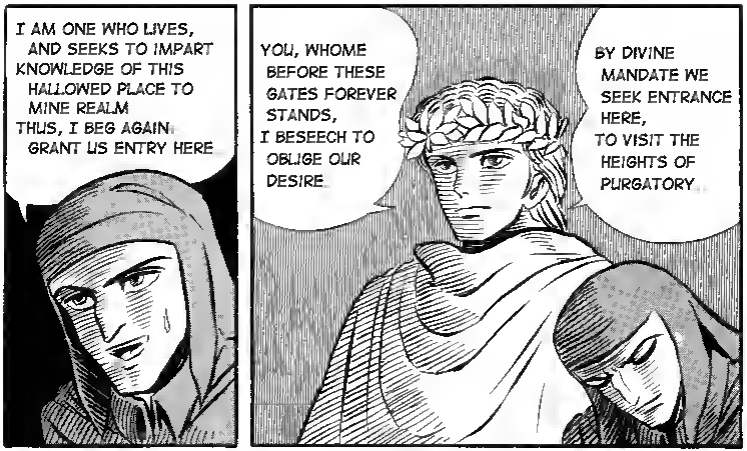
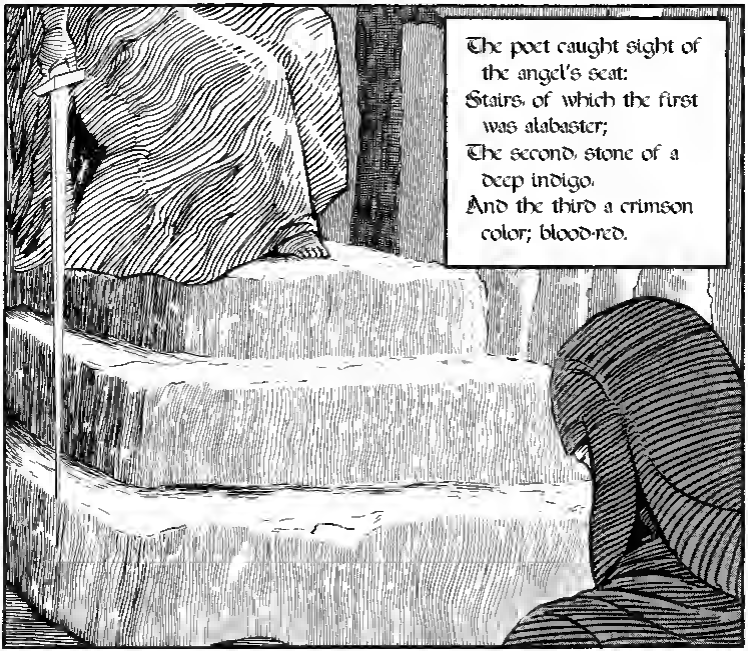
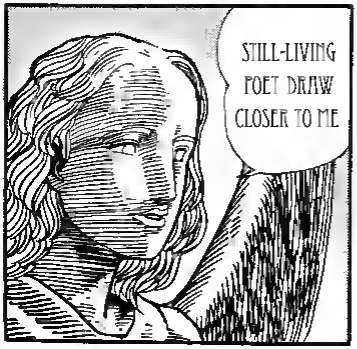
OR VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT NIHILSINENEFAS.WORDPRESS.COM

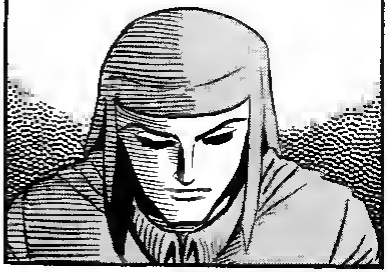

The Gates
of Purgatory

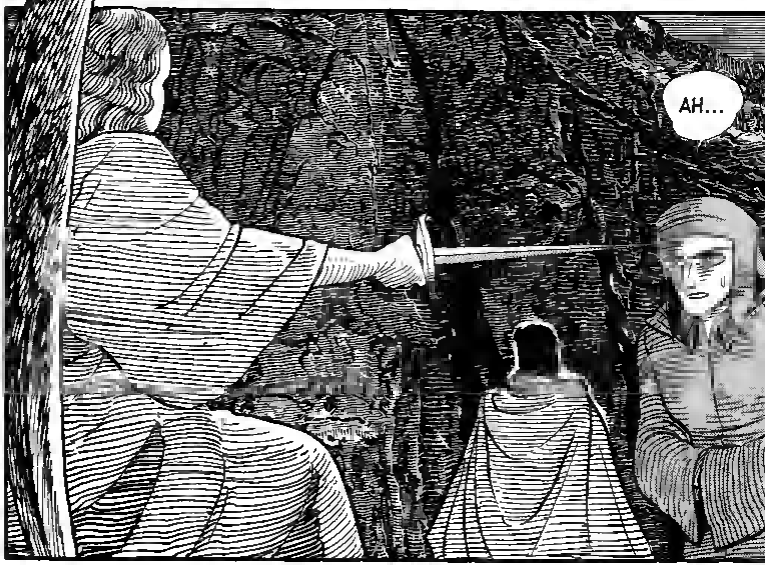

I AM ONE WHO LIVES, AND SEEKS TO IMPART KNOWLEDGE OF THIS HALLOWED PLACE TO MINE REALM
THUS, I BEG AGAIN. GRANT US ENTRY HERE.
YOU, WHOME BEFORE THESE GATES FOREVER STANDS, I BESEECH TO OBLIGE OUR DESIRE.
BY DIVINE MANDATE WE SEEK ENTRANCE HERE, TO VISIT THE HEIGHTS OF PURGATORY.


The poet caught sight of the angel's seat:
Stairs, of which the first was alabaster;
The second, stone of a deep indigo.
And the third a crimson color; blood-red.



Every color holds meaning intrinsic:
White, the sincere confession of one's sins;
Indigo, regret for one's transgressions;
And Crimson, joyful atonement for these.





ON YOUR PATH UP THIS MOUNTAIN BEFORE YOU ONE BY ONE SHALL THESE MARKS BE SHED FROM YOU
UPON YOUR BROW I HAVE ENGRAVED THESE MARKS SEVEN LETTERS "P" WHICH EXPRESS YOUR SINS *

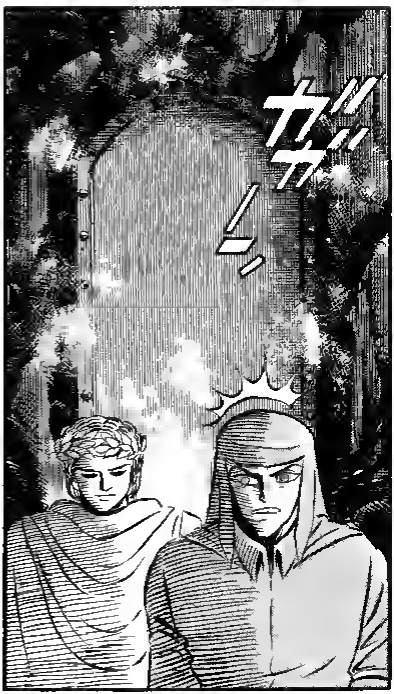
* Each "P" stands for "Peccatum" the typical ecclesiastical word for "sin" With regard to our name we intentionally did not use "peccatum" in order to have a general sense of "sin" and not one associated directly with Christianity

TO DO SO IS TO BE EXPELLED AT ONCE!
YOU MAY NOW ENTER PURGATORY'S LANDS BUT TO TURN BACK IS FORBIDDEN FOR YOU!

GOOD! DO NOT TURN BACK, AND DO NOT FALTER!
WITH YOUR HEART RESOLVED, YOU MUST NOT WAVER ON THE LENGTHY PATH OF CLEANSING YOUR SINS.

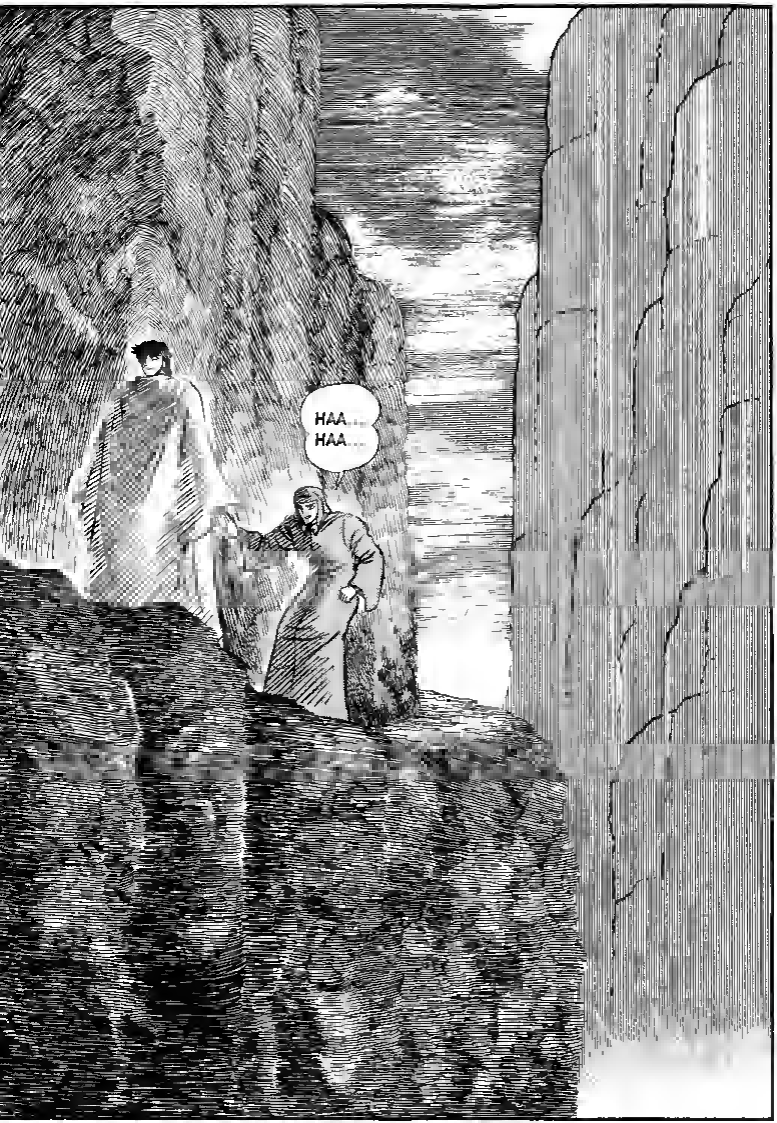
THE GATES OF PURGATORY ARE NOW CLOSED...

I CANNOT RETREAT UNTIL I AM CLEANSED...



SEVEN PATHS COIL ABOUT THIS MOUNTAIN, WE HAVE SET FOOT UPON THE VERY FIRST

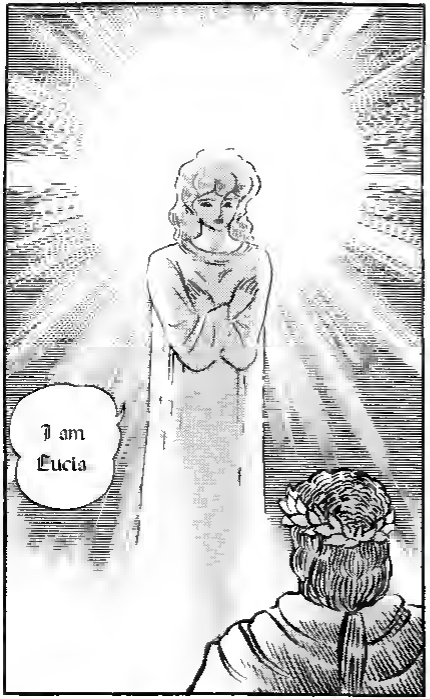
POET, BE MINDFUL OF YOUR FOOTING HERE.


HAA...
HAA...

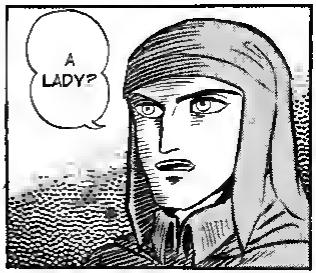
AH, MAE-STRO...
HAA... HAA...
THAT BIRD...
OF WHAT MANNER WAS THAT GOLDEN EAGLE WHICH CARRIED ME TO SUCH AN ELEVATION?

DID NOT A BIRD CARRY ME WHILE I SLEPT?

A BIRD?
WHAT DO YOU SPEAK OF?

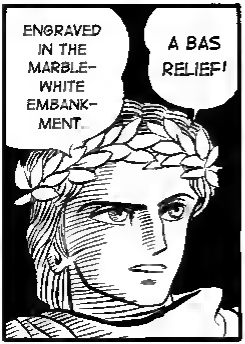

I am Lucia

WHEN INWARDLY THY SPIRIT WAS ASLEEP,
'TWAS NOT AN EAGLE WHICH CARRIED YOU HERE!
THERE CAME A LADY, SHEATHED IN LIGHT DIVINE


A LADY?

OH, SAINT LUCIA...
Let me take this one up, who is asleep.
So will I make his journey easier for him.

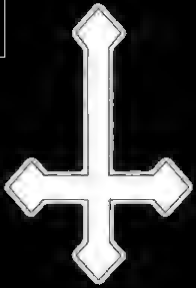
SHE TOOK YOU AND ROSE, SHINING BRIGHT AS DAY SHE LAID THEE HERE, AND FIRST HER BEAUTEOUS EYES THAT OPEN ENTRANCE POINTED OUT TO ME.
INDEED, THOUGH IN YOUR DREAM YOU SAW A BIRD....
FU FU FU
THEN, SAINT LUCIA ..!
THEN SHE AND SLEEP TOGETHER WENT AWAY.



*Ed. note: "Behold a servant of God." In the poem, Dante remarks that her expression proclaims this phrase.

THIS SCANLATION PROVIDED BY

THANKS TO GRIM9783 FOR THE RAWS!

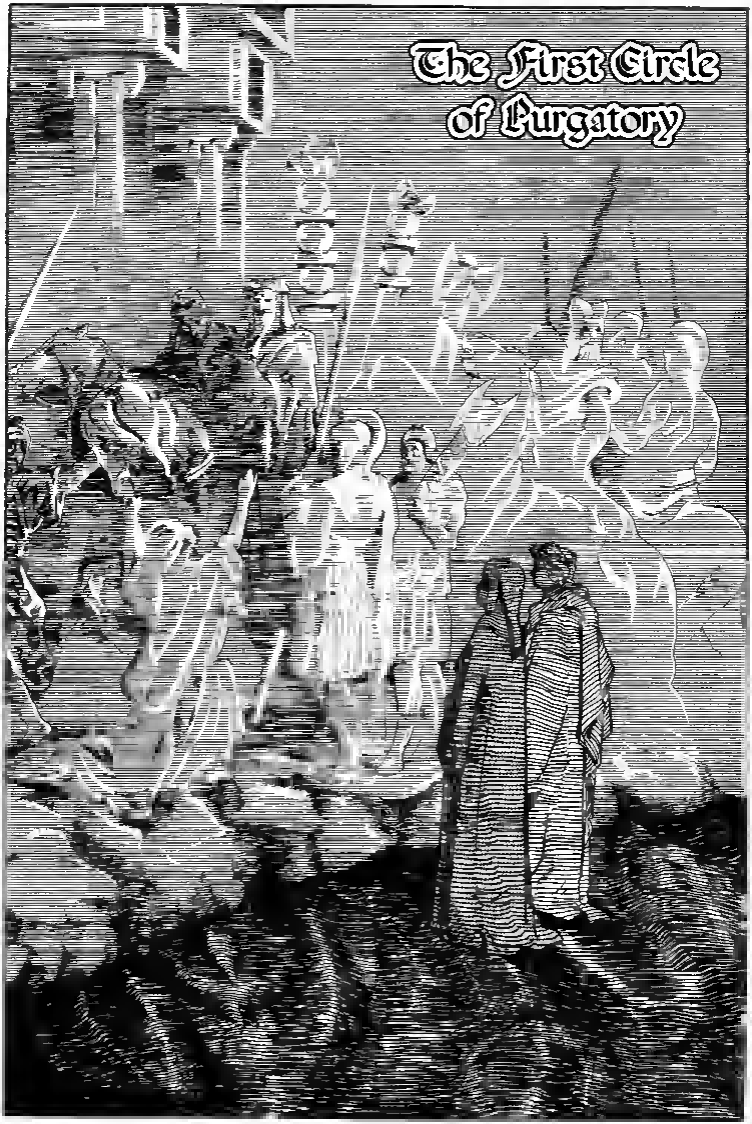


nihil sine nefas

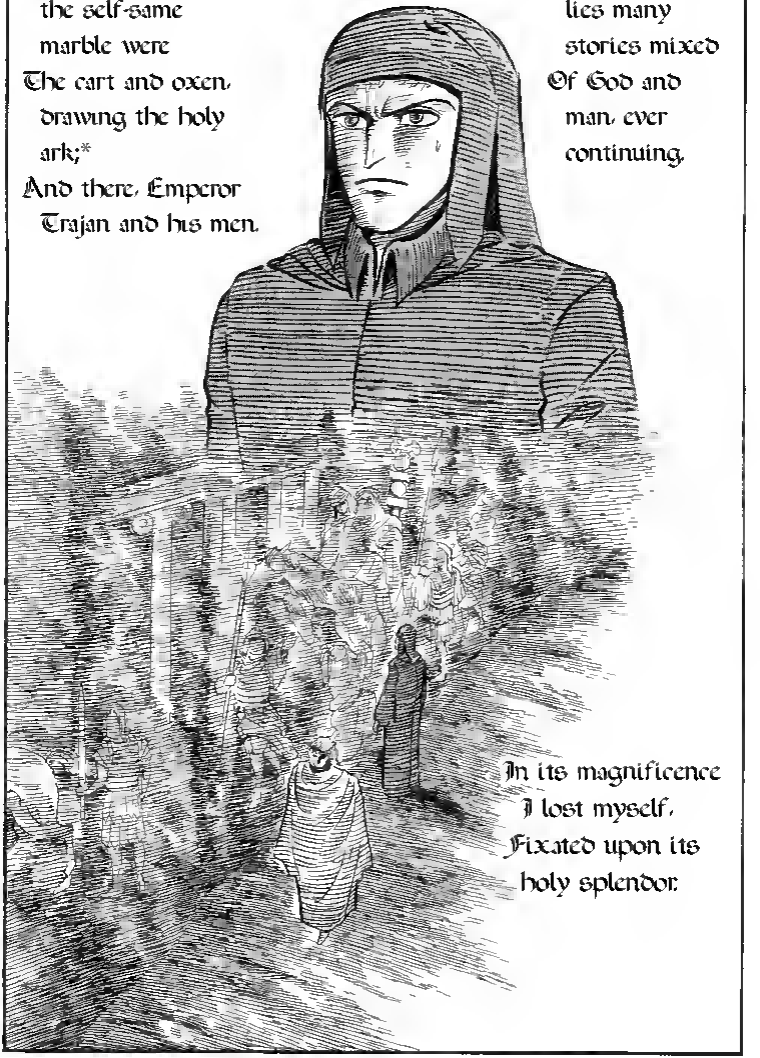
NOTHING WITHOUT SIN

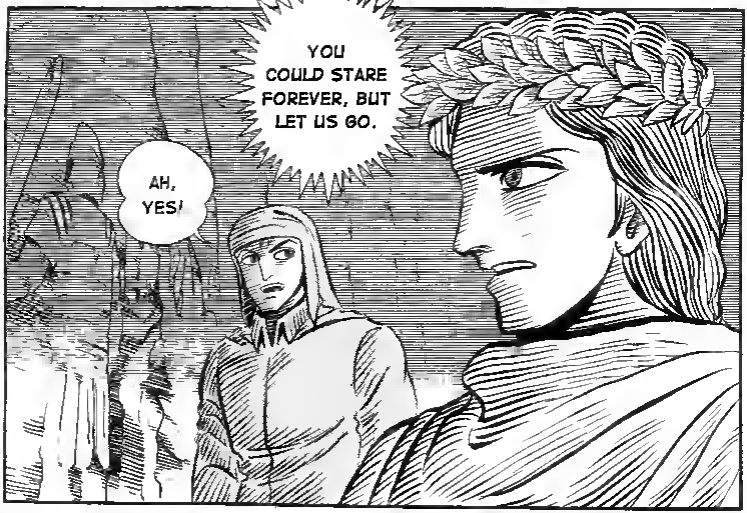
SORRY IF THE LATIN PHRASE THERE SEEMED A BIT SHOVED IN, BUT I CAN NEVER RESIST THE CHANCE TO SLIP IN ONE OF THE OCCASIONAL LATIN PHRASES DANTE PUT IN THE COMEDY.

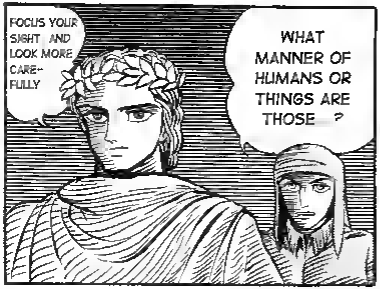
COMMENTS? EMAIL US AT NIHIL.SINE.NEFAS@GMAIL.COM, OR VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT NIHILSINENEFAS.WORDPRESS.COM

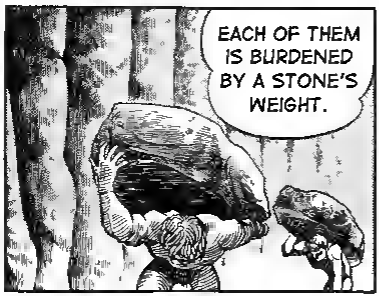

The First Circle
of Purgatory

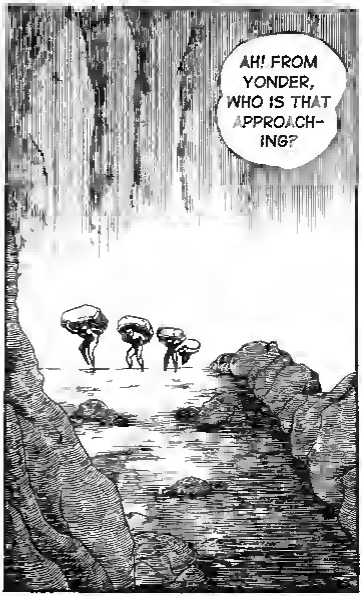
*The Ark of the Covenant, said in the Bible to contain the slates with the Ten Commandments

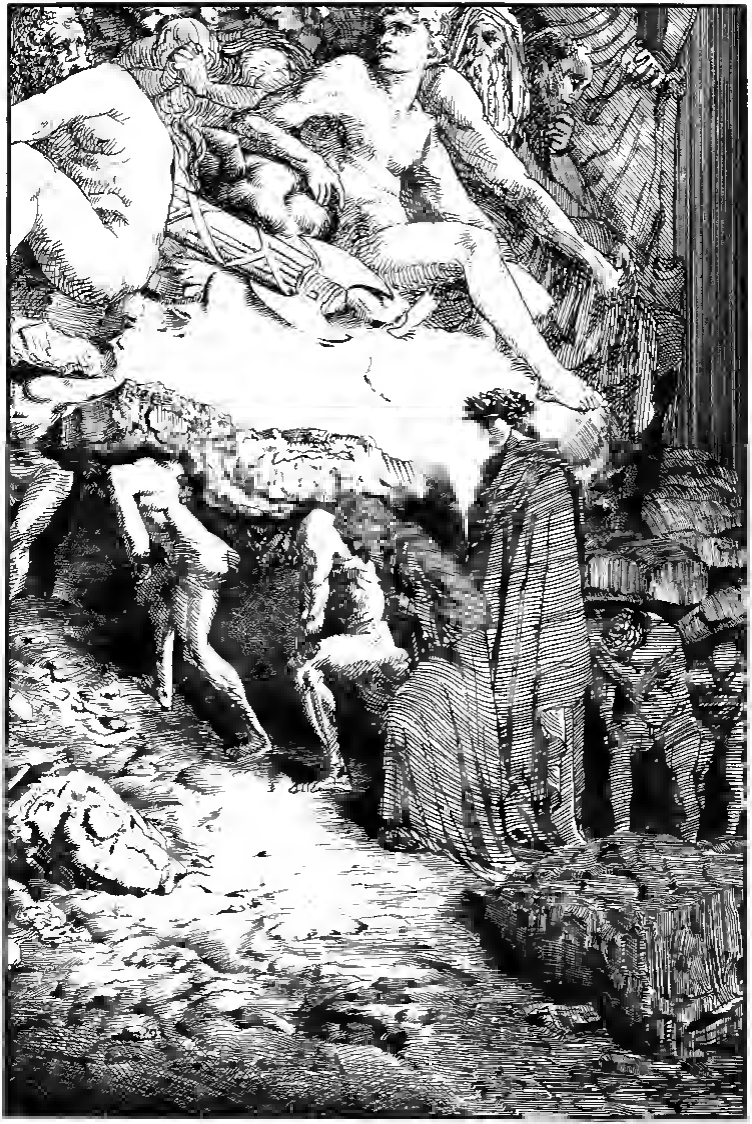


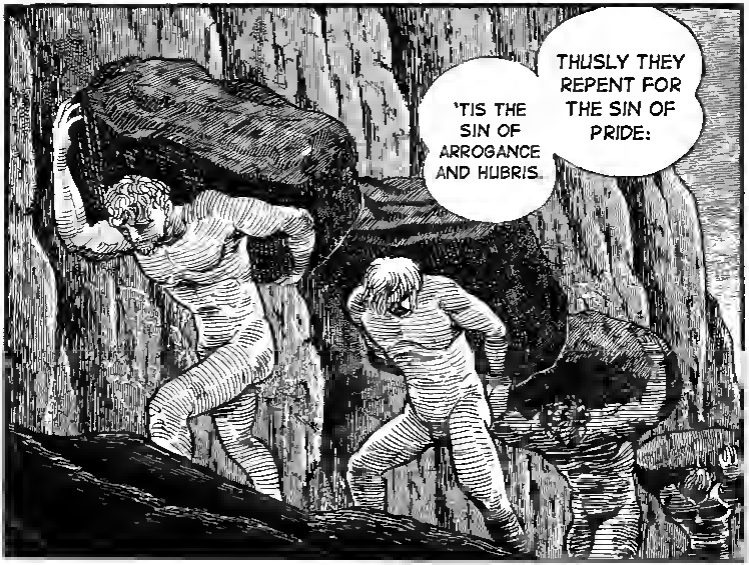

YOU COULD STARE FOREVER, BUT LET US GO.
AH, YES!


FOCUS YOUR SIGHT AND LOOK MORE CARE-FULLY
WHAT MANNER OF HUMANS OR THINGS ARE THOSE ?


EACH OF THEM IS BURDENED BY A STONE'S WEIGHT.

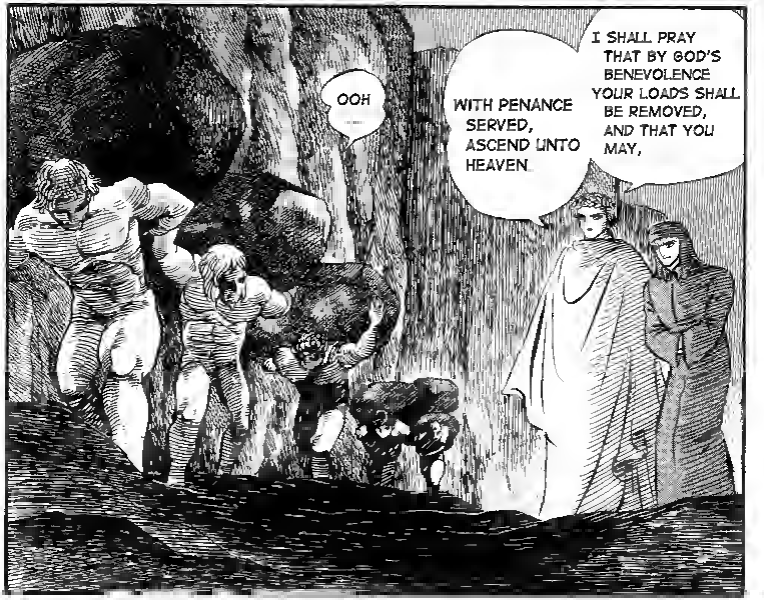

AH! FROM YONDER, WHO IS THAT APPROACH-ING?




THUSLY THEY REPENT FOR THE SIN OF PRIDE:
'TIS THE SIN OF ARROGANCE AND HUBRIS.

TRUE IS IT, THEY ARE MORE OR LESS BENT DOWN,
ACCORDING AS THEY MORE OR LESS WERE LADEN

EACH OF THESE CLEANSES THIS SIN FROM THEIR SOUL!


I SHALL PRAY THAT BY GOD'S BENEVOLENCE YOUR LOADS SHALL BE REMOVED, AND THAT YOU MAY,
WITH PENANCE SERVED, ASCEND UNTO HEAVEN.
OOH...

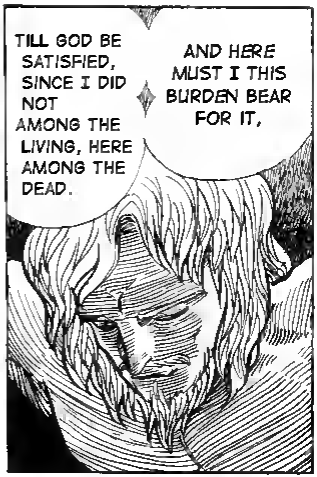
MANY THANKS. FOR WHAT DO YOU REPENT HERE?
I AM OMBERTO DI SANTA-FIORE.

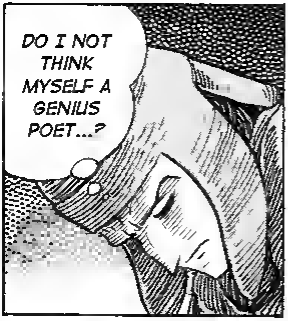
DOES HE WHO GOES WITH YOU STILL BREATHE OF AIR?

THEN YOU OUGHT WALK ALONG THE SLOPE AND TURN TO THE RIGHT, WHERE YOU CAN EASIER CLIMB.

AND FROM THAT CAUSE, I BORE FAR TOO MUCH PRIDE
RICH WAS HE, AND SO MY ANCESTORS WERE
A LATIAN WAS I, AND BORN OF A GREAT TUSCAN GUGLIELMO ALDOBRANDESCHI WAS MY FATHER,
TO ME MYSELF AND NOT TO ME ALONE HAS PRIDE DONE HARM, BUT ALL MY KITH AND KIN
HAS WITH IT DRAGGED INTO ADVER-SITY!

UUGH


AND HERE MUST I THIS BURDEN BEAR FOR IT,
TILL GOD BE SATISFIED, SINCE I DID NOT AMONG THE LIVING, HERE AMONG THE DEAD.

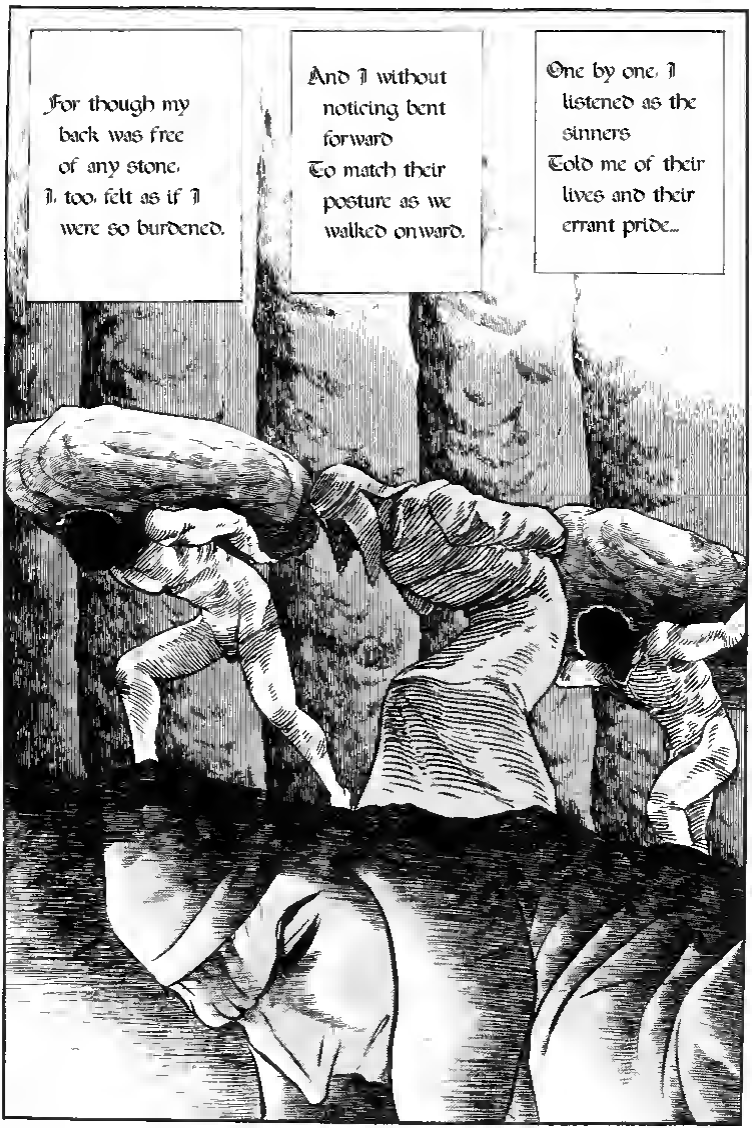

DO I NOT THINK MYSELF A GENIUS POET...?

DOES ARROGANCE LEAD SIN ALONG ITS PATH?
CAN IT BE SAID THAT I HAVE THUSLY SINNED?

IT IS I, ODERISI D'AGOBBIO!

EH?
ARE YOU NOT DANTE, POET OF FLORENCE?

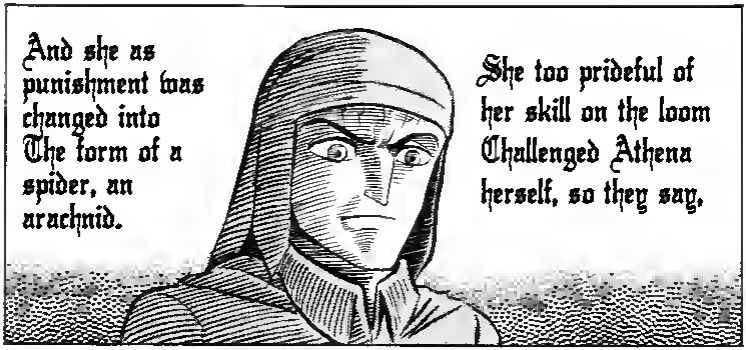
AH, ODERISI, IS THAT YOU WHO CALLS ME?
MUCH TOO SERIOUSLY I TOOK MY PRAISE, AND WAS CONCEITED, KNOW YOU NOT OF ME?
RIVALED BY NONE I WAS ONCE CLAIMED TO BE, IN EMBELLISHING PAINTINGS WITH DETAIL,
NAY, THEY WERE NOT.
YOUR ILLUMIN-ATIONS WERE AMAZING!
AS I KNOW NOW, MORE LAUGHING ARE THE LEAVES TOUCHED BY THE BRUSH OF FRANCO BOLOGNESE;
ALL HIS THE HONOUR NOW, AND MINE IN PART.
NONE-THELESS...

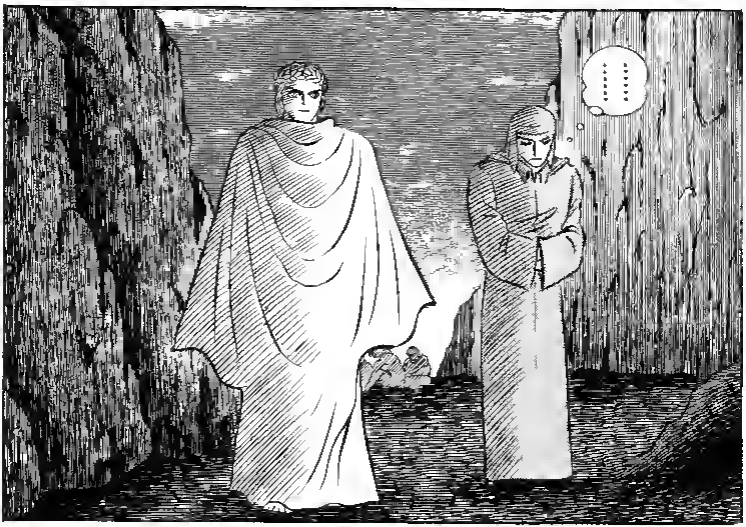

For though my back was free of any stone,
I, too, felt as if I were so burdened.
And I without noticing bent forward
To match their posture as we walked onward.
One by one, I listened as the sinners
Told me of their lives and their errant pride...

IT SEEMS THAT YOU HAVE LESSENED BY A BIT...
COME NOW, DANTE -- LEAVE HIM, AND ONWARD PASS, FOR HERE 'TIS GOOD THAT WITH THE SAIL AND OARS, AS MUCH AS MAY BE, EACH PUSH ON HIS BARQUE
AH!
AH... YES...
THE WEIGHT OF THE SIN OF YOUR ARRO-GANCE

TO HARM OTHERS WITH SUCH FALSE LOFTINESS IS WHAT DESERVES REPENTANCE IN THIS PLACE
CONCEIT DO WE ALL BEAR, PERHAPS FROM NEED.
WHAT IS THAT?
HM?!
IN MODERATION, IT MAKES IMPETUS;
IN EXCESS, IT MAKES HARMFUL ARROGANCE.
YES

THESE ARE THE STATUES OF THOSE FAR TOO PROUD,
THIRTEEN SOULS WHOSE ARROGANCE BROUGHT THIS
YOU KNOW THEM FROM THOSE FABLED GREEK LEGENDS, AND FROM HOLY STORIES OF THE BIBLE.
AND THERE IS ARACHNE!


And she as punishment was changed into The form of a spider, an arachnid.
She too prideful of her skill on the loom Challenged Athena herself, so they say.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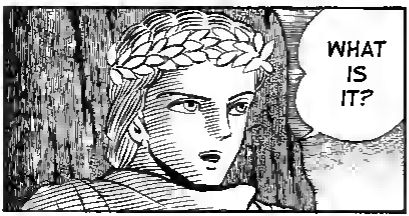
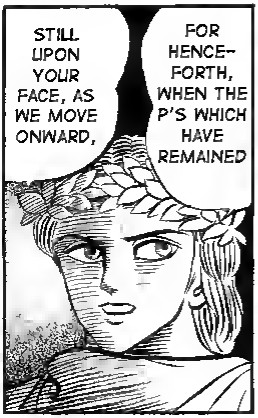
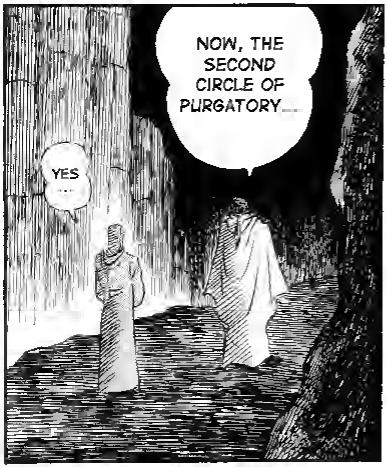

WHAT IS IT?

AH…


STILL UPON YOUR FACE, AS WE MOVE ONWARD,
FOR HENCE-FORTH, WHEN THE P'S WHICH HAVE REMAINED

AH, IF YOU HAD A MIRROR, YOU WOULD KNOW...
OH...NOBLE MAESTRO, SAY, WHAT HEAVY THING HAS BEEN UPLIFTED FROM ME, SO THAT HARDLY AUGHT OF FATIGUE IS FELT BY ME IN WALKING?

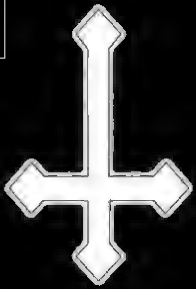

NOW, THE SECOND CIRCLE OF PURGATORY...
YES...

!?
SHALL WHOLLY, AS THE FIRST IS, BE ERASED
PPPPPP

THE SIN OF ENVY!
NEXT,

THIS SCANLATION PROVIDED BY

THANKS TO GRIM9783 FOR THE RAWS!



nihil sine nefas

NOTHING WITHOUT SIN

THE RELEASE SCHEDULE FOR DDC HAS BEEN PRETTY BAD, WE KNOW... OUR APOLOGIES. YOUR PATIENCE IS VERY MUCH APPRECIATED!

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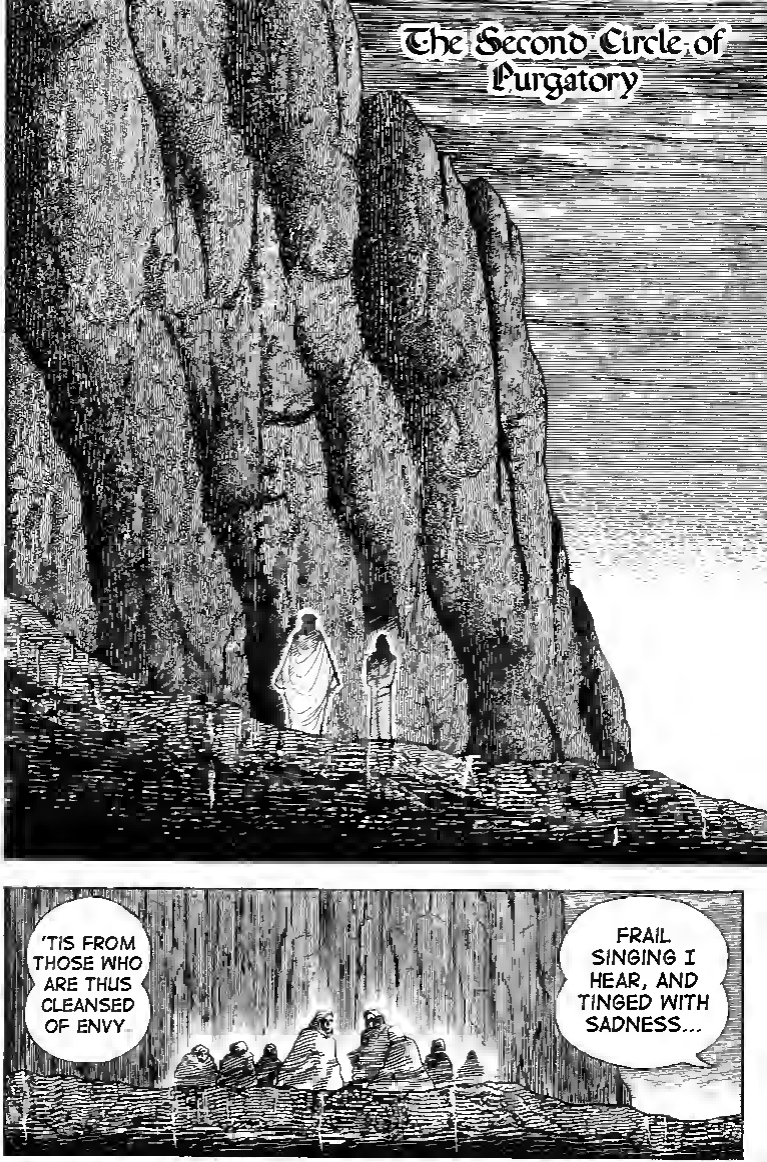
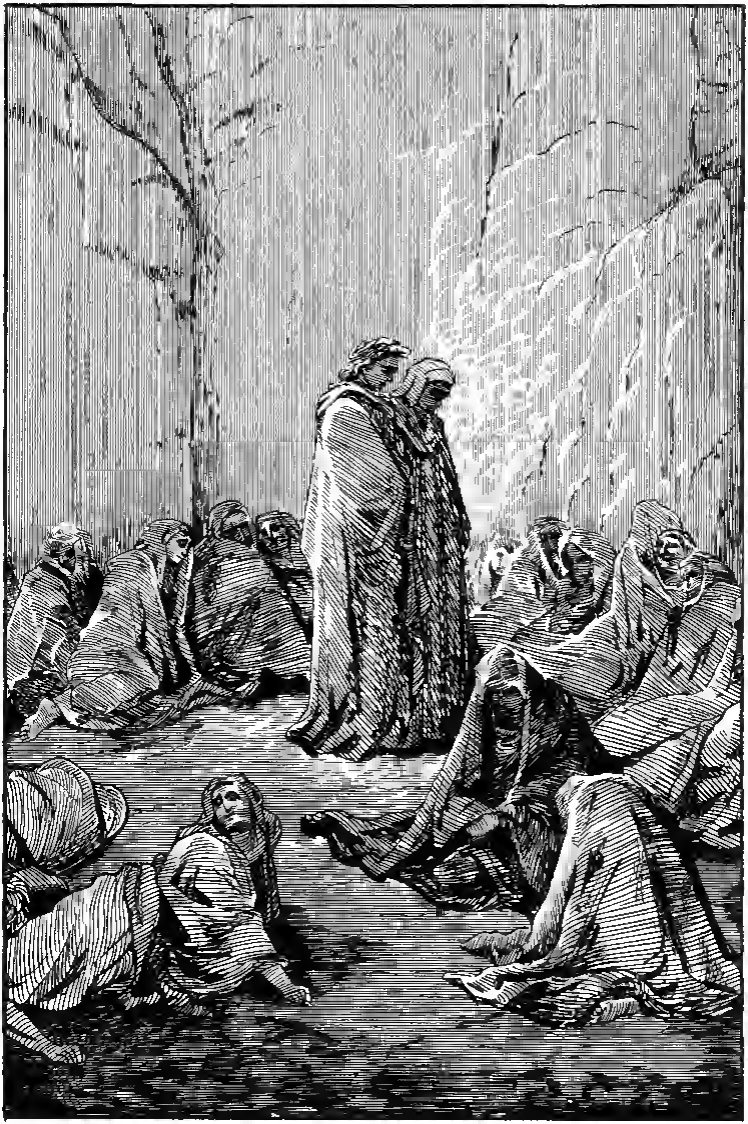
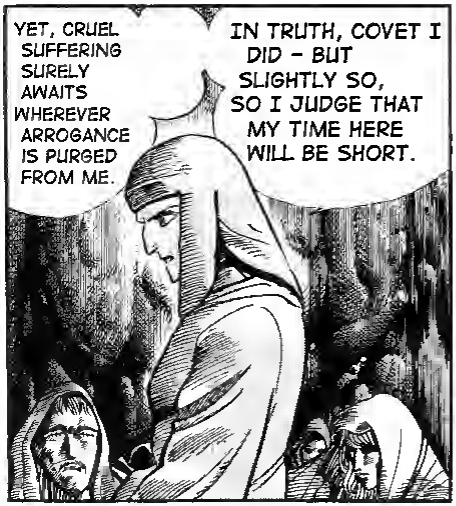

The Second Circle of Purgatory
'TIS FROM THOSE WHO ARE THUS CLEANSED OF ENVY
FRAIL SINGING I HEAR, AND TINGED WITH SADNESS...

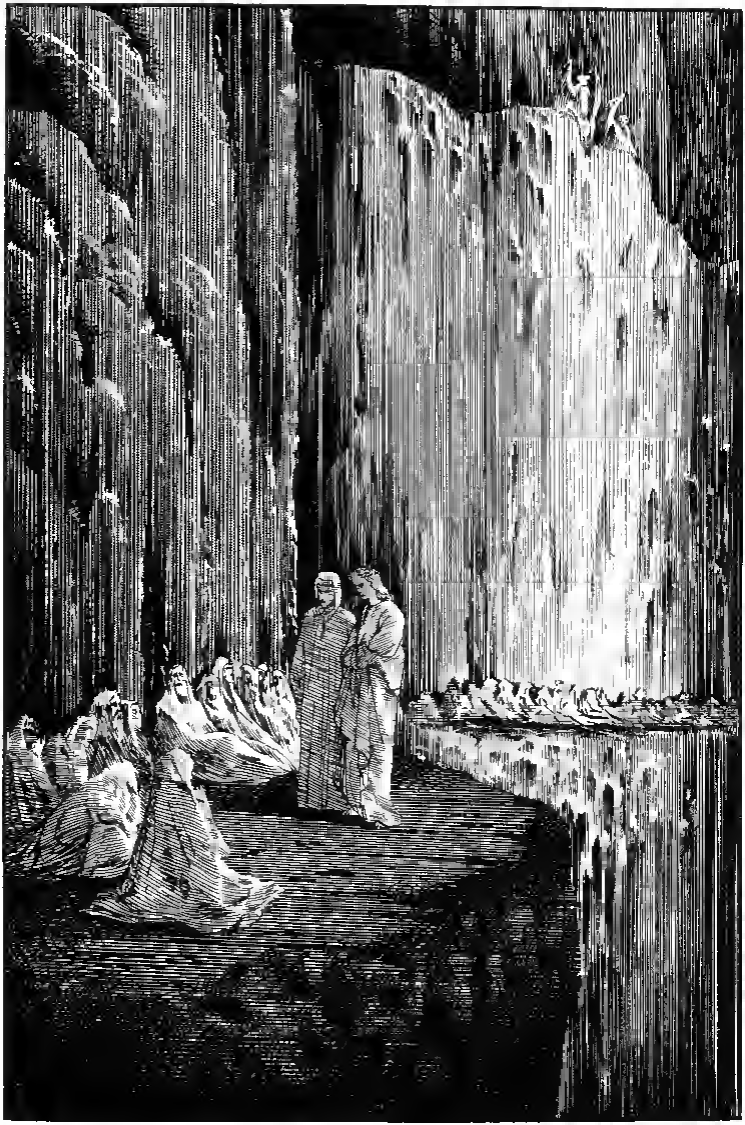


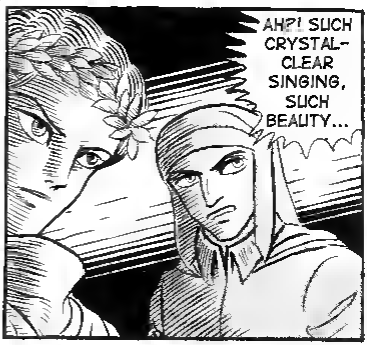
WH... WHAT IS THIS, WHICH I SEE BEFORE ME?
THEY, TO ATONE FOR SINFUL COVETING,
CLEANSE THEMSELVES BY EYELIDS WIRE-SHUTTERED, TO NE'ER AGAIN SEE OTHERS WITH ENVY.

BY CHANCE, MIGHT YOU BE HEAVEN-BLESSED ANGELS?
WHO IS IT, THAT TREADS NOW UPON THIS PATH?

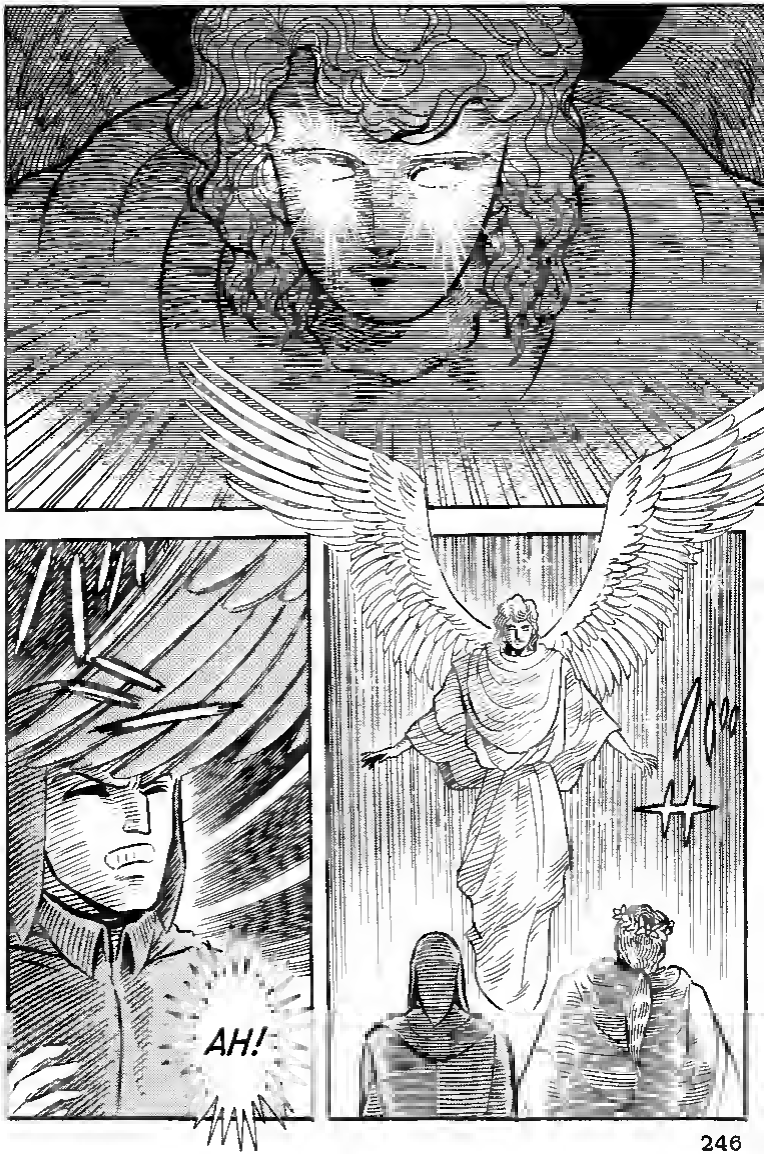

YET, CRUEL SUFFERING SURELY AWAITS WHEREVER ARROGANCE IS PURGED FROM ME.
IN TRUTH, COVET I DID – BUT SLIGHTLY SO, SO I JUDGE THAT MY TIME HERE WILL BE SHORT.

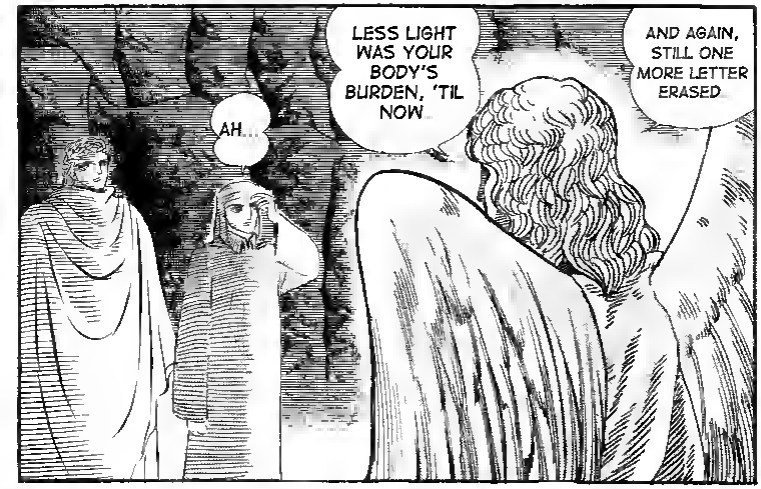
NAY, YOU GUESS WRONG: FOR WHEN I MUST PERISH, NEEDLE AND THREAD MIGHT SEEK MINE OWN EYES TOO.
AH – THE FLAME OF LIFE STILL BURNS INSIDE YOU?

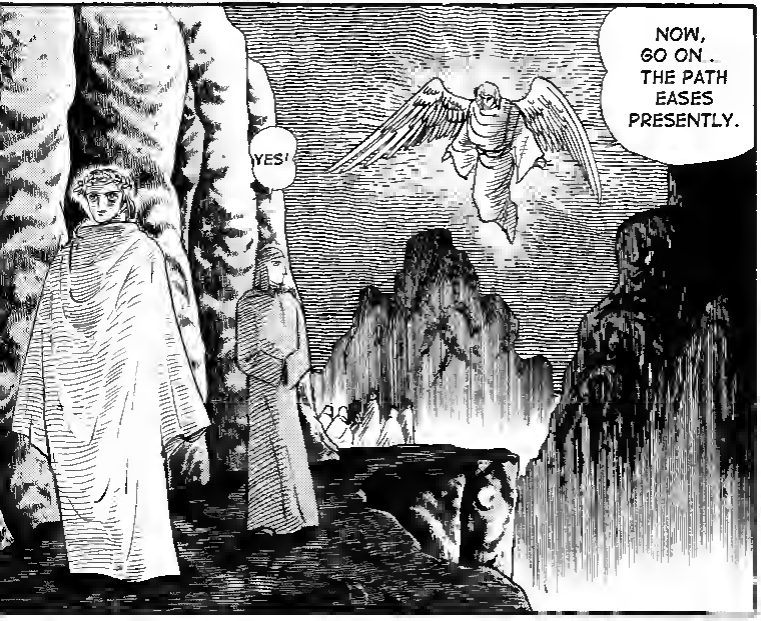



AH?! SUCH CRYSTAL-CLEAR SINGING, SUCH BEAUTY...

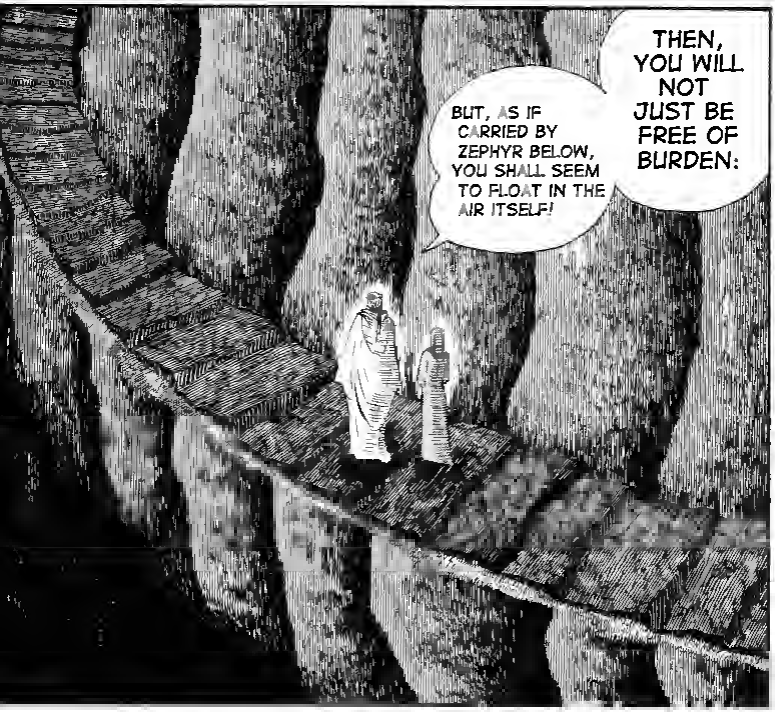
BEHOLD! BEHOLD, A WINGED ANGEL APPEARS!


AH!


AH...
LESS LIGHT WAS YOUR BODY'S BURDEN, 'TIL NOW
AND AGAIN, STILL ONE MORE LETTER ERASED

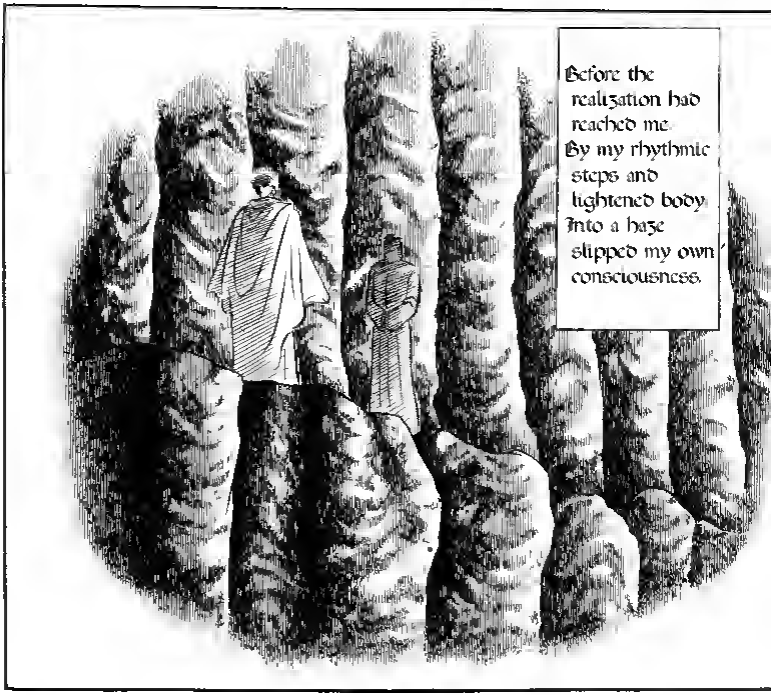

YES!
NOW, GO ON . . THE PATH EASES PRESENTLY.

MAESTRO, I MUST ASK - WHEREFORE, IS IT,
WITH ALL THE LETTERS, WRIT UPON YOUR BROW, ERASED, THEN EVEN LIGHTER SHALL YOU FEEL!
TRULY, WITH MORE COMFORT DO I GO NOW, THAN BEFORE WHEN WE TROD UPON A PLAIN!
THAT WITH SUCH LOOMING STEPS, I TIRE NOT?


THEN, YOU WILL NOT JUST BE FREE OF BURDEN:
BUT, AS IF CARRIED BY ZEPHYR BELOW, YOU SHALL SEEM TO FLOAT IN THE AIR ITSELF!

FU FU FU ...

WHAT COARSE WORDS COULD POSSIBLY DESCRIBE IT?!
TO FLOAT IN THE AIR, LIFTED BY SPIRITS


Before the realization had reached me
By my rhythmic steps and lightened body
Into a haze slipped my own consciousness

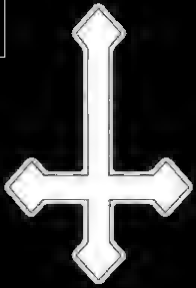
And, unknown to me, it soon came to be That I walked within a shadowy dream.
Gradually, my path eluded my thoughts...

YOU UNGRATEFUL BITCH-SPAWNED WRETCH!
FORGIVENESS I SHALL NOT GRANT!
THAT BASTARD!!
FOOL! BLASTED FOOL!
WHAT MADNESS DO YOU TRY NOW?!
DAMN IT!

Within this swirling vision, one by one, Those twisted by rage appeared before me. And, one by one, each then vanished in turn

THIS SCANLATION PROVIDED BY

THANKS TO GRIM9783 FOR THE RAWS!



nihil sine nefas

NOTHING WITHOUT SIN

THANKS FOR READING! WE HAVE ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE WORKS, AND OUR TRANSLATOR HAS BEEN GRINDING AHEAD ON GETTING THE ENTIRE THING TRANSLATED - HE SAYS THERE'S TOO MANY REFERENCES TO "LIGHT" IN *PARADISO* UNFORTUNATE, BUT NOT SURPRISING.

COMMENTS? EMAIL US AT NIHILSINENEFAS@GMAIL.COM, OR VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT NIHILSINENEFAS.WORDPRESS.COM

The Third Circle:
The Irascible
PLACE EACH FOOT WITH CARE, FOR SMOKE HIDES THE PATH.
SO ENSURE THAT YOUR STEPS ARE SOUNDLY PLACED!
WHAT PLACE IS THIS?

HA...?

I FEAR TO OPEN MY EYES, WITH THIS SMOKE!
TAKE MY HAND, DANTE, I SHALL LEAD THE WAY
WHO'S THERE?
WHO BOTH TAKE THEMSELVES THROUGH THIS SMOKY LAND?
WHAT IS THAT VOICE I HEAR, SO BEAUTIFUL AND CLEAR WITHIN THIS LAND OBSCURED BY SMOKE?
'TIS A SONG WHICH LOOSENS THE THREADS OF RAGE,
CUTTING THROUGH THE FOG WHICH HATE ENGENDERS.

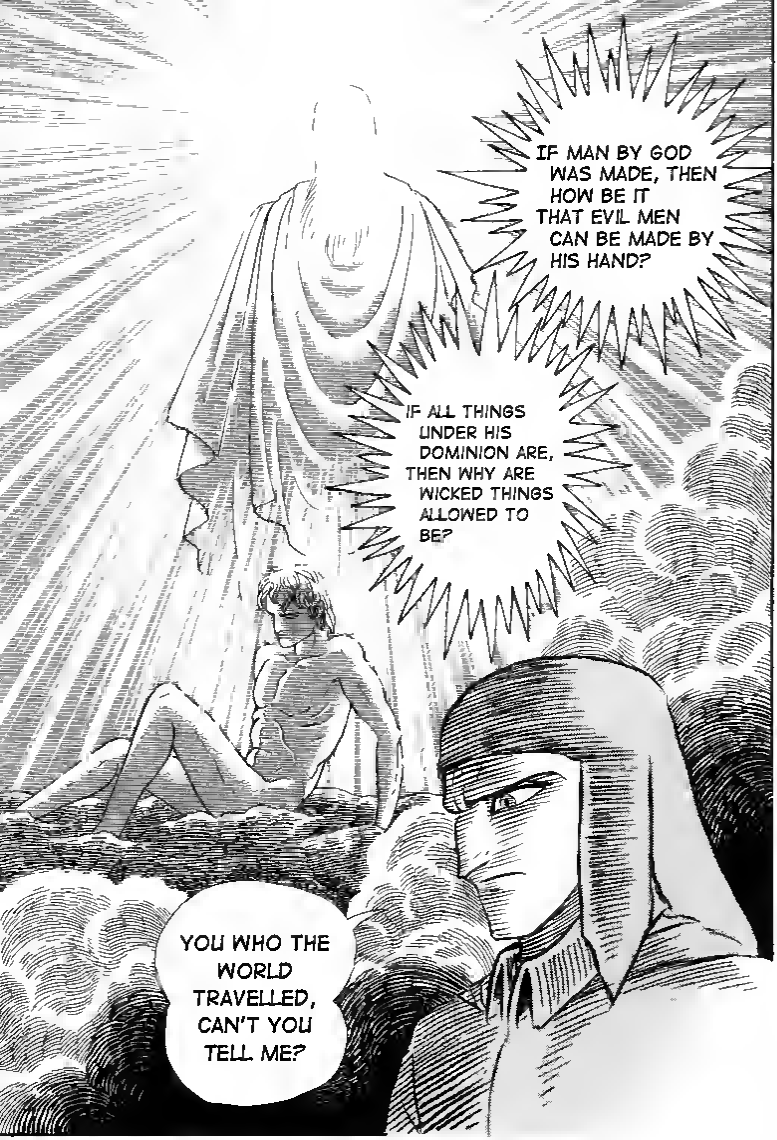
WHO IS IT DOTH SPEAK, WITH VISION NONE?

THOUGH FROM WHERE I STAND, LITTLE CAN I SEE...
BUT EVEN FURTHER AM I TO ASCEND!
I AM DANTE OF FLORENCE, WHO THROUGH HELL HATH COME AND JUST NOW REACHED THIS SMOKY PATH.
I WAS OF LOMBARDY, AND MARCO CALLED...*
I KNOW YOU NOT, BUT MIGHT YOUR WORDS GUIDE US?
BUT TELL ME, DO I GO RIGHT FOR THE PASS?
IN SUCH SMOKE I CANNOT MAKE STRAIGHT MY WAY.

* LOMBARDY IS A REGION OF ITALY. BEYOND THAT, MARCO HAS NOT BEEN IDENTIFIED AS A HISTORICAL FIGURE.

THE WORLD I KNEW, AND LOVED THAT EXCEL-LENCE...
ONCE WHEN I YET DREW BREATH, I TRAVELLED FAR,
BUT I DISPOSED TOO OFTEN TOWARD RAGE.
THOSE PARTICULAR SPLENDORS OF VIRTUE, AT WHICH HAS EACH ONE NOW UNBENT HIS BOW.
FOR MOUNTING UPWARD, THOU ART GOING RIGHT.
AH, BUT NOW LET ME ANSWER THY QUESTION...

HEARING YOU SPEAK, SURELY YOU ARE VIRTUOUS...
MY FAITH I PLEDGE TO YOU, I SHALL DO THUS
MIGHT YE PRAY FOR ME WHEN THOU ART ABOVE?
INLY WITH DOUBT, UNLESS I RID ME OF IT
I DOUBT NOT THAT YOU CAN SEE MORE CLEARLY... DUE TO THAT, I CONFESS I AM BURSTING
AND WITH INIQUITY IS BIG AND COVERED; BUT I BESEECH THEE, POINT ME OUT THE CAUSE.
THE WORLD FORSOOTH IS UTTERLY DESERTED BY EVERY VIRTUE, AS THOU TELLEST ME,

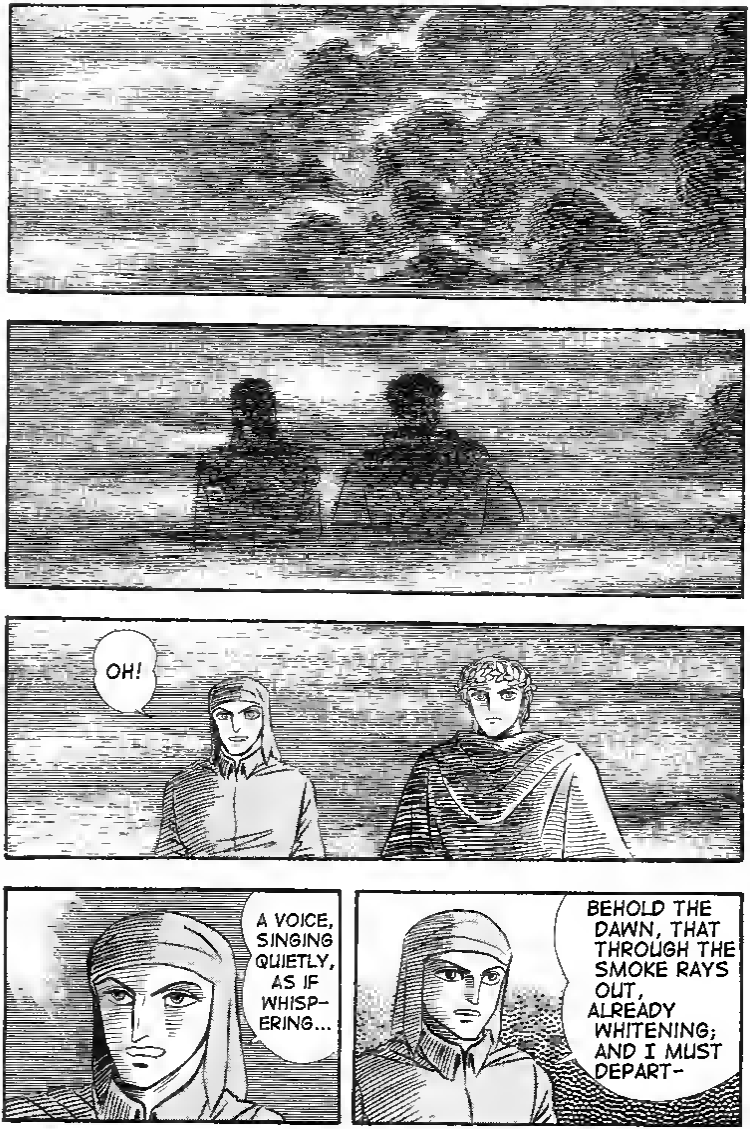

IF MAN BY GOD WAS MADE, THEN HOW BE IT THAT EVIL MEN CAN BE MADE BY HIS HAND?
IF ALL THINGS UNDER HIS DOMINION ARE, THEN WHY ARE WICKED THINGS ALLOWED TO BE?
YOU WHO THE WORLD TRAVELLED, CAN'T YOU TELL ME?

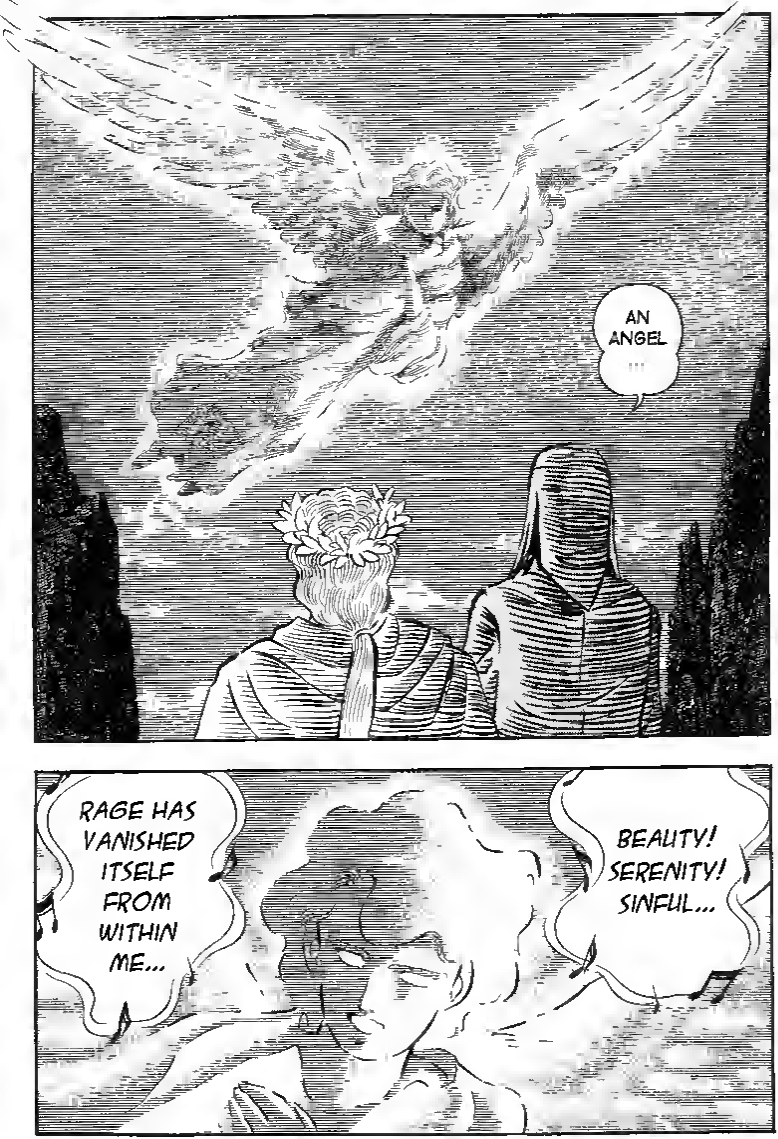
WITHIN THE TRANSIENT WORLD SMOKE CLOUDS ALL SIGHT...
THE WORLD IS BLIND!
BROTH-ERS...!
AAH ...
THE HEAVENS YOUR MOVEMENTS DO INITIATE, BUT YE WHO ARE LIVING EACH CAUSE REFER...
STILL UPWARD TO THE HEAVENS, AS IF ALL THINGS THEY OF NECESSITY MOVED WITH THEMSELVES
SUCH DESIGN IS NOT THE WAY OF THE WORLD!
AND TRULY YOU CAME FROM IT!
'TIL YE OPEN YOUR EYES, SHALL SEE NOT.

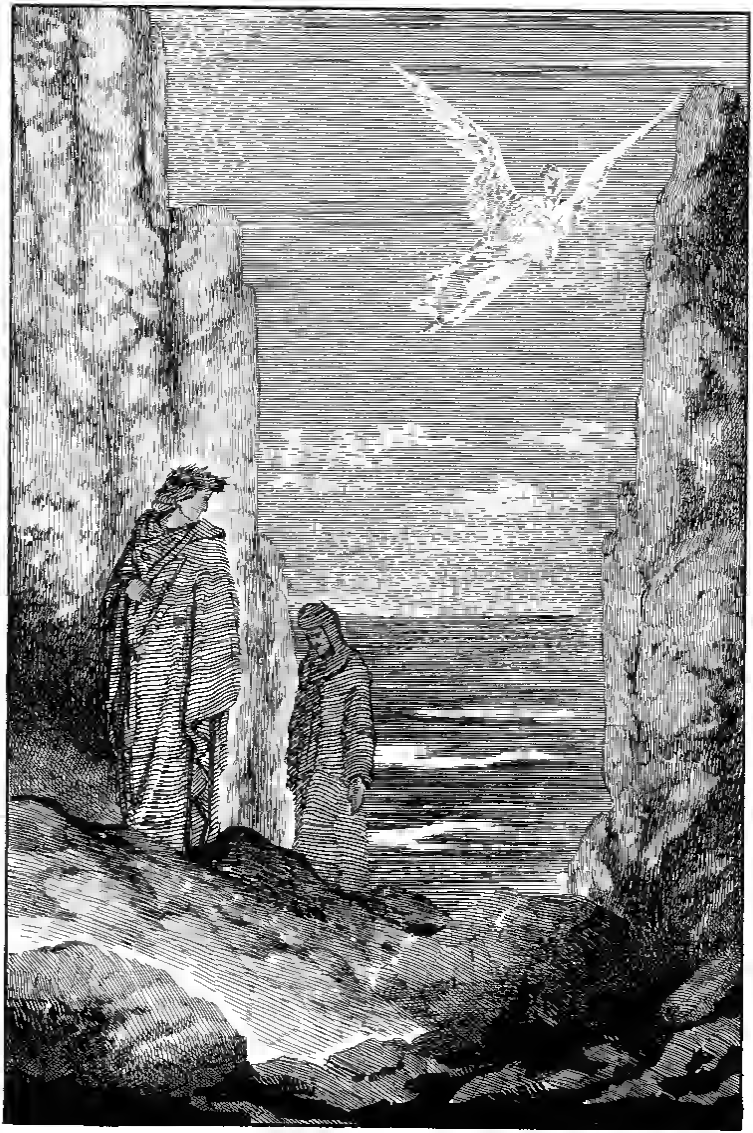
IF THIS WERE SO, IN YOU WOULD BE DESTROYED
FREE WILL, NOR ANY JUSTICE WOULD THERE BE IN HAVING JOY FOR GOOD, OR GRIEF FOR EVIL.
THE HEAVENS ALL MOTIONS ORIGINATE, I SAY NOT ALL; BUT GRANTING THAT I SAY IT,
LIGHT HAS BEEN GIVEN YOU FOR GOOD AND EVIL.

IN YOU THE CAUSE IS, BE IT SOUGHT IN YOU;
HENCE, IF THE PRESENT WORLD DOTH GO ASTRAY,
FOR THE DISEASE IS WITHIN MAN HIMSELF!
AND FREE VOLITION, WHICH, IF SOME FATIGUE IN THE FIRST BATTLES WITH THE HEAVENS IT SUFFERS,
AFTERWARD CONQUERS ALL, IF WELL 'TIS NURTURED.
IF SUCH WAS NOT THE CASE, WHAT POINT IS THERE TO THE BIRTH OF MAN ON THE MORTAL WORLD!?

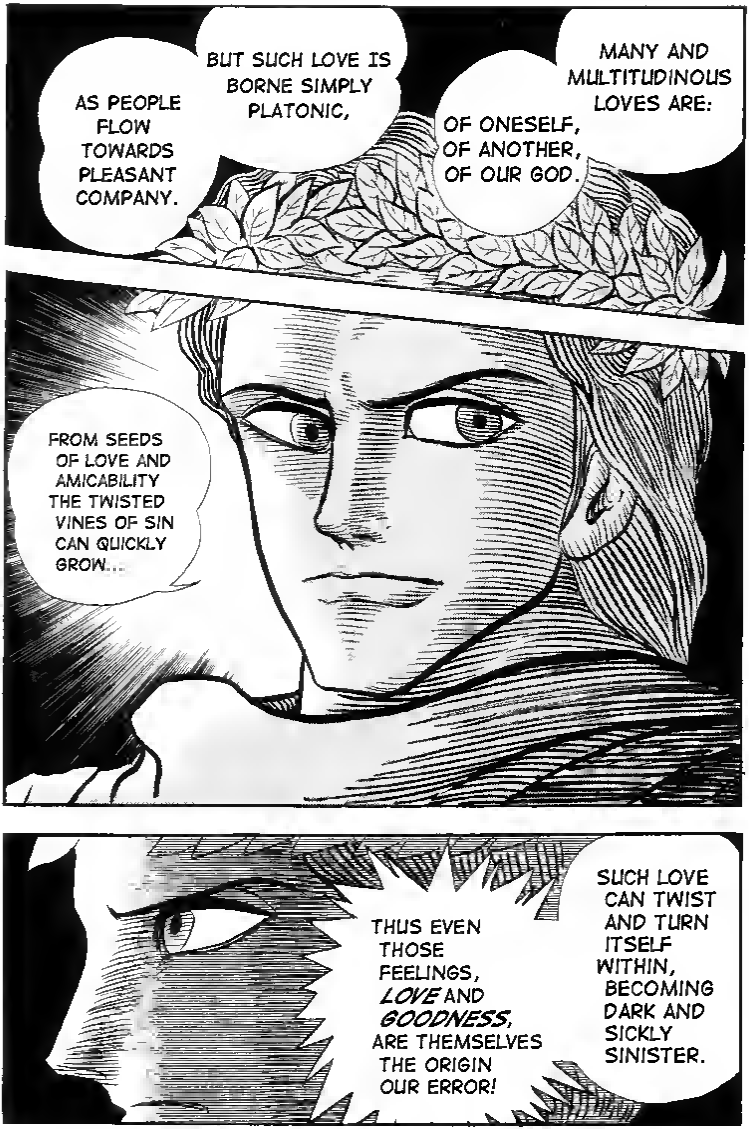
MAY GOD BE WITH YOU, FOR I COME NO FARTHER.


OH!
A VOICE, SINGING QUIETLY, AS IF WHISPERING...
BEHOLD THE DAWN, THAT THROUGH THE SMOKE RAYS OUT, ALREADY WHITENING; AND I MUST DEPART-

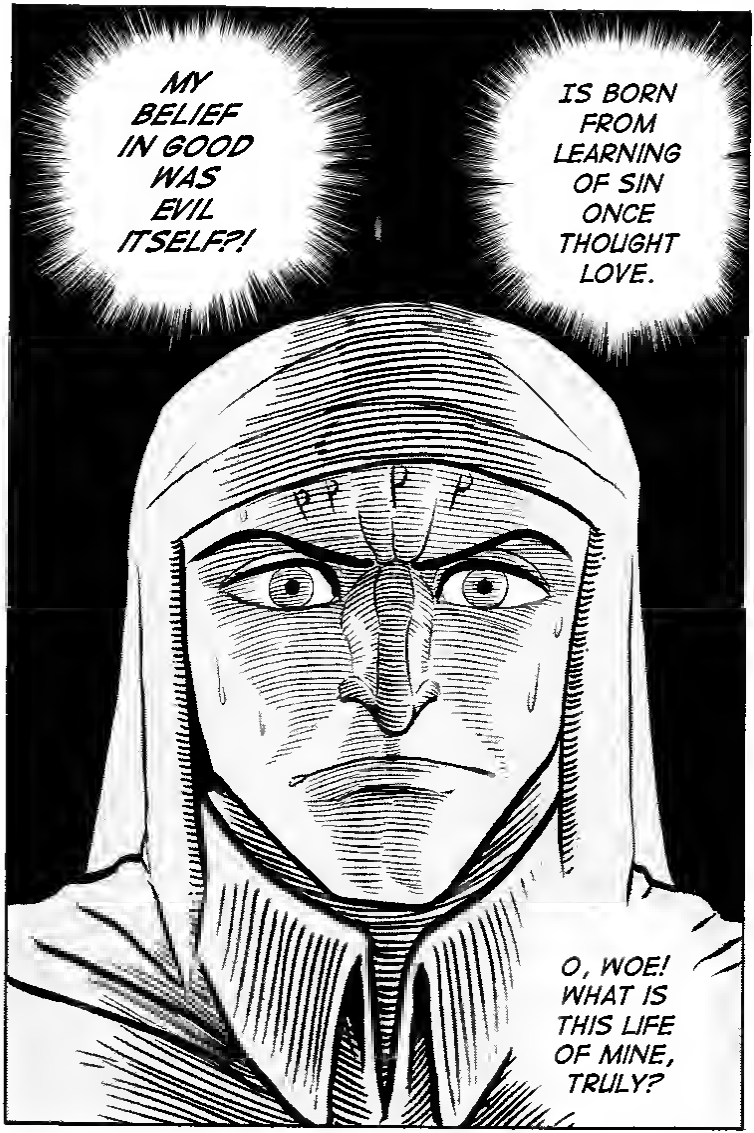

AN ANGEL ...
RAGE HAS VANISHED ITSELF FROM WITHIN ME...
BEAUTY! SERENITY! SINFUL...



THE ERASURE OF THESE SIN-BEARING MARKS...
IN TRUTH, I GRASP THESE THINGS NOT FULLY, YET...
LESS HEAVILY SHOULD YOUR STEPS RESOUND HERE
WHAT COMES TO BEAR UPON YOUR MIND, DANTE?
BUT ...
YES, TRUELY, ONE LESS P MINE BROW DOTH BEAR
SEEM TO DISAPPEAR, ONE BY ONE, AS WELL.
WITH THEM, CONCEPTS CORE TO MY CONFI-DENCE


AS PEOPLE FLOW TOWARDS PLEASANT COMPANY.
BUT SUCH LOVE IS BORNE SIMPLY PLATONIC,
MANY AND MULTITUDINOUS LOVES ARE:
OF ONESELF, OF ANOTHER, OF OUR GOD.
FROM SEEDS OF LOVE AND AMICABILITY THE TWISTED VINES OF SIN CAN QUICKLY GROW...
SUCH LOVE CAN TWIST AND TURN ITSELF WITHIN, BECOMING DARK AND SICKLY SINISTER.
THUS EVEN THOSE FEELINGS, *LOVE* AND *GOODNESS*, ARE THEMSELVES THE ORIGIN OUR ERROR!

THAT WHICH IS NOT LOVE MAY INSTEAD BE SIN,
AND WHERE GOODNESS DOES NOT MIGHT EVIL LIE.
THIS UNEASE THAT CONSTRICTS MY MIND, EACH TIME I AM CLEANSED ANEW OF LETTER INSCRIBED,
SO!


MY BELIEF IN GOOD WAS EVIL ITSELF?!
IS BORN FROM LEARNING OF SIN ONCE THOUGHT LOVE.
O, WOE! WHAT IS THIS LIFE OF MINE, TRULY?

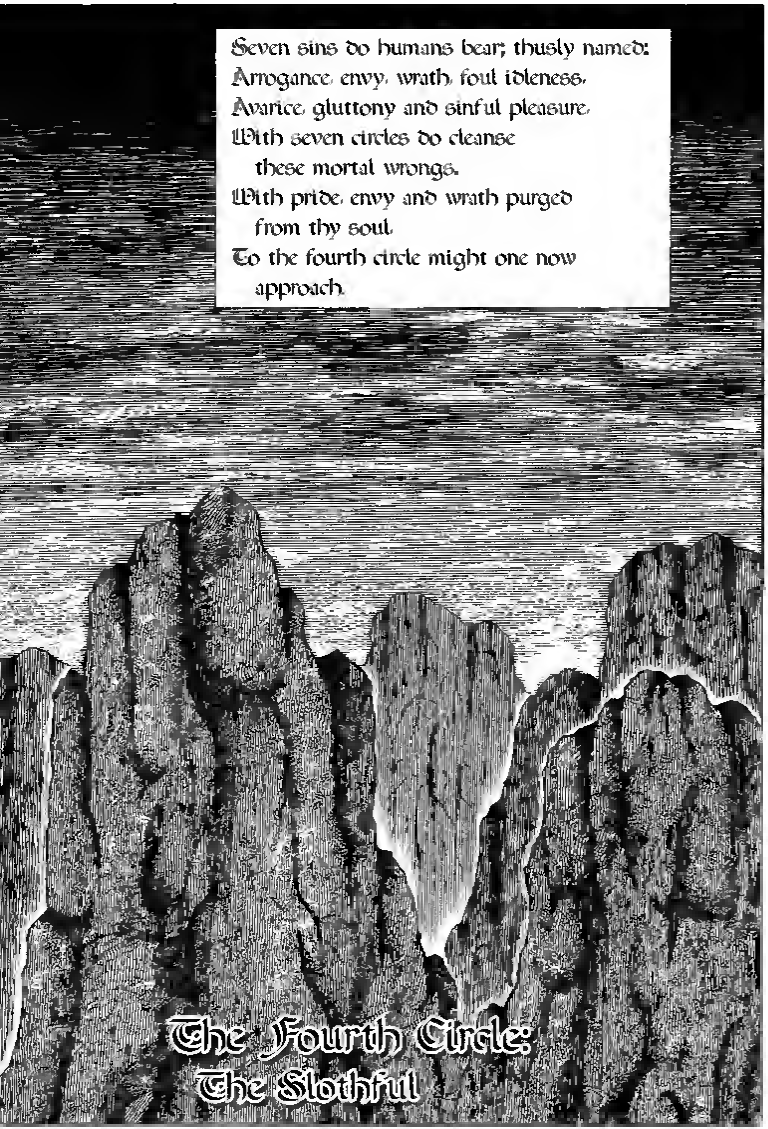
THIS SCANLATION PROVIDED BY:

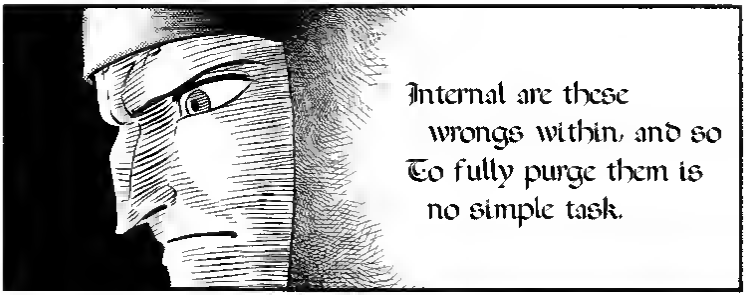
nihil sine nefas

NOTHING WITHOUT SIN

SORRY FOR THE LONG DELAY -- OUR SCANLATING EFFORTS MOSTLY SHUT DOWN OVER THE SUMMER. WE'RE WORKING ON RAMPING IT BACK UP.

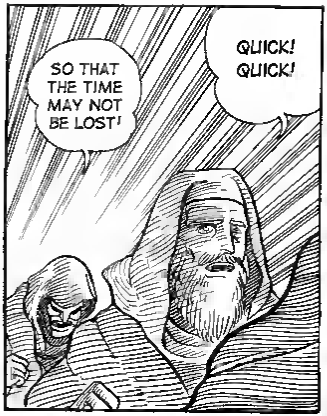
COMMENTS? EMAIL US AT NIHILSINENEFAS@GMAIL.COM, OR VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT NIHILSINENEFAS.WORDPRESS.COM

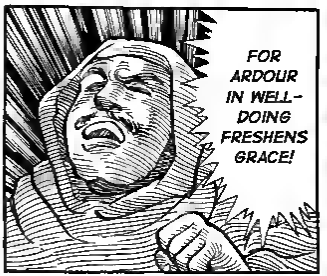

Seven sins do humans bear; thusly named:
Arrogance, envy, wrath, foul idleness,
Avarice, gluttony and sinful pleasure.
With seven circles do cleanse
these mortal wrongs.
With pride, envy and wrath purged
from thy soul
To the fourth circle might one now
approach.
The Fourth Circle:
The Slothful


Internal are these
wrongs within, and so
To fully purge them is
no simple task.

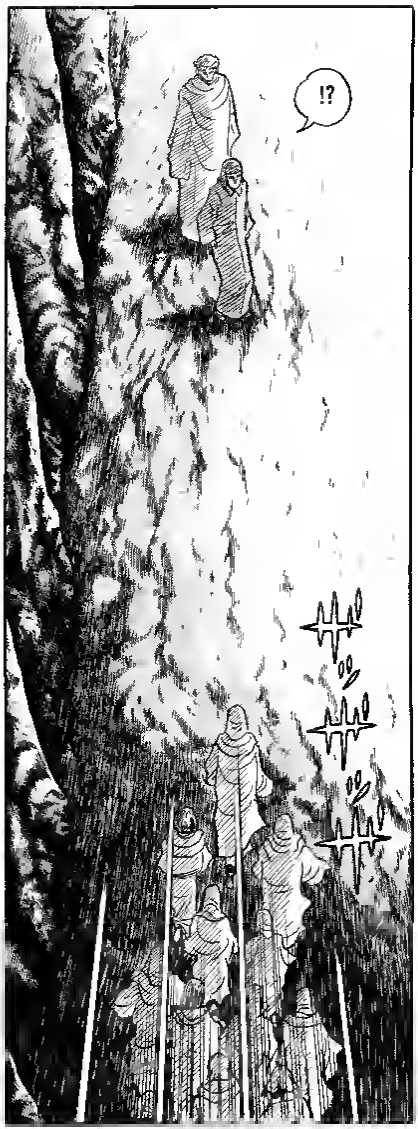
Thus the
curtain of
Night hath
descended
Upon this
fifth Night
and holy
Monday.
The quan-
dary he
faces has
swelled up;
No longer
just to here
does it
pertain.

INNATE WITHIN YOU IS THE POWER THAT COUNSELS, AND IT SHOULD KEEP THE THRESHOLD OF ASSENT.
OF POISONOUS SLOTH ARE THEY IN THIS RING CLEANSED!
HIGHER, HIGHER!
YES!

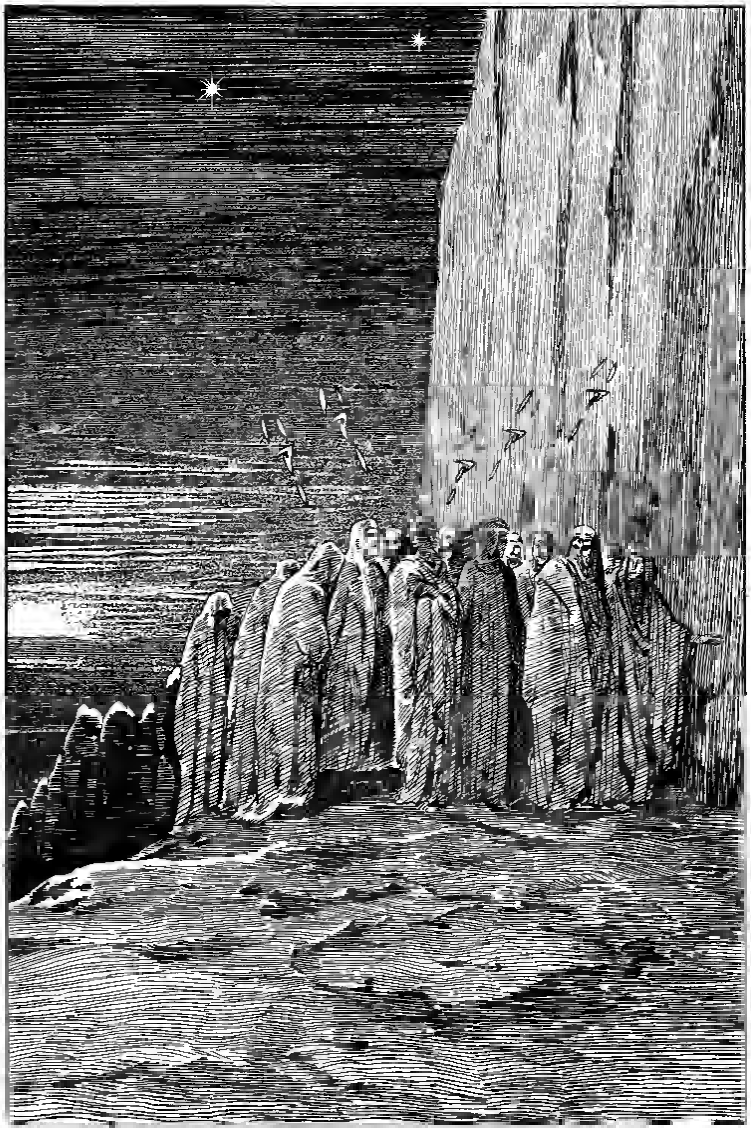

SO THAT THE TIME MAY NOT BE LOST!
QUICK! QUICK!


FOR ARDOUR IN WELL-DOING FRESHENS GRACE!

QUICK! QUICK!


!?

Y... YES!
NOW RUN, AND ON ASCENSION CONCENTRATE!
DANTE, COME, YOU MUST JOIN THEIR HURRIED PACE!
AAH!!



SFX HAA, HAA (PANTING)

FROM OUR START WAS HEAVEN EVER PRESENT.
WHY IN OUR FATIGUE DID WE NOT ENDURE?
OH, WHY IN OUR FAITH DID WE NOT PERSIST?
HAA... HAA...
YES!
TO THE FIFTH CIRCLE SHALL WE ASCEND.
NOW ...

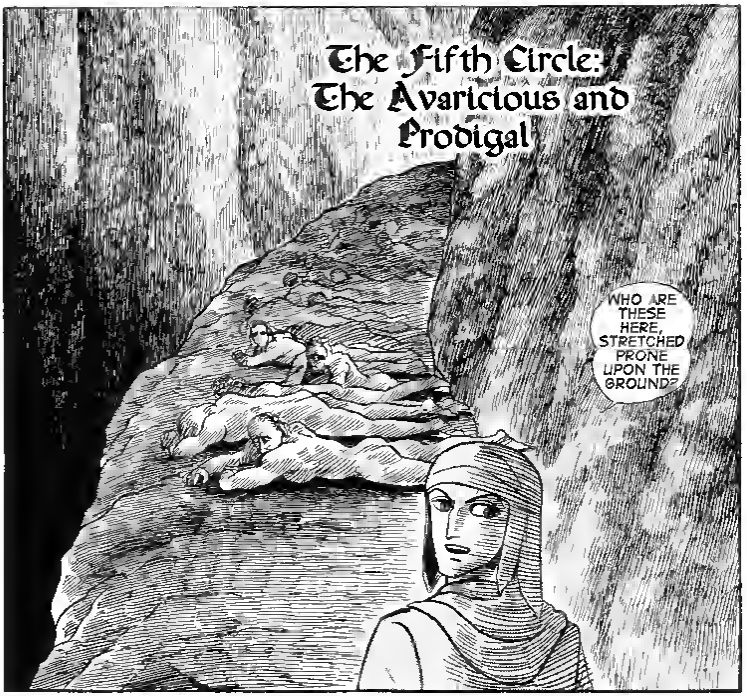
THIS SCANLATION PROVIDED BY:

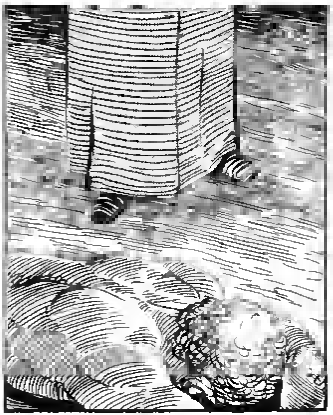
nihil sine nefas

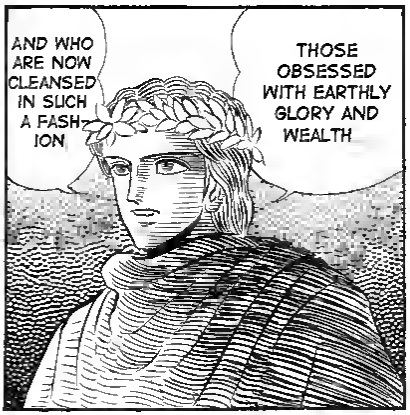
NOTHING WITHOUT SIN

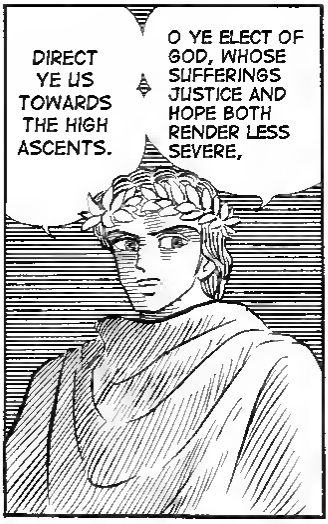
WELL, THAT WAS A SHORT CHAPTER;
SORRY IT TOOK SO LONG.

COMMENTS? EMAIL US AT NIHIL.SINE.NEFAS@GMAIL.COM,
OR VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT NIHILSINENEFAS.WORDPRESS.COM

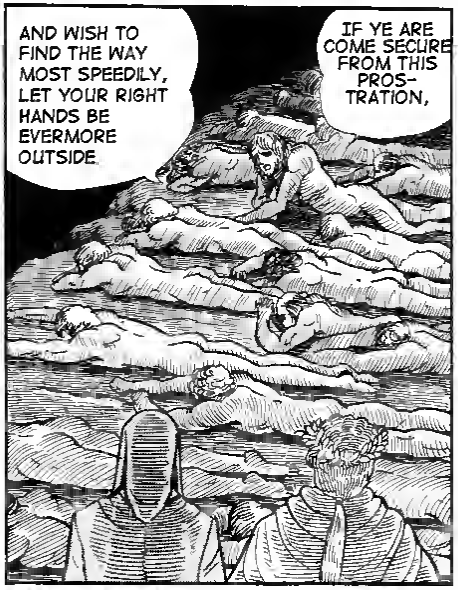

The Fifth Circle: The Avaricious and Prodigal
WHO ARE THESE HERE, STRETCHED PRONE UPON THE GROUND?




AND WHO ARE NOW CLEANSED IN SUCH A FASHION
THOSE OBSESSED WITH EARTHLY GLORY AND WEALTH



SUSPEND AWHILE FOR ME THY GREATER CARE, WHO WAST THOU, AND WHY ARE YOUR BACKS TURNED UPWARDS?
COME, OH SPIRIT, IN WHOM WEEPING RIPENS THAT WITHOUT WHICH TO GOD WE CANNOT TURN,


AND WISH TO FIND THE WAY MOST SPEEDILY, LET YOUR RIGHT HANDS BE EVERMORE OUTSIDE.
IF YE ARE COME SECURE FROM THIS PROS-TRATION,

* 'KNOW THAT I WAS A SUCCESSOR OF (SAINT) PETER', MAKING HIM POPE ADRIAN V

OOH

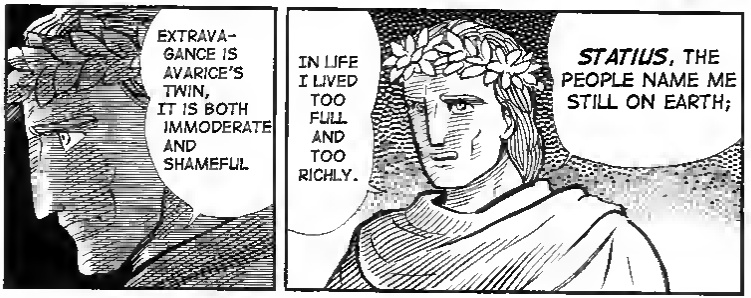
WELL, YOU CAN SEE WHY IN THIS WISE I SPEAK
WITH THEE AND WITH THE OTHERS TO ONE POWER
STRAIGHTEN THY LEGS, AND UPWARD RAISE THEE, BROTHER
IN TRUTH, NAUGHT BUT FELLOW-SERVANT AM I,
WHAT CAUSE FOR YOU HAS DOWNWARD BENT THEE THUS?
FOR ALL THE OTHER BURDENS SEEM A FEATHER
A MONTH AND LITTLE MORE ESSAYED I HOW WEIGHS THE GREAT CLOAK ON HIM FROM MIRE WHO KEEPS IT,
TARDY, AH WOE IS ME! WAS MY CONVERSION, BUT WHEN THE ROMAN SHEPHERD I WAS MADE, THEN I DISCOVERED LIFE TO BE A LIE
HAH!

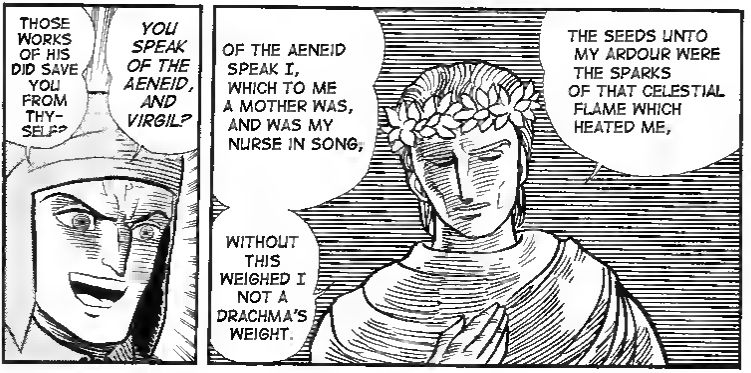
AND AS MY TEARS ARE SOAKED IN BY THIS SAND, SO TOO DOES AVARICE SEEP FROM MY HEART.
NOW, AS THOU SEEST, I HERE AM PUNISHED FOR IT.
WHEREBY THE LOVE OF THIS WAS KINDLED IN ME!
I SAW THAT THERE THE HEART WAS NOT AT REST, NOR FARTHER IN THAT LIFE COULD ONE ASCEND
BECAUSE THY STAY DOTH INCOMMODE MY WEEPING, WITH WHICH I RIPEN THAT WHICH THOU HAST SAID.
NOW GO; NO LONGER WILL I HAVE THEE LINGER,

SO SAD AND POISON-OUS THIS AFFLIC-TION IS...

MANY MEN INDEED LAY PRONE UPON THERE.
AMBITION GROWS EVERLASTING, YOU SEE. SHOULD ONE HOLD ONE THING, ANOTHER THEY'LL WISH
THERE IS NO LIMIT NOR BOUND UPON THIS, FOR ALWAYS MORE CAN BE GAINED IN EXCESS.
AH!
A PIOUS VOICE, RENDERING PRAISE ON HIGH?
AND THAT EARTH-QUAKE WHICH WE HEARD JUST BEFORE?
SFX: LA, LAA... LAA

BUT JUST NOW FELT A FREE VOLITION FOR A BETTER SEAT.
WHEN A SINGLE SOUL IS PURIFIED, HEAVEN AND EARTH BLESS IT IN CONCERT AND I, WHO HAVE BEEN LYING IN THIS PAIN FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AND MORE.


EXTRAVAGANCE IS AVARICE'S TWIN, IT IS BOTH IMMODERATE AND SHAMEFUL.
IN LIFE I LIVED TOO FULL AND TOO RICHLY.
STATIUS, THE PEOPLE NAME ME STILL ON EARTH;

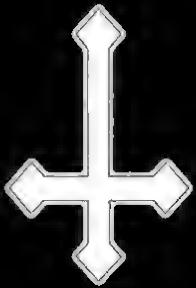

THOSE WORKS OF HIS DID SAVE YOU FROM THY-SELF?
YOU SPEAK OF THE AENEID, AND VIRGIL?
OF THE AENEID SPEAK I, WHICH TO ME A MOTHER WAS, AND WAS MY NURSE IN SONG,
WITHOUT THIS WEIGHED I NOT A DRACHMA'S WEIGHT.
THE SEEDS UNTO MY ARDOUR WERE THE SPARKS OF THAT CELESTIAL FLAME WHICH HEATED ME,

HOW BLESSED AM I, FROM HEAVEN SURELY SO!
AH! YOU ARE VIRGIL, EXALTED POET!?

THIS ONE, WHO GUIDES ON HIGH THESE EYES OF MINE,
IS THAT VIRGILIUS, FROM WHOM THOU DIDST LEARN TO SING ALOUD OF MEN AND OF THE GODS.
.....

YES!
SHALL WE PROCEED INTO THE CIRCLE SIXTH?
THEN, I AS WELL
I ASK THAT YOU PERMIT MY COMPANY.

THIS SCANLATION PROVIDED BY:



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AS A REMINDER, YOU CAN READ THE ORIGINAL TEXT OF THE COMMEDIA PLUS A NUMBER OF TRANSLATIONS ONLINE AT DIVINECOMEDY.ORG.

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